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JEAN Parker
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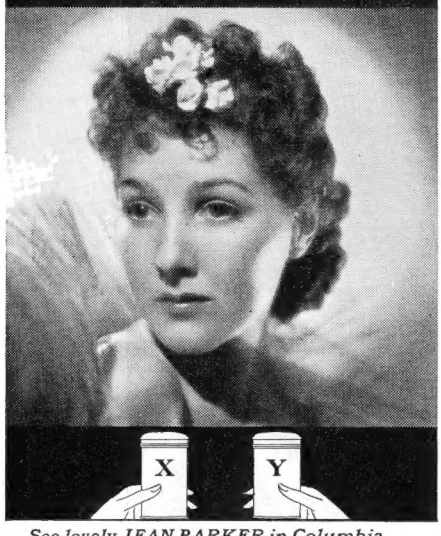

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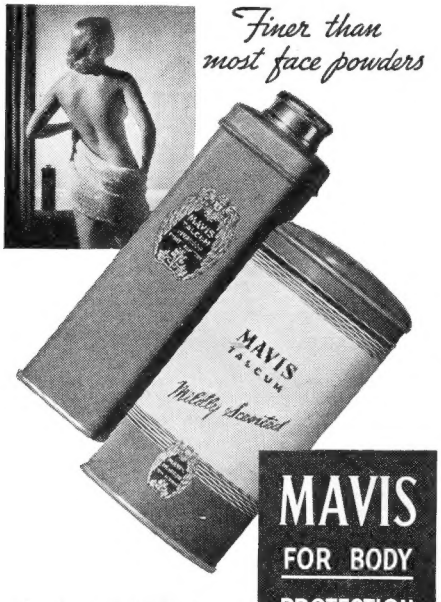

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MODERN ROMANCES

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August, 1937
Vol. 14, No. 3

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ART DIRECTOR

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The stories published in MODERN ROMANCES are true stories, and for that reason all names of persons and places are fictitious. If the name of a living person should occur, it is a coincidence.

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BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

ELEANOR Powell

ROBERT Taylor

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL
SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!

BUDDY EBSEN, and a cargo of cuties! He's a scream!

SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red hot mommas singing her famous songs!

JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little hot-singing discovery!

GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new dancing partner!

Also in the Big Cast:

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The mammoth M-G-M musical that picks up where "Great Ziegfeld" and "Born to Dance" left off! . . . Scores of stars! Gigantic spectacle! Gorgeous girls! Thrilling romance! Swingy tunes!... It's M-G-M's gayest, star-jammed entertainment!

BIG SONG HITS
"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of Shoes"
"Everybody Sings"
and others

I Robbed My Son

"No! No! I can't marry Bob—ever," the girl cried, her face chalklike. "But, I beg you, let me keep him a little while longer—"

A SAD and ironical smile comes over my son's face now whenever the subject of self-sacrificing motherhood is mentioned. He is my only son, and he loves me. But that unconscious smile tells me plainly that his confidence in me is dead—that he thinks he snatched his happiness in spite of the obstacles I put in his way.

Young people nowadays seem very ready to believe the psychology books which explain a mother's affection, especially for her sons, as an expression of her selfish possessive instinct. How often have I heard the nonchalant explanation: "Oh, of course his mother doesn't like his girl, but that's to be expected. The old lady is jealous."

I hate this smug, suggestive interpretation of a woman's most natural and generous impulses. I resent it on behalf of all the mothers in the world. Yet I must say I thanked God for it during the most critical period of my own motherhood. I was glad to have Robert believe anything but the truth, about why I robbed him of his wedding present.

When Robert began going out with Geneva Smith I had my misgivings and was unwise enough to express them. "Isn't she the little waitress Ronald was playing around with before he went to the Argentine? Surely—"

I was surprised at the anger which immediately flashed into his young eyes. "If that gossip doesn't stop," he almost shouted, "I'm going to bat somebody! People talk about her because she's pretty and works in that cheap restaurant. You just wait until next year when I've paid for my partnership in the garage! This town'll be plenty nice to her as soon as she's Mrs. Bob Sullivan." And he slammed out.

Robert's father, who had been listening in silence, immediately reproached me for my tactlessness. "You can't choose your boy's wife, Ellen. You have to accept the one he picks. Now look what you've done. He's picked her and you've given her a smart slap in the face. If I know Bob, it will be a long time before he forgives you for that."

Carl did know Bob. Even before he learned to talk we'd noticed that he never forgot an injury. It was his nature to fight back at an injustice with his fists. If that was impossible, he avoided the source of his hurt as most men avoid the plague. And so, because of my blunder, he abruptly stopped mentioning Geneva Smith in my presence. And I never spoke of her either.

I let matters ride along that way for a while, hoping to show him I was sorry by being especially pleasant and anxious to please him. But it didn't do much good. Robert's uncommunicative mood didn't change. And as the weeks went on, and I knew by a hundred signs that Robert was violently in love with Geneva, I saw it was time for me to prove beyond doubt how wholeheartedly I wished for their happiness.

Naturally the first thing that occurred to me was Robert's "wedding present money." This was a savings account in my name that I had been adding to out of my household budget for nearly twenty years. About eleven hundred dollars it was—saved at the rate of less than a dollar a week—and it had never been drawn on, even in the gravest emergencies. Robert's wedding present! Remembering the hardships of my own honeymoon years, I was determined that my son's married life should begin free of harsh economic worries. Robert hardly shared in my belief that the money was best saved until after he was married. He had once asked for it hesitantly to buy a half-interest in the Star Garage where he worked; but he had been good-natured at my objections and gone cheerfully into the rigid economy of paying for his partnership out of his small salary.

Now, I reasoned, Robert knows how jealously I have guarded the wedding present money. So if I give it to him and Geneva now, he'll be convinced of my sincere best wishes. Since it was a good subject upon which to become friendly with Geneva, I rang her up at the restaurant and warmly invited her to drop in for an afternoon chat. I sensed her panic and her reluctance, and was afraid she wouldn't accept. But she did, and came.

I had seen her before, but I was surprised at how young and defenseless she looked. She seemed frightened, and I felt myself growing feverishly anxious to put her at ease. Before I knew it I was pouring out my regrets for my hasty judgment of her, and I finished sincerely, "If Robert uses your wedding present money to finish paying for his partnership, there's no reason at all why you have to wait a year to be married. Why don't you let me give an engagement party for you, now?" I suggested.

When I said that her pale cheeks became chalklike, and tears rushed into her eyes and overflowed. Laying her hand on mine, she cried in a voice broken with anguish, "No, no! Mrs. Sullivan, I can't marry Bob—ever. But, I beg you, let me keep him for a little while longer. I have to go away so soon—and his

Pity and human courage alone couldn't have made me do it

love is the only thing—I'll ever have—to remember—" And her slight body was suddenly shaken with dreadful sobbing.

I cannot explain it, but the emotion of terror that gripped me was almost as strong as hers. I asked sharply, "You're leaving Robert? You're going away? Where? Why?"

Her enormous shame-filled eyes looked up into mine. "I'm—in five months I'm going to have Ronald Dittrow's baby."

I must have sat there rigid with shock, for she cried out protestingly: "No, I'm not *all* bad. Ronnie was the only one—and we were going to get married. Or so I thought, before he went away. I was so flattered by his attention I thought it was love, until I knew Bob—and then—and then it was too late. Oh, why am I telling *you?* Nobody knew it, until now. Please, don't let Bob know yet. Please!" Her nervous hands, like lovely birds, touched mine again in supplication.

"Oh, I couldn't tell him," I said, and sank back on the sofa. When I raised my head again, Geneva Smith was gone.

I DON'T know how long I sat there, pity for my son tearing my heart to bits. I tried to tell myself, "Robert will forget her," but deep down inside me I knew it to be a lie. He would neither forget nor forgive; and his lonely bitterness would break him, make him old and cynical in a day.

And he could have been so happy with Geneva. I felt it—I knew it! That poor wretched girl wasn't really bad. Even looking at her through the screen of her tragic, shameful mistake, I knew she was essentially good, honest, and sweet. She loved Robert. She was meant for him. Yet because of her, his whole world would be shaken to pieces.

I sat there with the tears streaming in heedless rivers down my face, and prayed: "Oh no, God, help us out! Forgive her. You know how she's suffering. Help me, please God, to save my son's faith in Your goodness!"

Unless you've experienced it, you won't believe me when I say that I knew my prayer would be answered. I was as sure as if I had felt God's physical hand upon my shoulder.

Automatically I got up to cover the traces of my tears before Carl and Robert came home. In a drawer I opened hunting for a clean washcloth I saw the bank book which recorded the "wedding present" account. I turned away from it with a sigh. How useless and futile my hoarding for my son's happy marriage had turned out to be!

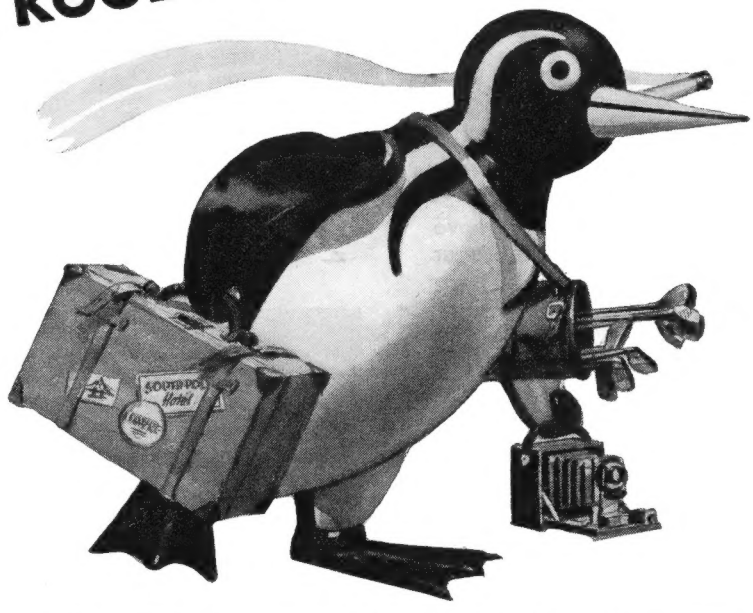
But then suddenly I stopped short, struck with blinding inspiration. Heaven-sent inspiration, I know, for my human courage couldn't possibly have carried it through alone. And I never faltered; from that moment on I knew the wedding present money wasn't useless. And I meant to fight for the use of it with every single weapon I possessed.

Carl came home first, and I confided in him what I wanted to do to safeguard our son's happiness. I had scarcely gained his consent to my plan before Robert came whistling up the front steps. And as soon as he was inside the door I went out into the hall and said in a hushed, tense voice:

"Oh, Robert honey, there's something I've got to ask you. I've been thinking about it for weeks now, and I can't hold out any longer." He stepped up to me in quick concern. "Robert, I haven't told you—I've felt it's a little unusual at my age—but in a few months, dear, I'm going to have another baby. And before it comes I—oh, I just have to go on a trip. All my life I've longed to, and now I can't think about anything else. This is the last chance I'll ever have. After the baby comes, I'll be chained at

(*Continued on page 15*)

GIVE YOUR THROAT A KOOL VACATION!



LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOLS' fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) *Your* throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOLS today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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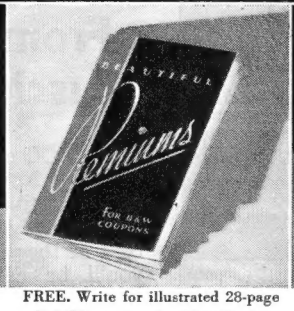

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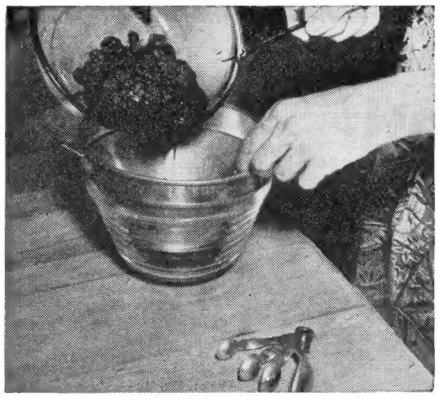
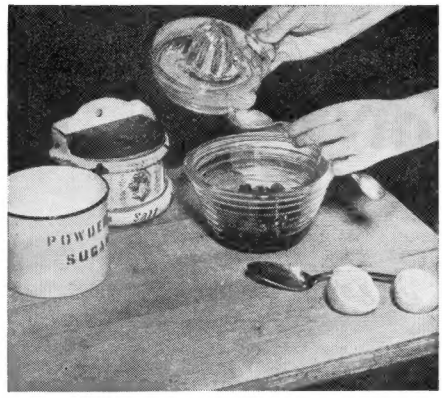
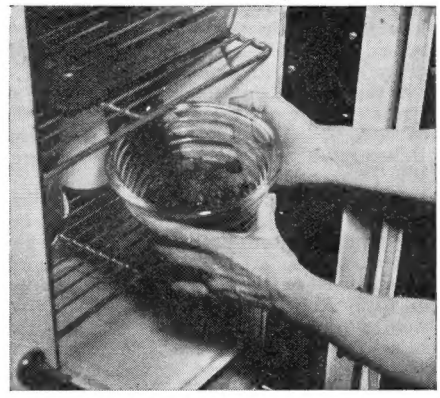


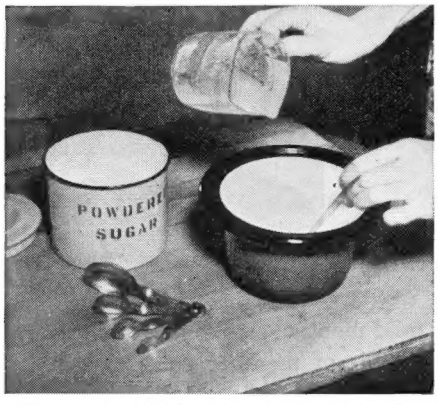
1 Sieve raspberries which have been boiled with the sugar



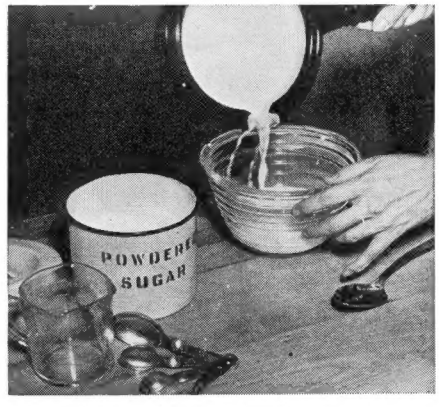
2 Measure and add the salt and well-strained lemon juice



3 Place berries in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled

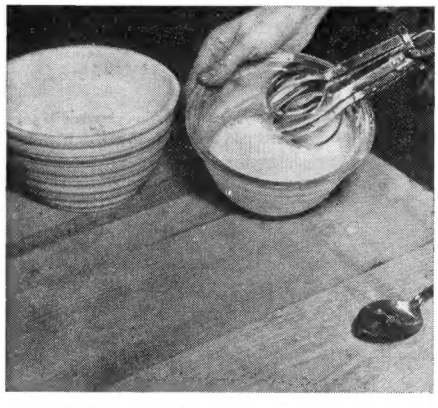


4 To scalded milk add powdered sugar and soaked gelatin



5 The gelatin dissolved, turn into bowl, chill till thick

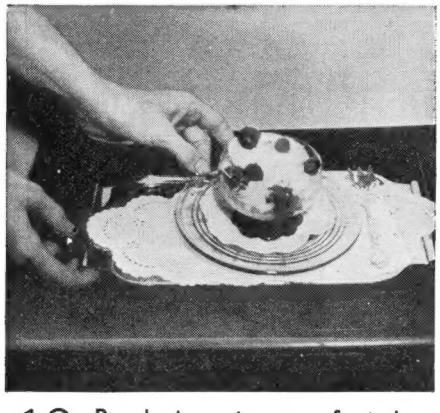
6 With rotary beater, whip heavy cream till very stiff



7 Whip gelatin mixture until light and full of bubbles

8 Stir berry mixture into the combined cream and gelatin

9 Turn into refrigerator tray. Freeze at low temperature



10 Ready to eat—a perfect dessert for torrid August days

THE MODERN HOSTESS

From the Warner Baxters comes this luscious raspberry ice cream recipe

"AS COOL as a cucumber" and "as cold as ice"! Now, there you have a couple of descriptive phrases that I'm sure appeal strongly to us all at this particular time of the year. That's why I'm certain you'll be delighted to hear that they describe to perfection the sort of foods that make a real hit with the Warner Baxters during the summer months and for which I have collected the recipes to give you.

Not that the Baxters go in exclusively for chilled edibles three times a day, nor would I wish to recommend that you do so since that would be carrying a good thing too far. But Warner and his charm-

ing wife certainly do favor such things as unusual salads, piquant salad dressings, iced drinks, and smooth creamy frozen desserts when the thermometer starts climbing skyward. These then are the sort of foods that I'm going to tell you about for this midsummer article, since, thanks to the Baxters, I can also offer you some fine recipes along those very lines.

Fact is, I'm not even going to mention that such things as meats, potatoes, and baked dishes even exist! If your family insists upon having heavy, substantial dinners I'm not going to have the temerity to suggest that you try to revolutionize their eating habits. But I do urge you to fix those everyday, year-round hot standbys in as easy a fashion as possible, reserving your interest and ingenuity instead for the preparation of dishes that have a cooling quality to recommend them. Moreover, I'm sure that at a time when heat is all too general to be appealing cold dishes will prove to be a welcome change or addition to any menu in any home.

You'll find the Baxter recipes that I have for you this month are splendid examples of just such easily prepared, tempting summer fare. These treats-of-the-lighter-sort, recommended by Mrs. Baxter and culled from her recipe files, are all of the chilled, iced or frozen variety. That in itself is a point in their favor, but they gain further appeal through the fact that they actually *look* cool as well! And don't forget that this is an especially important feature "in the good old summertime" for then the appearance of a dish counts more than at any other season of the year.

Take the unusual salads suggested by Mrs. Baxter, for instance. I don't suppose they'd sound one half as tempting in the middle of winter but at this season of the year the thought of crisp, cool, green lettuce leaves surrounding chilled and colorful combinations of fruits or vegetables has a tendency to make one hungry just to hear about them. And a dish of smooth, creamy, fruit-filled ice cream! What could be more appealing? These then are the sort of foods that you will want to feature when the weather fills even the most hearty eater with a sudden and far too evident distaste for the heavier sort of fare.

Yes, there's no denying that appetites are apt to be capricious during a hot spell and even folks who generally are easy to please will develop food phobias and sudden distastes for the old culinary standbys which leave us poor harassed meal planners at a complete loss for "the right answer" to the daily menu problem.

I agree that it's certainly too uncomfortably warm for you to spend an entire afternoon over the stove while everyone else in the family is out pursuing an errant breeze. I'll even go further and claim that it's most emphatically "too hot" for the heavy type of meat-potatoes-and-vegetables sort of meal to have the least appeal. But there *are* ways for the clever housewife to make meal time one of the day's most pleasant interludes.

Here's where eye appeal can come to your assistance in masterly fashion, according to Winifred Bryson Baxter, charming and capable wife of 20th Century-Fox's *(Continued on page 62)*

"It was worse than a slap in the face"

A few weeks ago, my little Ann came running home crying as if her heart would break. She said her playmates had been making fun of her clothes.

When the poor kid turned around, I almost dropped. Somebody had pinned one of your ads about tattle-tale gray on the back of her dress.

It was worse than a slap in the face. Where did those youngsters get the idea? Had they heard their mothers criticizing my washes? I felt like tearing that ad to bits. But luckily, I read it instead and found how the best housekeepers get tattle-tale gray in their clothes if they use a soap that leaves dirt behind.

So right away quick I changed to Fels-Naptha Soap — and am I GLAD! How those gentle suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustle out every speck of dirt! My clothes lost that horrid tattle-tale gray in no time! So I made a big freezer-full of ice cream and gave those kids a "thank-you" party.

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

IF THIS WERE YOU-

I wondered why he wasn't at the office. "What's the matter?" I asked him anxiously

DEAR VIRGINIA ALDEN:

Do you think a girl should marry a man when she does not love him? That is the problem I face.

I am alone in the world, for my parents died when I was twelve. I'm twenty-three now. When they died, I don't know what would have happened to me if it hadn't been for Frank Mackley.

Frank was the youngest of three brothers. The oldest one had been a close friend of my father's, and had died just before him. Frank and his wife Gladys lived near us, but she didn't pay much attention to things. She was too busy having a good time and spending the money Frank made in his silk mill. She always wanted a finer house and more clothes.

They took me in and made a home for me. I helped with the housework and went on with my school. I wanted to quit and get a job in the mill, but Frank put his foot down on that, insisting on my education.

Well, Frank's wife kept getting worse and worse about running around, after I went there to live. She would laugh and say I could keep Frank from getting lonesome. Besides, I did a lot of things around the place which she neglected. I felt I ought to as I could pay them no money.

And I felt sorry for Frank. He would be terribly blue sometimes, and I knew it was over his wife, for he thought the world of her. So I tried to do the little things which would make him more comfortable.

One day when I came home from school, Frank was there. I wondered why he wasn't at the office. I found him sitting with his face in his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked him anxiously, kneeling beside him.

He didn't say anything. Just took a letter from his pocket and handed it to me. It was from Gladys. She had run off with a man who was a buyer for a department store in a big city not far from our town. She said she loved this man, didn't love Frank any more, and wanted a divorce.

Things were pretty bad after that. Frank was terribly hurt, and bitter. I did all I could to make things easier for him. He gave Gladys the divorce and got his sister to come and take charge of the house. I went on with my school, though I offered to keep house. But Frank said no. I began to appreciate how kind he was and what he had done for me.

Finally I graduated, when I was seventeen, and expected to get a job in an office, as stenography had been part of my course. But Frank said, "There are more stenographers in the world now, Margery, than there are jobs. I'd rather see you in a business of your own. You have a good head, and could make a success of it."

Frank arranged for me to get a job in a hat shop. I didn't think much of the idea and told Frank so, and he only said, "Don't worry about things, just learn all you can about hats as quickly as possible."

Well, I did as he said, and learned hats from start to finish. Then one day he said he had a new job for me with a woman who sold gowns and shoes. I did the same thing there, learning everything I could.

After I'd been there awhile, I moved again. This time to a department store where I sold lingerie. I thought I was moving too much and told Frank so. He only smiled. When I was twenty, I learned the reason.

I came from work one night, and saw Frank had something on his mind. After supper he broke the news. He was going to set me up in business for myself. I was to open a smart lingerie shop in

MODERN ROMANCES WILL PAY $15, $10 AND $5 FOR THE THREE BEST LETTERS TELLING WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF THE PROBLEM PRINTED HERE WERE YOURS. LETTERS MUST BE SENT TO MARGERY DEVONS, MODERN ROMANCES, 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, BEFORE AUGUST FIRST. NONE OF THESE LETTERS WILL BE RETURNED TO CONTESTANTS

Have You a Problem?

Virginia Alden is here to help you solve your difficulties. If you prefer a man's viewpoint address Kirby Eaton.

We want you not only to bring your problems to this department, but to offer advice to other readers.

For a personal answer, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Mrs. Virginia Alden, or Kirby Eaton, in care of MODERN ROMANCES, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City

Write to this department for practical advice on life and love

a good location. He would finance it. Of course I was thrilled.

"After you get a start," he said, "you can add gowns and hats, and footwear. Now you see why I wanted you to have those different jobs."

I flung my arms around him and kissed him. He smiled happily and patted my shoulder. The next day we went to arrange the lease.

Well, the shop was a success from the start, and as Frank had said, I soon was able to add the other lines. For the next two years I worked my head off, but it was worth it. Then I met Dave Ramsey.

He came in with a line of new pumps put out by his uncle from whom I had been buying. The regular salesman was ill, and Dave had been put on during vacation. Dave, you see, was working his way through college. He's going to be a chemist. He is a grand boy, and the moment I saw him, something happened down inside of me. I knew I was in love.

You see, Mrs. Alden, I hadn't had much time for boys, with my school and things to do at home, and later my jobs, so I didn't think about romance like some girls. But I thought plenty after Dave came.

And he seemed to like me. We talked about everything but shoes, and finally he said, "I guess I'm a punk salesman, but it's been great meeting you. Can't I come back again?" We both laughed. It was a date.

After that I saw Dave whenever he could make our town, which was not often, but there were plenty of letters. We both knew it was real love.

FRANK was away a lot at this time. His partner had persuaded him to consider a tie-up with several other silk mills, and Frank had to look them over as he was the practical man of the two. I told him about Dave, and he kidded me about my "beau" but of course I didn't tell him how crazy we were about each other. I didn't even tell him when we became engaged. Maybe I should have, but when you've grown up without parents, as I did, you sort of keep things to yourself. And this seemed such a sweet, intimate secret, I wanted to hug it to myself, not share it with anybody.

So Dave and I made our plans. He had the promise of a job in a big dye concern, and I was to go on with my shop for awhile, until we got our house furnished, and maybe a baby came.

Then things happened. First, Frank's sister was ill and decided when she was better that she couldn't live North, so she went to Florida. A few months after that, Frank came home looking like he had seen a ghost. I had never seen him like that. I was frightened and asked him what was wrong. He said, "Everything!"

After awhile he told me. His business had been wiped out. His partner who handled the financial end of things, while Frank attended to the practical side of the mill, had been juggling the books and accounts. The merger they had talked of was just a blind. The partner had simply disappeared, and in the showdown there was nothing left. One day Frank had been a prosperous business man, the next he hadn't a cent to his name.

I tried to cheer him up, but it didn't do much good. He said miserably, "What's the use? First Gladys walks out and leaves me for another man. Then my sister chucks things, and now my business is smashed."

I sat on the arm of his chair, begging him not to be so blue. I tried to smooth the wrinkles out of his forehead. Then I felt him grow tense under the touch of my fingers. Before I knew it, he had drawn me into his arms, and was holding me tight. It was not the tightness of physical

(*Continued on page 14*)

Little Peggy cut her thumb,
the thumb began to swell,
And it was nearly seven weeks
before her thumb got well!
• • •
Avoid Infection! Always apply an antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and dress with a bandage *as clean as your own doctor would use.*
All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized"—Cotton, Gauze and Bandages—are sterilized not only in the making. *They are sterilized again after they are packaged.*

Johnson & Johnson

COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES

Record your weight and measurements before beginning a series of exercises

BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

A graceful, supple body can be yours if you'll exercise!

KICK over the traces. Head for the stars, Beauty and Grace of Figure. A well-proportioned figure gracefully managed—regardless of age or type—may be had by all! You may be tall, short, or stocky, but whatever your bone structure, you can add character and symmetry to your physical make-up by your bearing and by smoothly coördinating muscles tautly stretched over the framework of your body.

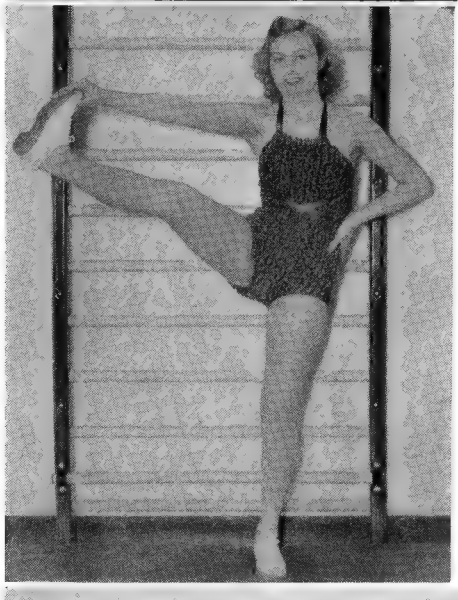
Are you ready to be off? Have you had your physical examination to indicate that there is nothing more serious than "bad habits" to account for your figure faults? If so, here are your working rules again. I do hope you won't mind my constantly bringing up the subject of these rules, but the rules are simple and they are the basis on which is founded this series to give you perfection by making the best of what you have. "Perseverance. Stick-to-it-iveness. Attention to every small detail."

The number of lumps and bumps and the awkward movements that can be laid at the door of a poor posture are perfectly amazing. So those are your first concern. In fact, you can't be sure just what is wrong with your figure until you assume a correct posture. Nine out of ten of the humps at the back of the neck are due to thrusting the head too far forward. Nine out of ten of the wibble-wabble hips are due to relaxing the muscles of the buttocks and dropping the body weight on the hips.

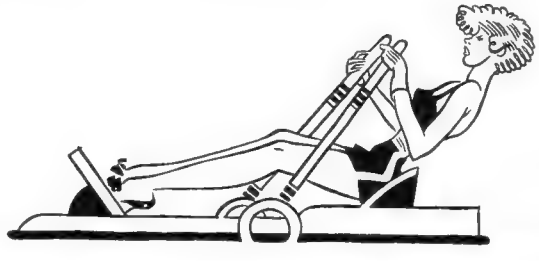
The lissomeness of your body and the rhythm and ease of your movements are directly due to muscular coördination and the control you have over your own body. You will be amazed at the joy of movement you will find in your body once you have mastered it. That alone will be worth the effort of acquiring new and good habits to replace the old haphazard methods. It is never too late to begin. So begin today that you may sooner enjoy the body beautiful.

A completely honest figure inventory should be made before you begin. Determine just what you need and what your goal is to be and then go to work with a definite purpose. Study your figure with a critical eye before a full-length mirror. It is no fair fooling yourself!

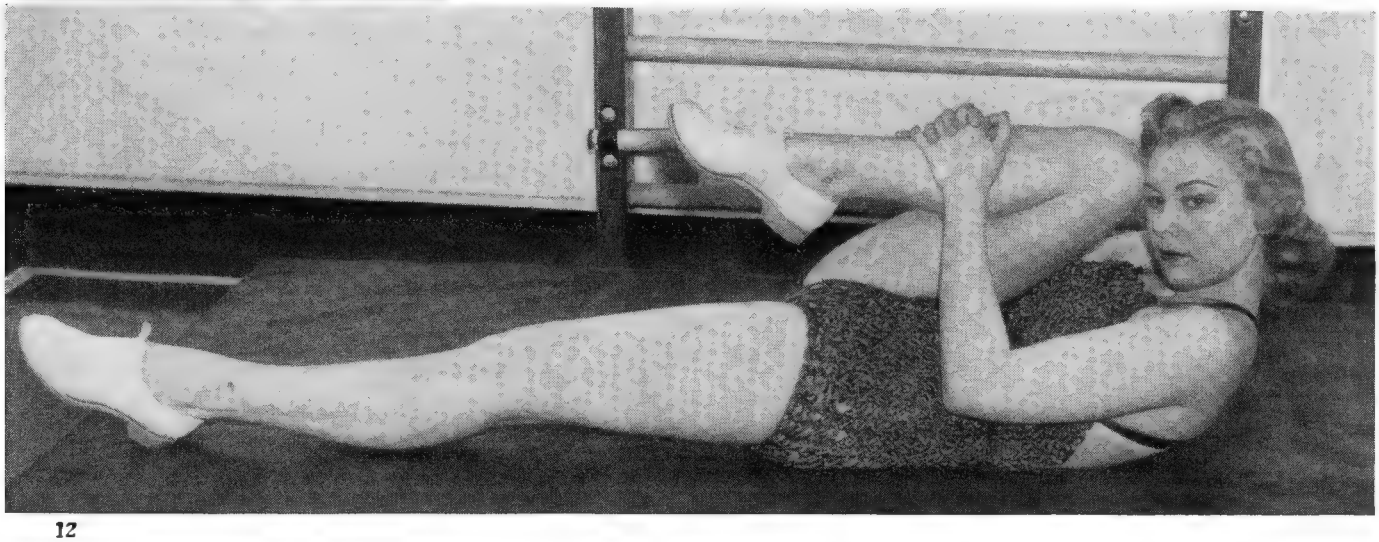
Just to put temptation out of your



An elastic - shirred practice suit guarantees comfort and freedom of movement



Below: One of the beautifying exercises described in the free bulletin



way, suppose you make up and fill in the chart I'll describe! Then right here in black and white you will have your starting point—your progress—and your achievement! You can take your measurements every three weeks and record them on the chart. Within three months you will be so improved that you won't know yourself! The overly plump may not be slithering in a slinky satin at the end of that time, or the too thin displaying voluptuous curves, but there will be such a decided improvement that you will truly resemble a real life "before and after" picture! Then, too, your complexion will respond to exercise, your eyes will grow brighter, the general health will be improved.

For your chart you need a large sheet of white paper, a sharp-pointed pencil, a measuring tape. Across the top of the page write: 1st week, 3rd week, 6th week, 9th week, 12th week. Now, on the left hand side of the page list: height, weight, bust, waist, hips, neck, arm, thigh, calf. Measure yourself and place these measurements in the 1st week column, your starting point.

With your route to the stars so well marked, let's be off! Of course exercises must be taken in as "nearly nothing" as possible if you are to get the full benefit from them—and I have discovered the perfect thing. You will actually feel trim in this new suit right from the start! Yes, it is a suit—and such an attractive one you will be using it for swimming as well as for your 1-2-3 exercises. It is a London import, now being made in the United States, is shirred with tiny Lastex stitches which make the suit so pliable that one size will fit every figure from 12 to 20, and all lengths with perfect comfort and ease. If you like plenty of style, you will be interested to know that the suit is available in lustrous Celanese in brilliant colors, and in gay daisy cotton prints and polka dots. Adjustable waist bands and adjustable shoulder straps give you plenty of freedom and comfort of movement.

Ready? Now assume correct posture. Place the feet about three inches apart with toes straight ahead. Draw the muscles of the buttocks up and in until you actually feel the pull. Raise the chest. Hold the head up and in. Let the arms hang at the sides.

How to walk? Maintain this posture and walk with the feet still pointed straight ahead (it may feel a little as if you are "toeing in" until you become accustomed to it). Don't relax the buttock muscles when you walk but continue to pull them up and in. After a bit of practice you will find your walk is smoother, your step is lighter, and there is a new poise in your bearing.

Ready to sit down? Don't flop! Approach your chair. Place one foot a few inches in front of the other. Continue to pull those muscles up and in and seat yourself.

See? A brand-new posture. Erect, dignified, and so easy and graceful! Just four things to remember—toes, buttocks, chest, and head—and you have the four essentials for grace in every movement. You see, this poise and grace is not mysterious at all! It is something you can acquire simply by schooling yourself in the "right habits." You must give conscious thought to each movement at first. Then eventually you will find yourself doing the right thing automatically.

(*Continued on page 69*)

Winners of Longines Diamond Wrist Watches in the May "Are You Romantic?" Contest

Miss Maria C. Gonzalez, 1481 Madison Avenue, New York City; Mrs. Lily Hawke, 992 Oakview Street, Memphis, Tenn.; Mr. James A. Neilson, 1800 Graham Avenue, Windber, Pa.; Miss Evelyn Scobey, 1540 N. Keeler Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. R. Stacey, R. 2, C/o T. Bowcutt, Rigby, Idaho; Miss Kathryn Williams, 608 West Walnut Street, Roswell, N. M.

All entries received during the month of April were included in the Longines Wrist Watch Contest

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY SHADE

Ten new—absolutely new—shades of face powder! You have never seen the like of them before.

They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

You Will See a New "You"

One of these shades will prove the right one for *you!* It will prove your "lucky" shade. It will show you a new "you"—a more youthful "you"—a more vivid "you"—a more glamorous "you."

A thrilling surprise for every woman

You don't have to take my word for this. You can prove it to yourself! Just mail the coupon and you will receive all ten of my new Lady Esther Face Powder shades postpaid and free.

Try All Ten!

Try, not one or two shades, but *all* ten! The very one you think least suited to you may prove a breath-taking surprise to you. It may, for the first time, disclose your "lucky" shade of face powder. Clip and mail coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (35)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me all ten of your new shades.

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

In Paris, the woman of glamour turns instinctively to Djer-Kiss to increase her charm . . . To her cousins in America this precious French perfume is now available in Djer-Kiss Talc. To make yourself fascinating, use this exquisite Djer-Kiss Talc, every day.

In drug and department stores at 25c and 75c. New generous 10c size in ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

(Continued from page 11)

passion. It was the desperation of a man who is afraid the last thing he holds dear will be snatched from him.

After a bit he released me, got up and paced the floor. Suddenly he stopped in front of me and said, "Listen, Margery, you're all I have left. Don't leave me. Maybe I'm weak, but I've got to tell you something I've kept shut up inside for a long time. I love you. I've tried not to. I've tried to go on thinking of you as a kid sister, like I did at first. Tried to tell myself that I'm too old for you, but it hasn't worked. I'm telling you now, again, that I love you. Will you marry me?"

He stopped. I was too surprised to say anything. Frank had never indicated that he ever had thought of me as anything but a younger sister.

When I didn't answer, he went on, "Maybe you don't love me now, but you can learn. I know I am older than you, fourteen years. I haven't anything to offer you, except myself, and that isn't much with my business wrecked. But I need you, Margery. With you, I *can* start over and fight my way up. But without you . . . what's the use?"

"But Frank . . . I never thought . . ."

"Of course you didn't," he said. "And I don't expect you to know now what you want to do. But take three months to think it over and then give me your answer. In the meantime . . . you haven't said . . . *no*."

So there it is, Mrs. Alden. This is a long letter, I know, so I won't go on. But there are the facts. On one side is Dave whom I love with all my heart. All my dreams are centered about him and the little home we have planned. I don't know what will happen to him if I send him away. But I know it would break my heart.

On the other side is Frank. He has provided everything I have had. He took me in when I had no place to go. He gave me an education. He set me up in business, the very business which was the means of bringing Dave to me, the business which was to help Dave and me get our start. Now Frank needs me.

When I needed somebody, Frank stood by. When he needs me, can I let him down? Is it honest? Is it decent? Can I ever be happy if I do? With me to stand by him, he *can* get on his feet again, but if I forsake him now, after all the others have let him down, his faith in human nature has been so shattered, this last straw will finish him. What shall I do? I have three months to decide. I adore Dave. I do not love Frank. Please, please help me.

MARGERY DEVONS

Have you ever faced an obligation when meeting it meant sacrifice? If you have, you can advise this girl who is at the crossroads between love and her debt to a man who stood by her in her days of trouble. It is not a pleasant position, and I am asking you readers out of the wealth of your experience and kindness of your hearts, to write Margery and tell her what you believe is the wisest course for her to follow. Your letters always are encouraging. Won't you take the time to help her? Write to Margery Devons, MODERN ROMANCES, *149 Madison Ave., New York City. And if you have a problem of your own which you would like to talk over, write to me, no matter what the problem may be. Address me, Virginia Alden, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a confidential reply. If you prefer a man's view, write to Mr. Kirby Eaton. And of course send letters for him or for myself to* MODERN ROMANCES, *149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

ANSWERING MYRA HARTLEY

A Wife's Dilemma

When Myra Hartley found her husband having an affair with her own sister Kitty, and that a child was the outcome, she was torn between her love for the sister and the man she had married, and the bitter fact of that man's unfaithfulness. She brought her problem to you readers, asking what she should do. Should she divorce her husband so he could marry Kitty? Should she drive Kitty from her home? What could be done in such a case? In the many letters which came in reply, a few, very few, urged divorce. The majority begged her to go on with Bob, her husband, who still loved her, admitting his interest in Kitty was infatuation. As for the child, various plans were suggested, and among them we have brought you the one which seemed most practical.

First Prize—$15

DEAR MYRA:

While the problem you are facing has never been mine, I do know of a similar case right in our family. It may help you.

My husband has two nieces, sisters. One is plain, and the other is pretty and utterly selfish like your sister Kitty. Both girls married about the same time, but the selfish sister's marriage did not last, just because of that selfishness.

There was a divorce. During this time the older girl, Helen, was a happy, devoted wife. When the selfish sister, whom I shall call Anita, made a mess of her marriage and left her husband, she staged a "nervous breakdown," playing on Helen's sympathy so that she took her home to live until she was strong again. Anita looked frail and lovely, fooling both Helen and her husband Bill completely. He was soon her slave, carrying her up and down stairs, and she called him "her big strong brother."

But it wasn't long before the affair got beyond the brother and sister stage. One evening Helen was called to the bed of a sick school friend and while she was away, Anita enticed Bill into the same sort of mess Kitty got Bob into. I suppose we shouldn't blame the Kittys and Anitas entirely, for it does seem that men can't resist that type.

To make the story short, it had the same ending as your problem, Myra. But Helen didn't run away as you are wondering if you should do, because she realized Bill didn't really love Anita, and she knew Anita never could make him happy if she were married to him. So she stuck to her guns as I'm hoping you will do. She sent Anita to another town where the baby was born. Helen and Bill defrayed all expenses, and later the baby was adopted into a fine home, right from the hospital. You see, Anita was even too selfish to be bothered with a baby. Of course, I don't know how Kitty may feel about that. But her feelings are not important anyway. It is you I am thinking about. And I don't think you should let this make a break between you and your husband. I am sure time will lessen the hurt, and that you and Bob will be happy as you once were. God bless you both and give you the courage needed to see this thing through.

MRS. L. H., Colorado

We regret that limited space this month permits us to print only one prize letter. Mrs. E. B. Perano, Box 904, Jackson, California, won the second prize of $10.00. The third prize, $5.00, went to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, 159 Costello St., Charleston, West Virginia.

THE EDITOR

I Robbed My Son

(*Continued from page 7*)

home until I'm too old to enjoy traveling. Robert, could you forgive me if I took your wedding present money and went?"

He stared at me, bewildered. "Gee, Mother," he said gently, "It's—well, I'd been counting on that money lately. You see, if I had it, I could get out of debt and—well, I'd be able to support Geneva. I want to marry her now. If I wait a year, I might even lose her." He paused and looked at me strangely. "Besides, I don't think you ought to go traveling around alone, Mother, in your condition."

I had been waiting for that. "Oh, I'll take someone with me, someone young and gay. How would you like it, since it was supposed to be your money, if I took Geneva Smith?"

He continued to study me with hurt, deliberate eyes. It was then I saw the first light of distrustful suspicion dawn in his smile. He asked dryly, "You wouldn't be trying to break up a romance through a long separation, would you, Mother?"

That was Robert's strongest card, but he played it in vain. I merely used it to reproach him, to remind him with tear-filled eyes of his selfishness and ingratitude. He was kind, and he loved me. I was merciless; and so I won.

GENEVA and I went to the Canadian woods. We returned seven months later with the child Robert believes is his sister.

Robert met us at the train and insisted that Geneva marry him at once, even though they had to live in a furnished room for a while. He said, half-jokingly but with the ring of conviction, "If we don't do it now, Genny, I'm afraid Mother's jealous nature will find another reason for waiting."

They are very happy now, but a hungry longing comes into Geneva's face whenever she sees the little daughter she can never acknowledge. It is the price she must pay for her mistake.

I too am content. For soon Robert will see his own child held close in his wife's arms, and I know it will give back to him his faith that mother love is a beautiful reality. But he will never know how real.

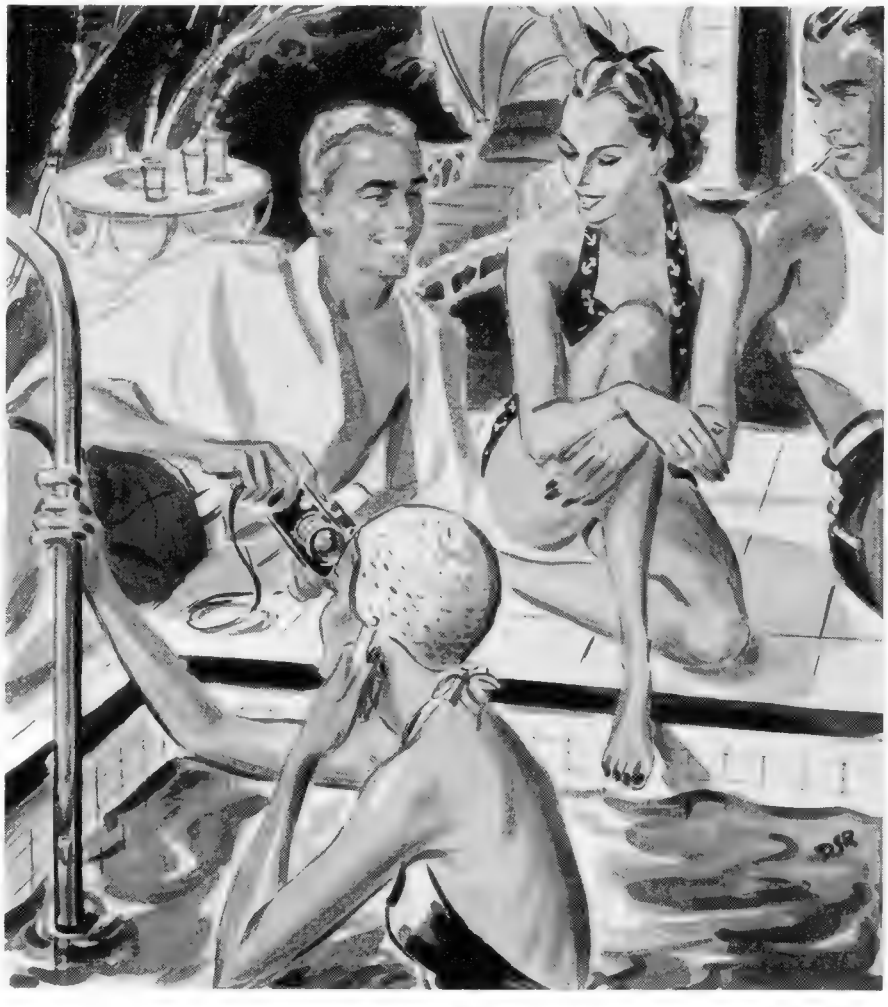
PRIZE WINNERS! MAY LETTER CRITICISM CONTEST

The names of the seven MODERN ROMANCES readers who were successful in the May criticism contest are listed below. *You* can win a prize in the new contest. Details of this new contest are given on page 29.

W. E. Wainwright, Winnipeg Beach, Man., Canada, $15; Mary M. Roberts, Daytona Beach, Fla., $10; Jane C. Bunker, Ellsworth, Me., $5; Bessie M. Conwell, Memphis, Tenn., $5; Hugh I. Wilson, Acmar, Ala., $5; Gertie M. Espenan, Baton Rouge, La., $5; Gladys Morgan, Pittsburgh, Pa., $5.

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints



The newest, loveliest colors....in perfect "skin-tone" harmony

BEWARE, YOUNG WOMEN! Unscrupulous flatterers of any hand are Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty" shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Russet, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red ...these Complimentary Colors have a way with them...a way of adding new beauty to your manicure—*and* your pedicure.

But flattery from Glazo means honest admiration from beaus and escorts. So why resist its blandishments? You'll never suspect how fascinating your fingertips can be until Glazo's misty, smoky shades persuade you. That's why smart girls everywhere are losing their hearts and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—satin-smooth on the nail, for several *extra* days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fast" friend, whose charm doesn't fade, whose flattery doesn't grow a bit "thick" with lingering in the bottle. And one that, at 25 cents, has a care for your pocketbook.

GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

Keep cool in navy! The first of our suggestions is Anne Shirley's ultra-feminine print sheer

Pat Paterson is snapped as she rests on the garden wall in a navy and white playsuit

Madge Evans tops a trim navy linen jacket and white woolen skirt with a crownless turban

BY ELINOR BLAIR

"CANDIDLY" SUMMERY!

FASHIONS in action—that's what the candid cameraman is able to give you when he haunts the highways and byways of Hollywood for the movie famous. And I think clothes never are more convincing in their smartness than when you see them as they are worn by stars who are not expecting to be "snapped."

It could be you whom the camera caught shopping on Main Street instead of Madge Evans, looking into windows along Hollywood Boulevard. It could be you, walking out of your own doorway to greet arriving bridge guests, instead of Anne Shirley. And, in each picture, this month it's easier to imagine how you would look in similar setting and costume because the picture is in action and the star is not just posed for the effect.

What they are wearing in California right now is just what you want to wear in your own town during these days when the thermometer is seething upward. Midsummer is when you add those things to your wardrobe that you need for some specific purpose. You have all the main items now, and what you will be buying this month are things to fill out the gaps. Maybe you need some extras for a vacation trip and more than likely you'll be taking advantage of the grand bargains which the shops start featuring right after the Fourth.

It's in these sales that a clever shopper can pick up quality clothes that are out of reach when the season is young and prices are high. I have a friend who makes it her business to get well acquainted with at least one saleswoman in the better dress department of her local store. She lets her know that she appreciates clothes of good fabric and line but that she has to pick them up at the end of the season, when they are reduced. As a result, this saleswoman keeps her in mind and tells her, in advance, of reductions so that my friend can go to the department and "spot" costumes in which she's interested. The day of the sale, she gets to the store when the doors open and nine times out of ten buys several lovely things at greatly reduced prices.

I remarked to this same friend one day that her system was swell but that I never seemed to have any money left when these sales were on because I had bought new things at the outset of the season. She gave me a very stern look and said, "You've got to have plenty of sales resistance so that you don't buy at the beginning of a season but save your pennies for the sales. You can't be easily swayed, that's all!" So, if you can't be easily swayed, it's a darn good budget asset!

As my title indicates, my candid camera shots show you clothes that are definitely summery, right to wear now and up until the first nip in the air drives you into woolens. Each one should fit into your own scheme of things whether you live in small town or city, whether you go to

business, are vacationing, or are "at home."

There's Madge Evans' summer suit, for instance. Madge is a great one for suits and she particularly likes them for summer daytime wear when she is free from the studio. She is favoring two types of suits this season. One is the type pictured, the other is a white uncrushable linen with a single-breasted, tuxedo-style jacket. Navy blue and white is the cool and practical combination carried out in the costume shown. A double-breasted jacket in a navy linen, woven to resemble shantung, is tailored with all the precision of a woolen. The skirt is a lightweight white wool, her tailored blouse is white pique.

For accessories, Madge chooses a white linen bag, blue and white linen oxfords, short white washable gloves and one of the popular crownless turbans in white linen. These comfortably cool and inexpensive toppieces are so popular that stores can't supply the demand fast enough.

A blue linen jacket, like this one, is just as smart when used to top a simple sports dress. In fact, with a matching blue skirt, it's a grand summer business suit. And it also is one of those indispensable items for long or short vacation trips.

TO get away from the routine cotton dress for your daily household duties, try wearing sports clothes instead. Colorful play clothes are just as cheap as the most prosaic house dress and twice as much fun to wear. On very hot days, how about trim shorts and a shirt with socks and sports shoes to make you feel comfortable and more like a subdeb than the mother of two lusty infants? And when you put the baby into her pen for a sunning in the yard, allow yourself a few moments of relaxation in a playsuit as brief as your child's. A washable cotton slacks suit attractively takes the place of overalls for garden work or practical house wear and makes you feel less like a drudge.

Pat Paterson was "snapped" on a busy morning away from the studio recently. Perched on her garden wall, she was wearing a navy blue piqué dress printed all over with white birds in flight. Just an inexpensive cotton sports dress, it achieved smartness through its gay patterning and its princess cut. Pat was wearing it with several buttons unfastened in the skirt to allow walking freedom, beneath the skirt she wore matching shorts and a halter "bra" so that she could suntan at leisure by merely removing her dress. Navy blue and white canvas for those good looking sport shoes which Pat wears with this dress.

A Los Angeles department store recently suggested a "Sunday Sports Dress" with the film colony in mind, no doubt. It's a slick suggestion for all of us, too, who have to crowd a lot of activity into one brief day of leisure. Hollywood-ites circulate about the nearby clubs and resorts on Sunday, often moving from someone's breakfast party to a tennis match and on to cocktails. There's no time for changes and few have the inclination. So the Sunday sports dress is a marvelous solution. One of the dresses shown was a simple navy blue linen model with a "tennis top," meaning a sleeveless, sunback effect, and a slightly flared skirt, with slide fastener detail from belt to hem. Over this was a brief bolero jacket made of matching linen but flower printed.

Between the practical washable dress and the tailored suit or dress, comes a need for a soft, dressy costume that is cool primarily, but which above everything else is quite feminine in fabric and detailing. Such a frock is the one Anne Shirley wears. Anne is one of the most popular members of the cinema colony's young set and she has to have a dress like this for entertaining at home or going out on informal evening dates.

Green, yellow, and white figures are printed all over a navy blue sheer, worn over a navy silk slip. The detail is girlish with ruffling edging the sleeves, neckline, and hem of the dress. The belt is merely a ribbon sash and Anne clips a rhinestone and emerald doo-dad at the neck for its sole trimming.

Strictly tailored navy, brown or black sheers with white accents have become almost an annual uniform for hot weather wear in the city. Made of silk or synthetic sheer fabrics, they can be bought at prices in line with any budget restrictions.

I'll bet you haven't thought of sunbonnets in years. Now have you? Well, two Paramount stars started the Hollywood fad for these old-fashioned bits of headgear and everyone, who doesn't want to suntan too deeply, has taken the idea up. In "Mountain Music," Terry Walker and Martha Raye have to wear hill-billy sunbonnets. So struck with the idea that sunbonnets would be grand for the beach were they, that they got the studio designer to copy them in materials to match their beach ensembles. Red or blue polka dotted bonnets with streamers to tie under their chins, were the result. Copies are seen in printed cottons, ginghams, piqués. Why don't you try one on your own beach?

Elinor Blair
MODERN ROMANCES
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in which to mail me, free of charge, your August Shopping List.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and number)

City.....State.....

Glare-Proof!

Flatter you in hard, blazing light

Now 3 "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette
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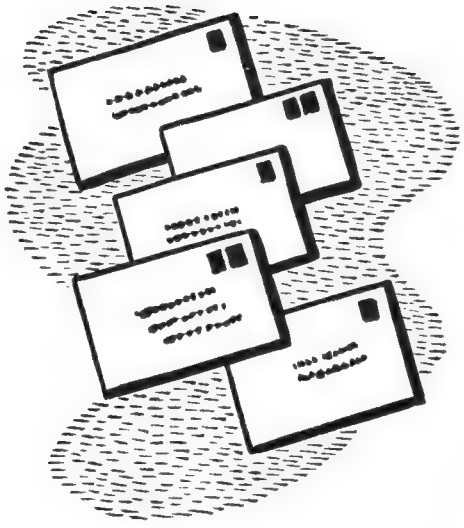


One look at her eager, enraptured face, turned up to his, told me all that I needed to know

TRUE LETTERS

Editor's Note: MODERN ROMANCES, *a magazine written by its readers, is devoted to a portrayal of real life. Each month hundreds of readers write me letters about their personal problems, large and small, and tell me how they have solved them. In some of the letters there is humor, in others pathos; in some there is joy and in others tragedy. All of them are interesting human documents. As I feel that you too will enjoy this revealing personal contact with your fellow readers, I am presenting you with several letters that came to my desk this past month.*

I will pay ten dollars for all publishable letters of one thousand words or less, received from readers of MODERN ROMANCES. *Address me at 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.* THE EDITOR

My Daughter Loved Another Woman's Husband

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a woman of fifty, and I have one daughter, a girl who is now twenty-six. While she was going to high school her father was alive. My husband and I had always been very close and very much in love. We went to card parties, movies, club meetings and similar affairs together, and while we never neglected our daughter, still she had her own friends, and except for whatever supervision we thought was needed, we did not watch her especially closely.

After my husband's death, Edith and I were thrown together more. She was twenty-one when he died. For a while I was prostrated with grief, but I knew he would have wanted me to assume a normal life as soon as possible, so in a few months I was playing cards and seeing movies with my old cronies. But I was lonely without Fred, and often I went out with Edith instead.

I don't know when I first became aware that Edith was in love with Maxwell Nugent. I think at first her glowing description of his ability, of his brilliance, and how he towered above the other lawyers who came to see Judge Crone, her boss, was what made me suspicious. After a while, when I asked questions, she would answer so briefly that that, too, seemed strange.

One day I went downtown without telling her and walked into the restaurant close to the Bar Building where I knew she ate lunch every day. She was sitting in a booth with a man who answered her descriptions of Maxwell Nugent. They were too absorbed in each other to see me, and I took the next booth, and sat with my back to them. Unobserved, I could turn around and watch them. He was sitting with his arm around her, and one look at her eager, enraptured face, turned up to his, told me all that I needed to know. I left with my fears confirmed.

I wanted to help my daughter, and yet I didn't want to lay down the law. I had been so happy with her father that I had always hoped she'd meet a young man who had the same good qualities Fred had had, and who would make Edith as happy as Fred had made me.

Now Maxwell Nugent was a married man. Understand, he was not a rake, his reputation was all right, and probably everything Edith had said about his ability and brilliance was true. But just the same, he was a married man, and I felt that Edith was making a mistake.

I knew I could not forbid her seeing him. That would be the worst thing. I knew, too, there was no use in trying to tell her things to his discredit.

What could I do? What can any mother do who sees her daughter headed for grievous danger? (*Continued on page* 62)

IRENE DUNNE AND RANDOLPH SCOTT

"Dearest, I worship you!" He held her slender body close, as though to cherish her forever against all loneliness and grief. "Say that you forgive me," he said huskily. "Say that you love me, too." Randolph Scott and Irene Dunne in a scene from the Paramount Film: *High, Wide and Handsome*

SHOTGUN WEDDING

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother used to say helplessly, so often that I've never forgotten it, "You're your father all over again." I was not proud to be Daddy all over again, because even when I was ten, I knew that he drank heavily, and did not earn as much money as the fathers of other girls, and I knew that Mother was not happy with him.

There are so many things a child sees which its parents think convey no meaning to the child! Mother and Daddy, for all the differences between them, were careful what they said in front of me. But it was not possible for me to grow up totally in ignorance of the dark undercurrents in our house.

My plainest childhood memory is the time I woke up, in the middle of the night. A scream had wakened me. But though my spine prickled and my eyes peered through the darkness, no one moved in the other rooms and there was no more screaming.

I lay very still. Had I dreamed that shriek?

Suddenly I heard my mother's voice, "Don't do that again, Tom. She might hear . . . and the neighbors. . . ." She was sobbing.

My Daddy said dully, "I won't hit you again, Mabel. I—I—" His heavy footsteps seemed to be going toward the back door. There was a queer apology in his tone. "Why in heaven's name do you keep on sticking to me? Why don't you take the kid and beat it? What good can it do to hang on like this?"

My mother said steadily. "Arline is your child as well as mine. She's entitled to a decent home, with her mother and father. And she shall have it. Without me here—" her voice quivered again. Then she said, "You often taunt me with my weakness. You say I'm wishywashy. Maybe I am. Maybe I should have killed you and your loose woman long ago. But there's one thing I'm not wishywashy about, and that's my child. While I live she'll have a chance."

How plainly that night and those words stand out in my memory! When Daddy came home the next night smelling sourly of whiskey and lay around in the parlor, breathing heavily, I hung about the room, staring at him. Was it true, what Mother had said? Did he have a loose woman somewhere?

And bit by bit, like pieces of a puzzle, through my childhood the facts fell into place. On the other side of town, where the pick-and-shovel men lived, and where the speakeasies were packed three and four to a street, lived Kathleen Timini. Sometimes, when Mother spoke of her to Daddy (thinking, of course, I could not hear) she called her "Kathy Conover." So I guessed that Timini must be her married name.

I learned, from scraps picked up here and there, that Kathy Conover and Daddy had been friends a long time ago. Before ever Daddy married Mother. Daddy's folks had hated her. She was uneducated, came from a shanty Irish family, and ran around with men promiscuously even when she was sixteen. His whole family tried to break up their love affair. But in the end, it was Kathy herself who broke it up. For she ran away with a man who had recently come to town.

To the relief of his family, Daddy married Mother, who was thoroughly respectable, and who had their entire approval.

But a year or two later, Kathy came back to town, without her lover. Daddy, as if unable to resist the fatal attraction she had for him, began to run around with her again. I've heard Mother throw it up to him time and time again. "There I was, carrying your child. While you and that woman—"

But though the affair was flaunted in the faces of the whole town—though Daddy made little effort to conceal the fact that he spent so many hours with Kathy on the other side of town—Mother steadfastly refused to divorce him, or even to leave him.

She clung tenaciously to the house her father had given her as a wedding gift. He had died soon after the marriage, and she frequently said how glad she was he had not lived to see her husband treat her badly.

IT took me years to dig up and reason out for myself all the little things that kept Daddy from leaving Mother. There wasn't any one big reason—except perhaps Kathy Conover's disinclination to set up a conventional home. You see, even if Daddy had left Mother and me, he couldn't have moved in with Kathy.

When I was two years old or so, she had married a laborer named Tony Timini. There seemed no particular reason for the marriage. She might have fancied herself in love with him, or maybe she really was. But anyway, she married him, and though she was later flagrantly unfaithful to him—and he seemed to do nothing about it—she was technically his wife and lived with him. So Daddy couldn't have gone to live with her.

Another reason why Daddy never left Mother might have been the queer and distorted, yet somehow gallant code I was to discover he had. He stubbornly supported us. He drank too much, he had bitter quarrels with Mother. But he always worked and he always gave Mother most of his money.

He always impressed upon me, too, the necessity for obeying Mother. I was headstrong, self-willed. As Mother said, I was my father all over again. When she forbade me to go to movies on school nights, I wanted more passionately than ever to go. When she said we could not afford to let me have a new dress, it seemed as though I couldn't live until the beautiful, unattainable dress was mine.

Daddy saw these things in me and said, "Do as your mother tells you!" I would cry and kick my feet and

The true story of a girl whose hot-headed impulses and ungovernable emotions created for her a path disastrously far from the safe one her parents thought she'd travel

In haltingly tender words Peyton tried to tell me I mustn't be sorry for our kisses — our love-making

argue passionately the justice of what I wanted. All he said was, "Do as your mother tells you." In other words, though he lived his life shadily and messily, he seemed determined that I was going to learn to obey authority and convention.

But I was his daughter, as well as Mother's. And those hotheaded impulses, those strong, ungovernable desires, were to create for me a path far from the safe and ordinary one that my parents thought I would travel.

Daddy's affair with Kathy Conover Timini is the one dominant memory of my childhood. Everything else that happened was set against that black backdrop. I've heard Mother saying tonelessly, "She's no good, Tom. What's the sense in ruining my life and Arline's too? She threw you over for that slick traveling crook—she threw you over for Timini—she'll always do that to you. You don't love me, I know. But Kathy doesn't love you, either."

Daddy laughed. A short, ugly laugh. "But I'm crazy about Kathy and you're crazy about me, eh? Life's little jokes!"

Mother did not retort that she was *not* crazy about him. Her face only wrinkled up, and tears began to spill out of her eyes. I ducked into the kitchen quickly. They didn't know I'd heard. I didn't want them to know. But from that day on, I knew that the real reason why Mother stuck to Daddy was not me, at all. It was because she loved him.

WHEN I was twelve years old—a gawky, thin twelve, in dresses I had suddenly grown out of, and newly aware, dark eyes— I met Kathleen Conover Timini in person. I had been skating with three other girls from school. We had gone a long way and were tired, so we all sat down at a convenient curb stone. There were some boys hanging about in front of a candy store on the corner. They began to whistle and threw remarks at us.

"You know, I don't think we ought to stay here," one of the girls said doubtfully. "I don't like the looks of those boys."

"You're right. We're almost in Hunky Town." But, as always, there was a stubborn, reckless streak in me. "I'm not going to run away from a bunch of (*Continued on page 64*)

. . CAREER

ONCE upon a time, and not too long ago, I believed I was a very smart girl. One of the accepted axioms of my life was that brains would get you anything, and there were so many things I wanted. Now I'm not so confident. I'm wondering if I'm really bright after all, and, if I am, what boots it? I've been sunk so low lately that I wouldn't be surprised if people started saying that Beverly wasn't really all there, but was sort of "teched in the head."

There are two ways of looking at my childhood. I may have been fortunate, but I don't think so. I was, you see, an infant prodigy; the sort of clever little thing who reads books when other children are talking baby talk, spells, figures, and converses with ease and grace. When I began my school career at the age of six, my startled teachers, hearing me read and spell and watching me write, promptly put me into the fourth grade. And were Mother and Dad proud of me!

Neighbors would come to the shabby, comfortable cottage just to listen to me talk or hear me read. "That Beverly's a wonder," they'd say. Mother would swell with pride. I'd smile in a superior way—horrid little thing that I was—and excuse myself and go back to my books.

You'd think from this that I was an only child, but I wasn't. I was the middle one of three. Bill was two years older and Cecily two years younger. Both of them were rather quiet, normal kids, who never showed any particular brilliance and who were probably much more comfortable to have around home than I was.

I skipped through grade school and high school with flying colors, always at the head of my class, always getting the highest marks in school. I was always younger than the other pupils in my classes and they didn't care much for me. They thought I was a grind and a teacher's pet. They were right on the first, but hardly on the second. I was never teacher's pet. A spirit of antagonism seemed to exist between me and my teachers. I wanted to outdo them, to outsmart them in some way, and show to the class that I was more brainy than the teachers. This happened once or twice, and the poor teachers bore the brunt of the whole town's joking laughter. Then I'd go about with my head held proudly high. In fairness to the teachers, not one of them retaliated. They gave me good grades and tried to gain my confidence. But I walked alone.

Even at home I was outside of the family circle, by my own request. In the evening Mother, Dad, Cecily, and Bill would gather in the living room. Dad would be busy as usual with his stamp collection, writing letters to all places around the world, or sorting the stamps he got from his correspondents and putting them in his great albums.

"If Dad would just leave those silly stamps alone and get down to actual work, he would have a better job," I'd storm to Mother. "It's sickening, when you think he's worked at his old job for twenty years, and just gets thirty-five dollars a week. If he'd studied in the evenings, instead of fussing around with stamps and letters, we might be somebody today." For once, Mother didn't agree with me. "Your father works hard," she said, her mouth compressed into a straight line. "He gets as much as Mr. Wilkins can afford to pay him. He has collected stamps since he was a little boy and he loves them. He's always wanted to travel, and he gets some of the fun of it through these letters he sends all over the globe and through his stamps. Don't let me hear you say one word to him about the only recreation he has."

I'd complain about Bill and Cecily, too; Bill forever fooling with his electric gadgets, messing up the whole living room with them; Cecily grimy with modeling clay, making queer little

GIRL

She loved her husband and yet she let a flinty, rocklike ambition come first. Could she succeed in her mission as his wife?

animals and figures that didn't look like anything real, or else mooning away writing crazy poetry.

"Why don't you study?" I'd cry at them. "Read, improve yourself, so you can amount to something."

They exasperated me so that Mother and Dad finally made me a little study in the attic, where I could be alone with my books. I loved it and the long, quiet evenings spent in it.

During my last year in high school something new was introduced. It was called "vocational guidance." I went to one of my teachers, Miss Griggs, for a long talk about my future. And I was surprised to discover that there was almost nothing I wanted to do except go on to college. I had been good in all my work, but no one branch of it had held any special appeal for me. I turned down teaching flatly; wasn't interested in science or literature. At last I told Miss Griggs I wanted to make money. She advised me a business course would be best.

"But I want to go to college," I cried.

She hastened to explain that there was an excellent department in the university, which I planned to attend.

Fortunately, I won a scholarship; otherwise my college course would have been a great burden on the family. I kept pretty much to myself, but in those three years at school—I would have thought myself stupid if it had taken me four to complete the course—I did some thinking as to what I wanted in the future.

"I want a good job, in which I'll meet interesting people," I told myself. "I want good clothes, a comfortable place to live, and money—lots of money." Oh, I knew exactly what I wanted!

I began to take more interest in my appearance, too. I arranged my hair smartly and began to affect rather masculine looking clothes. I didn't want to be merely pretty. I wanted to be chic and sophisticated in my appearance.

I graduated first in my class, of course. Professor Wayland called me into his office a few days before school was over.

"Beverly, you are a clever girl, but you are very young," he said.

"Why, I was nineteen last month!" I blurted out. "That's not young. If Mother and Dad hadn't kept me out of school a year and refused to let me have double promotions, I'd have been through school long ago."

He smiled at me and I was startled, for there was pity in his kind old eyes. Why should he pity me?

"I suspect you were born old," he murmured at last. "Well, perhaps you can handle this. It is the best position available this year and, as our star student, I felt that you were entitled to it. You've heard of the Carter Manufacturing Company at Margate?"

I confessed ignorance.

"They want an assistant office manager—a woman. It is a fine opportunity, one that probably means the opening of a great career for some one. You have the brains to handle it, I feel sure. But there is this thing, Beverly. How are you going to get along with the other employees? You don't seem to care at all for your classmates or to know they exist."

"Oh, this will be different. I'll be just as tactful as can be, Professor."

"Very well." He sighed. Then, with reluctance, "I'll write Mr. Carter tonight."

Of course I was in a fever of excitement from that moment onward. Getting that job meant so much more than getting my diploma! And at such a good salary! I deserved it. Hadn't I worked and studied, when other girls were having good times, just for this one reason? Why shouldn't I be given a good job?

The family came on for commencement and, I must confess, they looked very nice. Dad and Bill had new suits, and Mother and Cecily, in pretty summer dresses and hats, looked as nice as anyone there. I was proud of them, but prouder of myself, bursting with the news of the new job.

"There!" I thrust Mr. Carter's letter at them. "See what I'm going to do! Isn't it wonderful?"

ALL of them agreed that it was splendid. They were as thrilled as I was. Only Mother felt badly that I had to go on at once to my new job. She had wanted me to return home, she said, for a good long rest before I began my business career.

I had to crow a little over Bill and Cecily.

"If you had worked and studied as I've done," I told Bill, "you'd have a real job now, instead of puttering around with Les Cromer in that silly shop of his."

"Les and I are doing well enough," Bill said quietly. "We'll manage, I think, Sis. But I'm happy for you, if you get what you want out of your career."

Cecily took my reproaches sweetly. She wasn't through high school yet, and she was having a grand time, she said, with parties and with her hobbies. No, she didn't think she'd go to college. A year or two at normal school would be all she'd want. She was going to try to get on in Miss Slater's Kindergarten. Cecily loved children.

It gave me a sinking feeling to see our battered car drive away the morning after graduation, taking the family with it. I felt completely on my own. Before he left, Dad had given me a hundred dollars so I wouldn't be short of money until my first pay day. I promised I'd pay it back, but he chuckled a little and said it was a present. So I accepted it as such, forgetting how big a sum that was to our simple household and how much saving and contriving it must have meant.

I was so eager to get to Margate that I packed my trunk and suitcases hurriedly and took the very first train there. Margate was a much larger town than any in which I had lived before, and it seemed immense and rather frightening to me. I asked the Travelers' Aid to help me find a pleasant room and soon located in a quiet place out in the suburbs and, fortunately, near the Carter Manufacturing Company. Then I dressed in my very best and went to the plant, which was much larger than I had imagined it would be. I had been asking about it and discovered that it manufactured pottery and many sorts of novelties.

I was shown into a long office, where about twenty-five girls and women were busily at work. I asked for Mr. Carter. The girl at the switchboard didn't seem inclined to let me into his office.

"I'm Miss Beverly Graham. Mr. Carter is expecting me," I told her rather sharply.

She stared at me a minute, her black eyes gleaming. She spoke a word or two into the telephone and then indicated a door and said, "You may go right in, Miss Beverly Graham."

I didn't like her manner and told myself I'd soon change that. But I had made the first of many enemies at the Carter manufacturing plant.

COREY CARTER was a wonderful man and a fine employer. Prepared for my youth and inexperience, he spent much of his valuable time in talking to me about the plant, taking me through it, and explaining what my duties were to be.

"Do you think you can handle it, Miss Graham?" he inquired rather anxiously. "You are very young and, of course, you have no experience. We do want our office to operate smoothly. We try to be a happy family here."

I told him I would do my very best. And I tried very hard. I studied the business from every angle and introduced new systems and schemes, some of which were brilliantly successful. I contributed many new ideas, some of which were accepted, and

I almost quailed before the sharp old eyes which looked at me questioningly when I asked him for work

for these Mr. Carter made sure I was given a generous bonus.

But I didn't get along with the women working under me. They were stiff and cold with me, and though they would follow my instructions, that was all. They would be laughing and chatting together in the lunch room, and if I'd go in, absolute silence would fall. I didn't like it, but I decided that they were jealous of me.

A YEAR or so after I had been in the Carter plant a new employee bobbed up from nowhere—Tom Morton. He was long and rangy, with wild red hair and a sprinkling of freckles. He seemed to be a sort of general man of all work, fussing here and there and getting nowhere, I often thought crossly. Everybody liked Tom. You couldn't help yourself. He was like a big, overgrown, friendly puppy. If you'd cuff him, he'd come back for more, wagging his tail. I cuffed him often enough, verbally, but he only laughed at me.

"Come down off your high horse, Sister," he'd urge. "Be human, for a change. How about a ride in old Dumb Dora tonight and a sandwich at a hot-dog joint? If you'd shake some of the starch and vinegar out of your nature, you'd be quite a gal."

That annoyed me. I refused his invitation. And that afternoon, I was glad, for Rodney Vincent came into the office to talk to Mr. Carter and was introduced to me. When Mr. Carter was called out for a few minutes, Rodney asked me if I would have dinner with him that evening and I accepted on the spot.

And who wouldn't? For Rodney Vincent was my idea of what a man should be. He was stunning looking, with smooth black hair that had just a suspicion of a wave in it, black eyes in a clever brown face, beautiful speaking voice, stylish clothes. He was straight as a soldier, thanks to his military training.

I asked Mr. Carter about him.

"Rodney's a clever young chap, bound to go a long way," Mr. Carter said. "He's a lawyer—with Patterson and Bundy, and they say his brains are of the first water. Good old family, too."

So, after work, I hurried down to the smartest dress shop in town and squandered some of my carefully hoarded savings on a sleek black satin dinner gown and a lovely black velvet wrap with an ermine collar. When Rodney came to get me, he brought me gardenias and, as I pinned them on, their heady fragrance seemed to intoxicate me. I was young. I was clever. I was in love—or about to be—with Rodney. All this was as it should be, for we'd make a wonderful team—"go places" together.

We went to a quiet supper club, and afterward to the theater. We drove for an hour or so, talking.

"Jove, it's good to be with a girl whose head isn't just a convenience for a mop of marcelled hair," he told me, at parting. "Let's do this again soon, shall we?"

"I'd love to," I told him. "But it will have to wait a bit. I'm going home Saturday for my vacation. A whole month! I find the prospect exciting."

"Maybe I'll drive over some Sunday and see you," he said casually.

"As you like," I replied impersonally, and told him how to reach us.

It was good to get home, back to the quiet and peace of the shabby little old place. I was so happy for a day or two that I didn't even notice Dad's busying himself with stamps as he always had, Bill's tinkering, and Cecily's childish preoccupation with the jingles that came to her so readily and with the lumps of modeling clay with which she was always molding strange potty little animals and beasts that never roamed land or sea.

"I'll start in at the kindergarten this fall," Cecily said happily. "It will mean only fifty dollars a month. Miss Slater can't pay more. But I'll be at home, and it will help out quite a lot."

Fifty dollars a month! I wanted to shake my silly little sister!

Bill, too, seemed to be enjoying his work with Les Cromer. "It doesn't mean much more than my board and clothes now," he admitted. "But we're on the track of something pretty big. We'll be rich men yet." He went out whistling.

I smiled a superior smile, looking ahead and seeing Bill as nothing but a poor mechanic all the rest of his life, living in a dirty little house and wearing dirty clothes.

The second Sunday, after I had been home a week, I was in the bathroom when Cecily ran up and tapped on the door.

"A man to see you, Bev," she whispered.

A thrill shot through me. Rodney!

"Entertain him until I come down, will you, Sis? And be nice to him."

A soft little giggle answered me. "Will I be nice, or will I? I think he's swell!"

I didn't hurry. I dressed with care, pretty much as I would have dressed for a date in town—soft, summery frock, perfume, a touch of lipstick. Then I walked slowly, dreamily down the stairs. I heard a burst of laughter from the porch; then another, a deeper laugh—but not Rodney's! It was Tom Morton, that hateful, incompetent office pest, who had tagged me here.

"I have an old aunt who's fond of me, and who lives nearby," he explained as I approached him. "She's entertaining the lady raiders or something today. So I ducked out and came to impose on you."

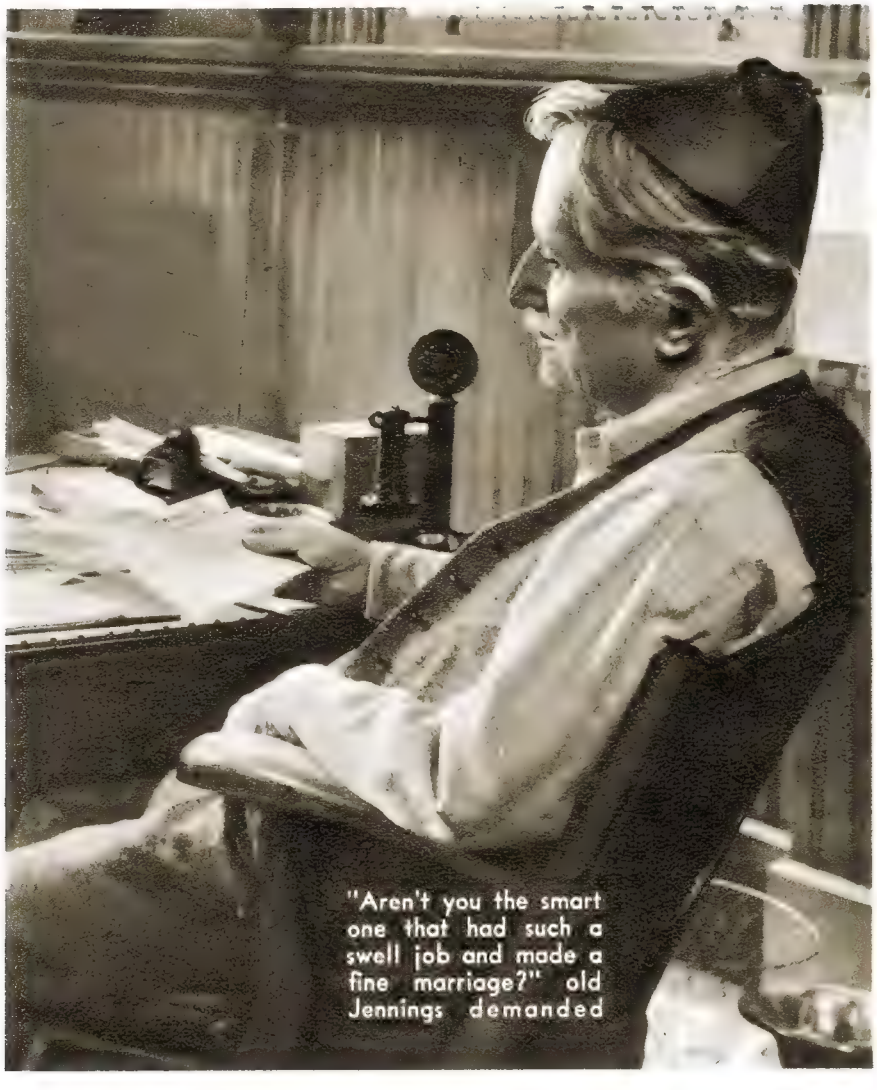
"How did you know where I lived?" I asked rather ungraciously.

"Oh, Mr. Carter told me. Said I'd be in the same territory. Finding you was the easiest thing in the world."

"And shaking you, my lad, may not be easy, but it's going to be done," I told myself furiously, wondering what Rodney would think were he to arrive and find Tom Morton at my home.

I didn't have to worry. Tom seemed charmed with Cecily. She took him to the porch to show him her figures, the little clay creatures she loved so well, and I could hear him exclaiming in amusement and admiration over them.

"We're going for a ride," Tom said when they returned. "Want (*Continued on page 75*)



"Aren't you the smart one that had such a swell job and made a fine marriage?" old Jennings demanded

I BORROWED

Girls who are lonely should beware of doing what this girl did

The Story Thus Far:

I fled the destitute life of my Slavish family in Steel City, Pennsylvania, with Stephan Januski, the boy I loved. In a dingy room in New York City we lived as brother and sister, planning to marry as soon as we could earn money for the license. My brother George, a mill-worker like my father, tracked us down and convinced Stephan that we must not marry until he had made good. George found work for me in New York as a maid and returned to Steel City. Stephan went to sea.

One day my father telephoned that George had deliberately let himself be blinded by hot flying scale because Mary Wilenska, his fiancée, had been forced by her parents to marry another man. My sister Lily had disappeared the day before, and my mother was prostrated with grief. Could I come home to care for the family?

While I was packing to go, Lily appeared with Stephan! She was going to have a baby and had left home fearing disgrace. Stephan, who had just returned from sea with money saved, had come along to ask me to marry him at once. When I told Stephan that I must first consider the desperate need of my family, he left vowing never to see me again. Lily took my place and I went home alone.

In Steel City the only one who had not turned against me because of my elopement with Stephan was Peter Smertka, a well-to-do grocer much older than I, whom my parents had tried to force me to marry. He still wanted me, but I refused.

Mary Wilenska, horrified by the tragedy of George's blindness, left her husband forever and came to stay with us and wait for George to get out of the hospital.

Thus freed of the housework, I accepted Peter's offer to drive me to New York to take back my old job. Arriving there, we were told that Lily had been replaced by a new maid. Frantic with worry, I nevertheless kept her pitiful secret from Peter, who was returning to Steel City.

I became maid then to Elaine Leroux. Her way of life was unlike all I had been taught, but she was kind to me and I liked her.

One day, because I was lonely, I accepted an invitation from Chuck, the chauffeur of Mr. Simmons, Miss Leroux's admirer.

"What do you say we seal the bargain, good looking?" Without warning, he pulled me into his arms and kissed me.

The Story Continues:

I BEAT at his chest with my fists. "Let me alone! Let me alone!"

"What's the matter, don't you like it?" he asked, in surprise. "Come on, a little kiss or two isn't going to hurt you!" But I struggled in his arms, and even kicked at his ankles, so he let me go. He was laughing, and didn't seem to believe I was really angry. "You've got a lot to learn, beautiful," was all he said.

I wanted to shut the door in his face, but he wouldn't give me the note he was leaving for Miss Leroux until I had promised to keep that date of ours. "Come on, give me a break!" he urged. "I'll be good when we go out, honest I will."

At last, reluctantly, I promised to keep the date Thursday night. He wasn't so bad, I told myself. And this would be a change from the constant, pressing loneliness. I was hungry for the sound of someone's voice, talking to *me*. Just anyone's voice, even Chuck's. I was hungry to go places with someone beside myself. Loneliness is a terrible thing.

After I had dressed, Thursday night, I couldn't resist the temptation to look at myself in the mirror of Miss Leroux's dressing table. She always went out on my nights off.

On her dressing table there was a confusion of tempting lipsticks, powder puffs, perfume bottles. I did my lips as I had seen her do hers so many times. I touched the tips of my ears with perfume. And at last, quite unable to resist the temptation, I picked up her mascara box and put some blacking on my lashes.

Chuck opened his eyes wide when he saw me. "Hey, hey, you're snappy when you're all rigged out, aren't you!" He seemed to be more than satisfied with me. He tucked me into the long powerful roadster that belonged to Mr. Simmons, and off we went, looking as if we owned it.

We saw a movie in a big imposing theatre on Broadway. I did not like the way Chuck squeezed my hand during the love scenes, but I did not dare to take it away. Then we went to a chop suey place. I had never eaten Chinese food before, but I pretended that I had. I watched the girls at the other tables uncover the round dishes and pour the dark brown sauce over the mixture in their plates, and I did the same.

"Now where shall we go?" Chuck asked. "It's early yet—quarter of twelve. What do you like to do? Dance? We could go to a joint in Harlem. What do you like, beer, gin or what?"

Dismayed, I wanted to say, "I don't like any of it." But I kept the words back, and smiled at him. This *was* better than sitting alone in my room, reading a book. Yes, it was! I didn't like his eyes, they were narrow and close together. But he had not tried to get fresh again; he laughed a lot and seemed easy going and goodnatured.

"I'll bet you're a swell dancer, baby," he remarked.

"No, I'm not," I admitted, relieved that he didn't press me about the kind of liquor I preferred.

"I like to step, myself. Let's go to a dance hall."

The place he took me to was enormous, with two orchestras, many hostesses in evening gowns, and low lights that lent an air of glamour. Somehow, I had never imagined a dance hall to be like this. It looked like a private party in a hotel ball room, instead of a public place where just anyone could pay admission and dance.

"You stick to me, baby. I don't like my women to dance with anyone else, see? So if any guy taps you—"

"All right, Chuck."

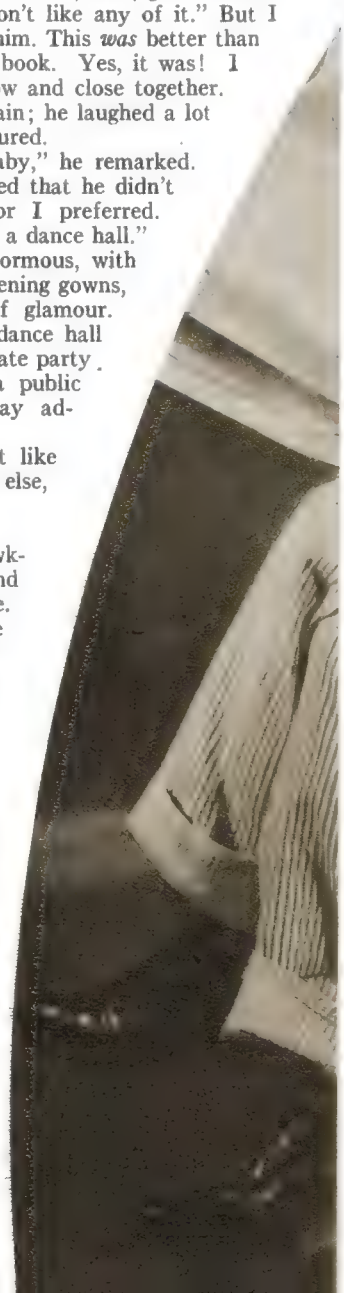
I surprised myself by not being awkward. He was an expert dancer and the music was soft and persuasive. I found myself actually enjoying the pressure of his arms, the low lights, the laughing crowd—everything. Here I was out, out with a man in New York! Oh, this was better—much, much better—than sitting at home with a book!

"Come on, let me buy you a soda."

But the soda had a funny taste. He looked at me when I said that. "It's a Tom Collins—don't act dumb!" Then he wrinkled up the corner of his eyes and whooped with laughter. "I really think you *are* green, you big eyed doll!"

We danced some more, and when he dared me, I had another Tom Collins.

Then he said, "Let's get out of here. It's a warm night. What do you say if



JOY

"What's the matter, walking home?" he asked, taking in my crumpled dress and my tumbled hair

we go for a ride out in the country?"

I hesitated. "It's late."

His eyes cooled off, his lips seemed to harden. "Don't stall, baby. What's the matter, afraid of me? I'm not going to hurt you."

"Yes, I know, but—"

He put his arm around me. Carelessly, but there was steel under the muscle. "You and I are going joyriding, baby."

I told myself I was a fool to feel this frightened tide of foreboding. He was Mr. Simmons' chauffeur, after all. It wasn't as though he were a complete stranger, a man I'd picked up just anywhere. He wouldn't dare to—to— But then, remembering some of the things I had seen at Miss Leroux's parties, I became frightened again.

We rode in the car in silence for many miles, out through beautiful suburbs, and nothing happened. Chuck said, "Nice, isn't it? Summer's close by, the heat is beginning to get New York. This is great."

Gradually my guard was down. I began to enjoy this drive almost as much as I had the dancing. At last, on a quiet side road, he stopped the car. "Let's talk," he said. "I don't even know your last name. What is it and where do you come from and did you ever have a job before this one?"

"I'm Irene Krupa," I answered. "I come from Pennsylvania."

He shook his head. "They all do. What's the matter out there? No jobs?"

"No jobs and big families."

"A pretty kid like you having to buck New York," he muttered. "Oh, well, you're wised up by now. You must be or Elaine wouldn't have hired you."

"Why do you call her Elaine?"

"I know enough to call her 'kid' and she wouldn't talk back."

THERE was a silence. Then he came close to me. "You're certainly sweet. I can't make up my mind about you. Are you playing dumb, or are you really—"

I smiled at him. "What do you mean, Chuck?"

"I could go for you in a big way if you'd let me," he said, drawing me toward him.

"Don't." I moved away.

He pulled me back, up against his chest. "Don't say no to Papa. I don't like it. I'm not a bad guy if you know how to take me. I make fifty a week and graft, and that's plenty around Simmons. Between what I know about his wife and his women . . ." He stopped, smiled down at me teasingly. "Two people can have a lot of fun on fifty a week and graft. Want to play, baby?"

"I—I don't think I do," I said, breathlessly.

"What's eating you? Are you afraid of me?"

"No, I'm not. I—"

He crushed me in his arms. His mouth, suddenly hungry and hot, sought mine. The touch of his lips was somehow greedy and horrible and I struggled away from him. "Don't, Chuck. Please don't."

"Come on, baby. Don't stall. I'm crazy about you."

"Please don't! I don't want you to kiss me."

He brushed aside those words as if I had never said them. "Gosh, you've got what it takes to get a guy going! You're the sweetest little kid I've seen in years. We're going to have a lot of fun together. Kiss Papa. There."

His hands were crawling around my throat, and then began to fumble at my dress. Stephan himself had never done that. I struck out at him instantly. He imprisoned my hands. "What's the matter, baby? Don't be a prude." Carelessly, as though to show me how helpless I was, he kept both my hands in one of his strong ones, and touched me again. I quivered away from his fingers, and began to cry.

"Don't be a sap, baby. I'm not such a bad guy. I'll see that you get a few pretties. Say, I'd even go a fur coat for a kid like you!"

All at once I felt as though I couldn't stand his presence for another second. I struggled and snapped one hand away. "Let me alone!" I cried, as I slapped him full on the face.

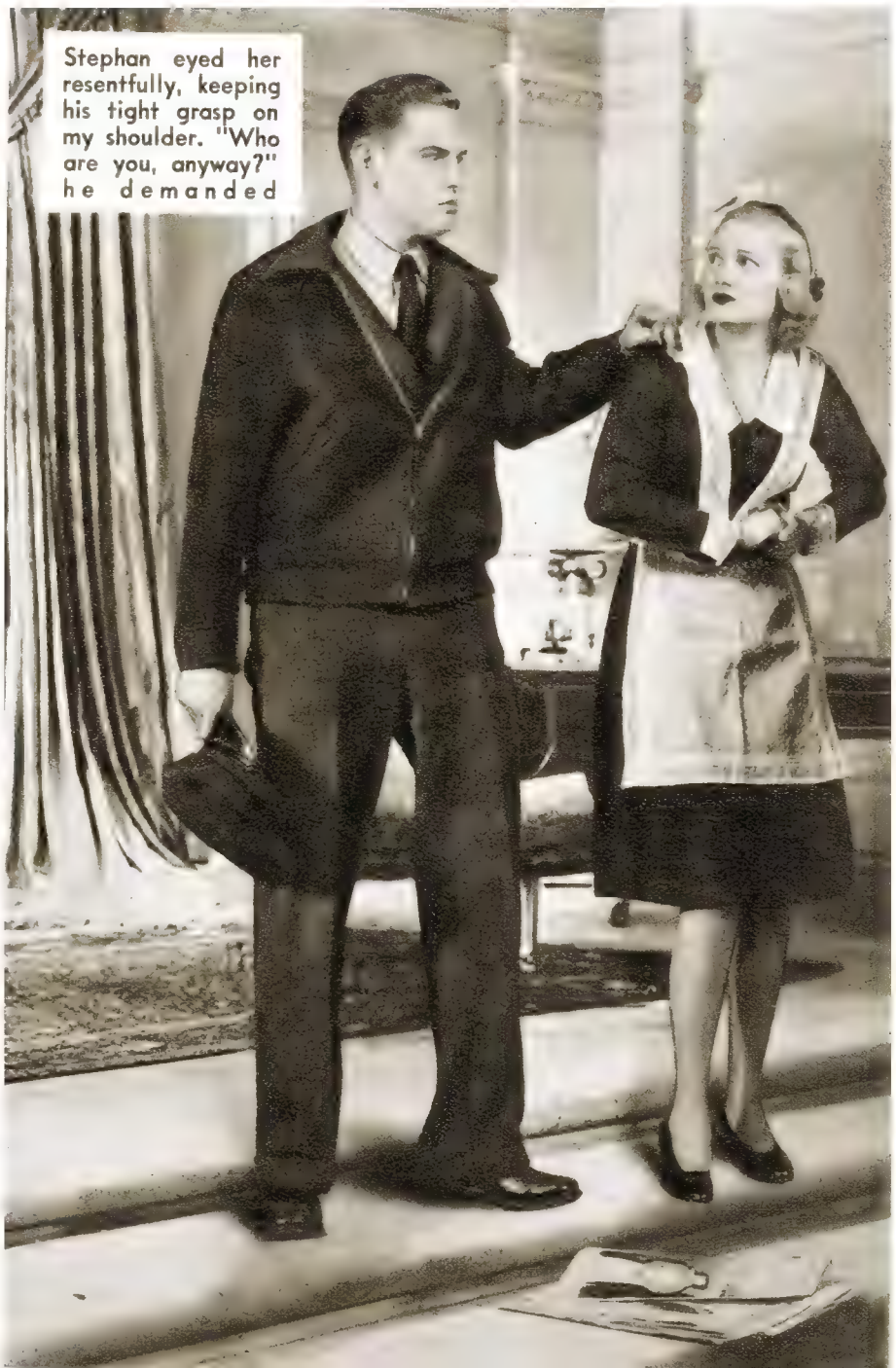
"Wow! You little wildcat!" He grabbed me more firmly than before. "Going to fight it out, huh? Well, I know who'll win, but go on, fight."

Deliberately, he bent and kissed me again and again. He lifted my chin with one arrogant strong hand and kissed me on my throat, in the hollow of my neck, and then his hand was touching my knee.

"Oh!" I bit into his face, enraged. He screamed and I cried, "Let me alone, you beast."

"Like hell I will! What's the matter, didn't you know what the party was all about? You can't pull that on me, I've seen too many smart gals like you."

Suddenly I gave up the uneven fight. I subsided into a weeping, quivering little huddle on my side of the car seat. I wept bitterly and unrestrainedly for the fool I had made of myself. I seemed to see Stephen and myself in that furnished room on Fourteenth Street when we had run away together, and yet had held our great love for each other in check. I had been afraid of Stephan, a man who loved me honestly and deeply. And I had been



Stephan eyed her resentfully, keeping his tight grasp on my shoulder. "Who are you, anyway?" he demanded

afraid of my love for him! And here, now, this brutish man was having his way with me and my fear didn't matter. He wasn't paying any attention to it.

With an exclamation, he let me go. "You're really crying, you little sap? Well, I'll be damned." He scratched his head and looked at me, puzzled.

I hated him but I hated myself more. My heart was breaking to think that it was all to end here, in this car, with this man whose hands and voice and eyes I hated. This coarse, uncaring beast . . .

Suddenly he reached across me and opened the car door. It swung there, wide, and the freedom of the road was ahead.

"Go on, sap! Beat it! I don't rob the cradle!"

I couldn't believe it. I sat there, my tear stained face raised to his. He repeated, "Beat it, quick! Before I change my mind."

I stumbled out, hardly knowing or caring what was going to happen to me next. And in another moment, the long roadster had pulled powerfully ahead into the darkness and I was running along the road, still crying.

FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LETTERS YOU CAN WRITE

This magazine is yours. We want you to enjoy it more and more each month. Therefore, we are asking you for a frank criticism of this issue of MODERN ROMANCES.

When you have finished reading the magazine, turn back to the table of contents and write down the titles of the stories that appealed to you most. Then tell why you liked them especially well. If there was a story you did not like, do not hesitate to say so, but tell why. With this help from you we shall be able to choose, out of the hundreds of true life stories that come to us, exactly the type of stories you like to find in MODERN ROMANCES.

A first prize of fifteen dollars, a second prize of ten, and five five-dollar prizes will be awarded for the most helpful letters of criticism received before August 1st. Contributions will not be returned. The names of prize winners will be announced in MODERN ROMANCES as soon as possible after the awarding of the prizes.

Make your list, write your comments. You may be a prize winner! Address your entry to the Contest Editor, MODERN ROMANCES, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.

$50

I stumbled on for what seemed like hours. At last I came to the main highway. The lights of a gas station gleamed ahead. When I came to it, there was one man sitting inside the hut, reading a paper. I was afraid to go in, yet I couldn't keep on walking forever.

"Can you tell me how to get back to New York from here, please?" I asked the startled attendant as I stepped through the open door.

"What's the matter, walking home?" he asked, as he took in my crumpled dress, my tumbled hair, the mascara that had run when I cried.

"Y—yes."

HE pursed his lips. "I can't leave here. The bus is miles away, on the other highway. I guess I'd better call the trooper's station. They'll send a man to pick you up."

When the state policeman came in a car, he wanted to know if I had any complaint to register against the man I'd been riding with. I said, "No." Then he asked, "Did you know who he was?"

I was frightened, and sorry the gas station man had called him. I got red and began to stammer. The policeman persisted, "What was the man's name?"

It occurred to me, in my panic, that if I said I didn't know his name, the policeman would lock me up on some charge of picking up men in cars. I couldn't think fast enough, and so I blurted out the truth, "His name is Chuck Fowler."

"Chuck Fowler? What does he do, where'd you meet him?"

Painfully, I wanted to convince the policeman of the propriety of my having gone out with Chuck. So I explained, "He's a chauffeur. He—he works for a friend of the lady I work for."

"Oh, I see. You're a maid, eh?"

"Yes."

"Did this chauffeur take you out in his boss's car?"

I was in an agony of embarrassment. "Yes," I admitted, "it's the boss's car."

"What's his boss's name, anyway?"

I didn't stop to think that it wasn't obligatory for me to answer all these questions. Frightened and panicky, I cried, "He works for Mr. T. J. Simmons."

"Not the Simmons who lives out in Syosset?" the trooper demanded.

I had often heard Mr. Simmons call his home from our phone, and it was a Syosset number. Besides, Miss Leroux always caustically referred to Syosset society as the "aristocracy." I nodded.

"Well, get in my car," the trooper said. "I'll take you home. Where do you live?"

I gave him the address, and we started off. He didn't say much as he sped over the now-deserted Long Island roads, and across the Queensborough Bridge. When we turned down Fifty-Seventh Street, he asked again for the number of the house.

I noticed him squinting up at the imposing building before we entered the lobby. Then, in the elevator, he asked dryly, "Say, do you work for Elaine Leroux?"

"How did you know?" I asked.

He laughed slyly. "Oh, I guess quite a lot of people know that particular secret."

When I put my key into the lock of the kitchen door, I was shaking all over. It was six o'clock in the morning, now. I had never stayed out all night before. Had Miss Leroux noticed when she came in that I wasn't around? Generally, after the movie, I sat in my room or the kitchen on Thursdays, and if she wanted something when she came in she had only to call me.

"I guess I don't need to notify Miss Leroux. But after this you'd better be careful," the policeman said, looking at me sharply. "This is a funny one. The maid is lots more particular than the mistress." Then he slapped his knee as if in appreciation of the joke, and went out.

I noticed a light in the foyer, so I went through the apartment to see why it had been left burning. And as I walked into the square hall a man's voice, with an unmistakable Slovak accent, said, "Irene! I have been wait- *(Continued on page 80)*

Truths of untold value are revealed in this series of real life stories by notable people

"Among the faces that crowd my memories of eight years' work with Washington's Community Chest," writes Harry Hites, Publicity Director, "there stands out with arresting clarity the pitiful countenance of 17-year-old Annette Mason. The whole world should know her story."

From our national capital comes this tragic true story

The March of

WASHINGTON is a colorful kaleidoscope of world affairs and human affairs. It is in every sense the hub of the nation, where people of many races as well as human beings from every part of our great country are drawn, as if by a magnet. Out of this welter of brilliant embassy receptions, important political posts, eager tourists, ordinary workers, and the poor that, unfortunately, we always have with us, arises a complex world of startling contrast. The Community Chest, for nearly a decade, has proved its place in Washington. It is a great corporate work of building lives and helping the suffering by means of money contributed by the more fortunate citizens of the community. It bands together sixty-five agencies into a financial whole, a common pocketbook which budgets and spends for the needy. Community Chests are no novelty in these United States. They are the means by which cities all over the country raise money for the big load of need and suffering every community carries. Instead of running separate campaigns for each social and welfare organization, the Community Chest combines them all, bringing down the cost of soliciting funds, and distributing them more fairly and economically. Best of all, the Community Chest unites the community. All creeds, all races, all classes come together as one family to help their needier neighbors.

Through my work with the Washington Chest for the past eight years, I have contacted many forms of human struggle, suffering and regeneration. Last year, in order to raise the large but necessary sum of $1,969,000 for the Community Chest and help alleviate that struggle and trouble, we decided on a rather dramatic form of campaign. On colorful posters all over the city, from splendid Pennsylvania Avenue to the dingier sections of the community, we blazoned this message:

ARREST THESE PUBLIC ENEMIES: HUNGER, DISEASE, CRIME, DESPAIR. BE A C-MAN. . . . GIVE! . . . COMMUNITY CHEST!

We had attractive C-Man badges, a white C on a red ground, worn by every participant in the drive. It made an impression. The popularity of Government G-Men helped our work. Everyone likes a badge. It seems to be a weakness left over from childhood, when little boys yearn to be policemen and firemen, with impressive badges. But the most effective angle of the campaign can be viewed from the under side. I mean, of course, from the point of view of those human beings for whom the Community Chest was designed, for whose betterment, moral, physical, and spiritual, the Chest functions. And of all the swirl of faces that crowd my mind as I write this, of all the stories, pathetic, tragic, human—always human—I have been privileged to uncover in my work, some stand out with arresting clarity. One is the story of Annette Mason, seventeen-year-old girl, and the boy whom fate threw in her path, twenty-year-old Jack Carter.

You must understand that although we run the campaign for collecting all Community Chest funds, it is the sixty-five social

"I don't know what to do," choked Mrs. Mason, as tears welled up in her eyes. "We've got so much trouble already."

agencies in Washington which deal with the needy and distribute the money collected. We, as Chest workers, have nothing to do with that gigantic task, since the Chest is in itself an all-year-round task. And yet a man would have to be both deaf and blind not to be aware of the dire need which cries out as agonizingly in Washington, beautiful Mecca of diplomats and potentates, as in any other city in our country. In my work I meet hundreds of individuals whom the Community Chest benefits. I have to keep in touch with these human beings; I want to keep in touch with them, for that is the motivating force which keeps our appeal sincere and profound. I visit various of the agencies for which we collect money, and in this way I see case histories and meet the real individuals behind those carefully compiled, impersonal cards. It was on a brief visit to the "Southward" House, a Washington settlement house, that I got my first glimpse of Annette. Of course I knew a little about her before I actually met her. The social workers gave me a brief history of the slim, auburn-haired girl whom the club leader had found hanging about Stanton Park.

"She's a nice enough little thing," said Miss Carnes. "We heard that a gang of young girls thirteen to seventeen years old lounged about the park looking for pick-ups. Some of the other girls in the settlement had mentioned this practice, half-shocked, and half-envious. We got all the girls to come back to the settlement and soon had them interested in a marionette project. We had a dancing class, too, and they soon abandoned "trucking" and "sugar-footing" and began to learn the tango and the waltz.

"But I'd like you to talk to Annette. She has that extra bit

of energy Nature seems to give to redheads, and I can see she's getting restless. I haven't been able to get much out of her about conditions at home. Our mother's club worker is going over there tomorrow. I can see there's something wrong there. A child with a happy home doesn't have that restless, hunted look in her eyes. She's such a pretty little thing, too, with that dark-red hair and white skin. It makes her eyes look almost purple. Go up and see her now. She's in the library."

I went up immediately and found Annette Mason, an open book on the table in front of her, but looking absently out of the window. She wasn't admiring the scenery, obviously, for that particular window opened out on an uninteresting city vista. I found myself wishing for clairvoyance. If only we could get inside people's minds once in a while, how much grief and turmoil might be prevented!

I INTRODUCED myself as a friend of Southward House, and told her that I was specially interested in the marionettes. I mentioned the fact that I had two big boys myself and that I knew they would be fascinated by the capers of those animated little wooden dolls. To my chagrin, I got very little response. Most young folks talk to me quite readily, because, I suppose, they soon discover that I am really interested in them. But not this sad-eyed youngster with the smooth, gleaming auburn hair. She answered me politely about the school she had attended, the business course she was going to take at the Y, and that was about all.

"My family's all right," she said listlessly. "I have two little brothers, a baby sister, and a little sister of eleven. Dad's—"

She never finished what she started to say about her father. Since I disliked forcing her confidence, I cheerfully said I had to go on and that if I could be of any help to her in finding a job after she finished her course, she could find me at Chest headquarters in the Willard Hotel.

"Thank you," she said, her eyes taking on that far-off expression so unnatural in a young girl. I haven't any daughters, but I feel that a girl's life should be compounded of laughter and activity, free from care. Cares come soon enough in later life.

Somehow the forlorn expression in the child's eyes haunted me. I thought of that childish gang in the park, looking for excitement, for thrills. I knew well enough how soon that excitement would change into despair, into a knowledge of what life can do to girls who take chances. For the kind of man who will pick up a young girl in the park doesn't furnish any but the most fleeting of thrills. Those wild auto rides, with their climax of petting in some dark spot, or an orgy in some cheap roadhouse, cannot but have a tragic ending for the girl. Most of these girls are heedless and inexperienced. They yearn for something they can hardly give a name to. It is a natural, even a beautiful, human yearning. It is only when it is put to shabby uses that it brings tragedy in its wake. But a girl of fourteen or fifteen, or even a shy, emotional, restless young creature a couple of years older, cannot realize that disillusionment, at best, and utter misery at worst, lurk behind such adventures.

I called up the social worker at Southward House the next day. What she told me, in a few hurried words, sent me scurrying to the slum which, unhappily, mars the lovely face of the city of Washington. I walked up four flights of the dingiest, most dilapidated steps I had ever seen. The odors of cabbage and fish, mingled with the close, breathless atmosphere of a house that has too much dust and too little sunshine, assailed my nostrils. I'm not afraid of poverty. I've known it in my day. But I resent it with all my soul. And when I rang the bell on the fourth floor, and a weary, faded, unhappy older version of Annette opened the door cautiously, my resentment boiled up into rage at the kind of world in which misery runs rampant. For I knew instantly that the woman whose blue eyes seemed faded by the shedding of countless tears was Annette's mother, and that she had once been as pretty as Annette. Life had made her over into this sad travesty of her lovely, vivid youth.

"What do you want?" she said shortly.

"I came to see whether I can be of any help. And I wanted to talk to you about Annette."

The change in her face was startling. I knew why her expression of mingled hostility and apathy had changed to alarm, concern, pleading. For the settlement worker had told me, over the phone, that Annette had not come to Southward House the evening before. That might, in itself, have not been alarming. But that was the evening for the rehearsal of the marionette show. Annette was supposed to have manipulated two of the

"So you will go out with that Carter guy, eh?" he snarled, beating her mercilessly

important puppets in the play. Without her, the rehearsal had to be abandoned. I knew, and Miss Carnes knew, that Annette, for all her restlessness, was not the kind of girl to let the whole group down.

Annette's mother let me in readily then and offered me the only decent chair in the room, which was the kitchen. A pallid little two-and-a-half-year-old girl regarded me with interest from her high chair. There were two rooms leading from the shabby but scrupulously neat kitchen. I could hear children's voices in there, the whining, weak voices of undernourished, underprivileged little ones. And I heard someone coughing. It was an ominous sounding cough.

"Annette didn't come home last night," Mrs. Mason choked, extending her reddened hands beseechingly. Tears welled up in her eyes. "I don't know what to do. We've got so much trouble already."

Gradually, without urging, I got the story. I didn't dwell on past trouble, though I knew that sickness and poverty had bruised this family horribly. I wanted to get at the trouble with Annette. I wanted to find the girl quickly, to hear from her own lips what had happened to drive her away from the kindly shelter and friendly assistance of Southward House. And I wanted to lose not a minute in my search for the girl.

"I don't know where she can be," repeated Mrs. Mason with heartbreaking monotony. "She's always been a good girl."

"Does she know any boys? I suppose she must, she's such a sweet and pretty youngster," I said.

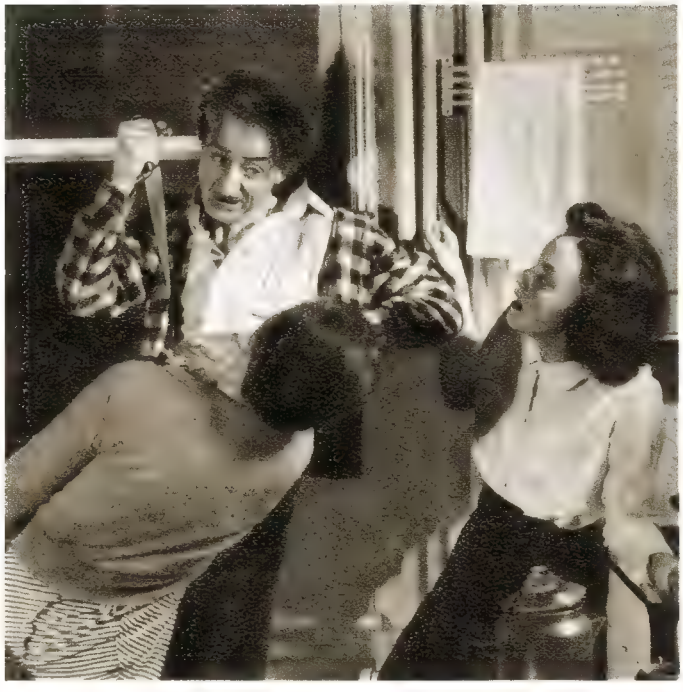
"No one steady. I wouldn't let her have a steady boy friend," her mother replied. "She's got time enough to worry about gettin' married and havin' kids. Look at me. I had Annette already when I was seventeen."

"Was there any boy she liked specially?" I asked gently. I suspected that Annette and her mother might have come to an impasse about this age-old problem of a steady boy friend.

"Yes." Mrs. Mason's tired voice was almost sharp. "There's that Jack Carter over at the Elite Garage. I wouldn't let her go out with him, and once when she brought him home for supper I gave them both a piece of my mind. Strangers for supper when we haven't enough money to get the milk Eileen needs for that cough! The doctor says she has to have milk, and sunshine, or else. . . ."

I saw Eileen when I left. I realized she must be the little eleven-year-old Annette had mentioned, but she looked like eight, and the ravages of tuberculosis were all too clear in that transparent little face. The Children's Hospital was the place for Eileen. Good food, milk, sun-lamp treatments, fresh air—all these would do C-Man work to vanquish that dire public enemy, disease. For the thousandth time in my life, I was grateful for

Unable to bear her cries, I sprang at the beast and took him completely by surprise



Then in a flash he snatched up the bread knife and brandished it at me fiercely

the opportunity of furthering the work of Community Chest, for the Children's Hospital is only one of nine hospitals whose work thrives on Community Chest funds. I happened to know that 607 people died of tuberculosis in Washington during 1935 alone. But I also knew that $650,000 of the whole 1937 goal would be apportioned to fighting disease, that stealthy public enemy. And I felt hopeful for Eileen's chances of life and health.

I made a mental note to get in touch with the necessary authorities immediately so that life might be made more livable for this poverty-stricken, hopeless family. I wondered what the father was doing, but in my haste to get to the Elite Garage I spared Mrs. Mason any further questioning. I wanted to get to Annette as soon as possible. I would force her confidence, if necessary, this time. The entire tangled maze of her young, perilously insecure life loomed up before me.

At the Elite Garage, located a few blocks away in the same sort of poor, down-at-the-heel neighborhood, I found the owner, a hard-bitten New Englander.

"Jack?" He spat out a wad of tobacco and fingered his stubbly chin. "Sure I know where he is. He's just where he belongs. In jail. And that girl, too, that redhead he's been chasin'. That's where they both was headed for, and I told him so. That girl's too pretty for her own good. And a boy like him, without kith or kin in the world, has no truck foolin' around with gals."

JAIL! What could have happened since the day before? I knew that I would find out soon enough at the courthouse, so, without giving the tight-lipped man the satisfaction of an inquiry, I hastened away.

It was fully two hours before I got to Annette, but I will skip the preliminaries and take you to the Juvenile Protective Association, another of the Chest agencies, where I found her, frightened, white as a wraith, and utterly broken. There was no need to force her confidence, for she was pitifully ready to talk. She told her story haltingly, but with occasional rushes of speech that showed the redhead spirit was not utterly quenched.

"I—meant to get back to Southward House in time for the rehearsal," she said, not meeting my glance. "I had a date with Jack for supper at a chop suey place. We hardly ever can have supper together, because Ma wants me home, but last night I—I told her we were having supper at the Settlement."

I said nothing. Who am I to judge or to reproach? But the girl in front of me defended herself hotly.

"I'm not a baby. I know my way round. I have a right to a little fun. Perhaps hanging around in the park wasn't right, but Jack's O.K. He's not like those—those fellows that picked up Cora and me in the park last week, the night before I came to the Settlement. You see I've known Jack for a long time."

"I'm sure Jack is all right, Annette," I said. "But what I can't understand, having met him, and seen what a decent chap he appears to be, is this. Why did he steal that car you went out in last night?"

She bridled instantly.

"He didn't steal it! I swear it! We were out on a double date. Jack hardly knew the fellow. He was supposed to be a packer in one of the big department stores. The girl who was with him in the car was sort of funny. Her hair was dark at the roots, and she had an awfully expensive-looking fur scarf on. They sat in the front seat, and they were so disgusting I moved farther and farther away from Jack. It reminded me too much of that night in the car with Cora. Then we went to the chop suey place and danced, and after the first dance with this other fellow, whose name was Garritt, I pretended I turned my ankle. I didn't like the close way he danced. Then Jack said we'd better start for Southward House, where he had promised to get me back in time for the show. At the corner where Garritt had parked his car, a policeman was standing. It was then we discovered that the car was stolen. Garritt argued and denied it, but he had no driver's license, and the car was stolen from a garage around the corner from where he lived. He didn't work in a department store. At his place they found a lot of stolen stuff. The police even took the scarf May was wearing. They said a kid like that couldn't possibly own a double silver fox scarf. Do you think I'll have to go to prison, too?" She shuddered pitifully as she said the words.

"Of course not, Annette," I said. "You're quite guiltless in this case, though I do think you're inclined to be a little reckless. Of course you might be held as an accessory. But you're under age. They'll let you out on probation, and if you spend most of your free time at Southward House, the probation may be waived."

"Oh, I will," she declared eagerly. Then a cloud darkened her thin, pretty face. "I couldn't go to prison," she said. "One in the family is enough for poor Ma to stand."

"One in the family? What do you mean, Annette?"

She hesitated, as if sorry she had spoken. Then she lifted her head almost defiantly.

"Dad," she said. "He got ten years, just before Bob was born. But I don't take after him. I know it. I feel it. I'm like Ma's family. She didn't know Dad had a record when she married him. He held up a truck out in Idaho, once, and went to prison for it. It was robbery this time, too. We're better off without him. I'll work, I'll help Ma. She knows that. She depends on me. If only I can get out of this fix. And if only Jack finds another job. I'm pretty (*Continued on page 82*)

WHEN I married Jerry Grant he didn't know I was carrying under my heart the child of his half-brother, Philip—the man I'd loved with the all-consuming passion that comes to a woman once. Nor did baby Phil's birth strengthen the tie between Jerry and me. He seemed to resent the child's presence in our home and often fixed him with a calculating stare that filled me with cold dread.

You couldn't say Jerry was a hard man. He was kind to me and to his stepmother, who lived close by, and he adored solemn-eyed little Margaret, who was born a year after Phil.

I clung to Phil with a fierce, protecting love. He was the living symbol of the one thrilling passion of my life. You can guess the result. I spoiled my baby right from the start. More often than not, his little sister would get the punishment when childish disputes arose. Of course, I loved both my children, but Phil aroused a deeper tenderness in me. Margaret was more like Jerry. She didn't need me as my boy did.

Phil had his full share of baby cunning. Even in those early days, he'd "play" me as a fisherman does the fish on his line. This indulgent strain in my love brought about the first big storm in my married life.

Phil was six. He and little Margaret shared the nursery at the top of the house. We'd fixed a gate at the head of the stairs to prevent the children tumbling, but someone had left it unhooked. I rushed up when I heard loud shrieks. There was Phil, his face flaming with rage, dragging Margaret from the nursery. Yelling angrily, he pulled with all his strength; then, with a final push, toppled her down the stairs. Fortunately, she didn't fall far before I caught her. She was a plucky youngster and her whimpers soon died down.

"She stole my train. I hate her!" Phil screamed, stamping his feet and banging his fists on the banister.

"Phil, darling!" I put Margaret down and ran up to reason with him.

Unknown to me, Jerry had been watching from the open bathroom door. He was shaving and looked almost grotesque with half his face lathered and his mouth working furiously. His dark eyes blazed and he swung the leather strop menacingly. "I'll show you, young man, how to treat your sister! Selfish little cub!" He took the stairs three at a time.

"Jerry, how dare you speak that way to Phil?" I stormed.

Phil's screams grew louder. He ran behind me, but Jerry's huge hand caught him by the scruff of the neck. If Jerry had used the leather strop I think I'd have flown at him. At the first resounding slap a feeling almost akin to murder seemed to stir in my heart. "Don't touch him," I panted, tempestuous emotions choking me.

"Touch him! I'm going to thrash some decency into him. I'm sick of all this mollycoddling, Yvonne. You saw him deliberately push Margaret down the stairs. He might have killed her—spiteful little wretch! My son is going to be brought up the way I see fit. I mean it. I'm his father."

His words were punctuated with horrible resounding whacks, under which Phil squirmed and screamed. A paroxysm of rage shook me. Red stars danced before my eyes. At that moment I almost loathed my husband. "If you strike Phil again, I'll leave you. Do you hear me, Jerry? I—I won't live with you. You've no right at all to touch him."

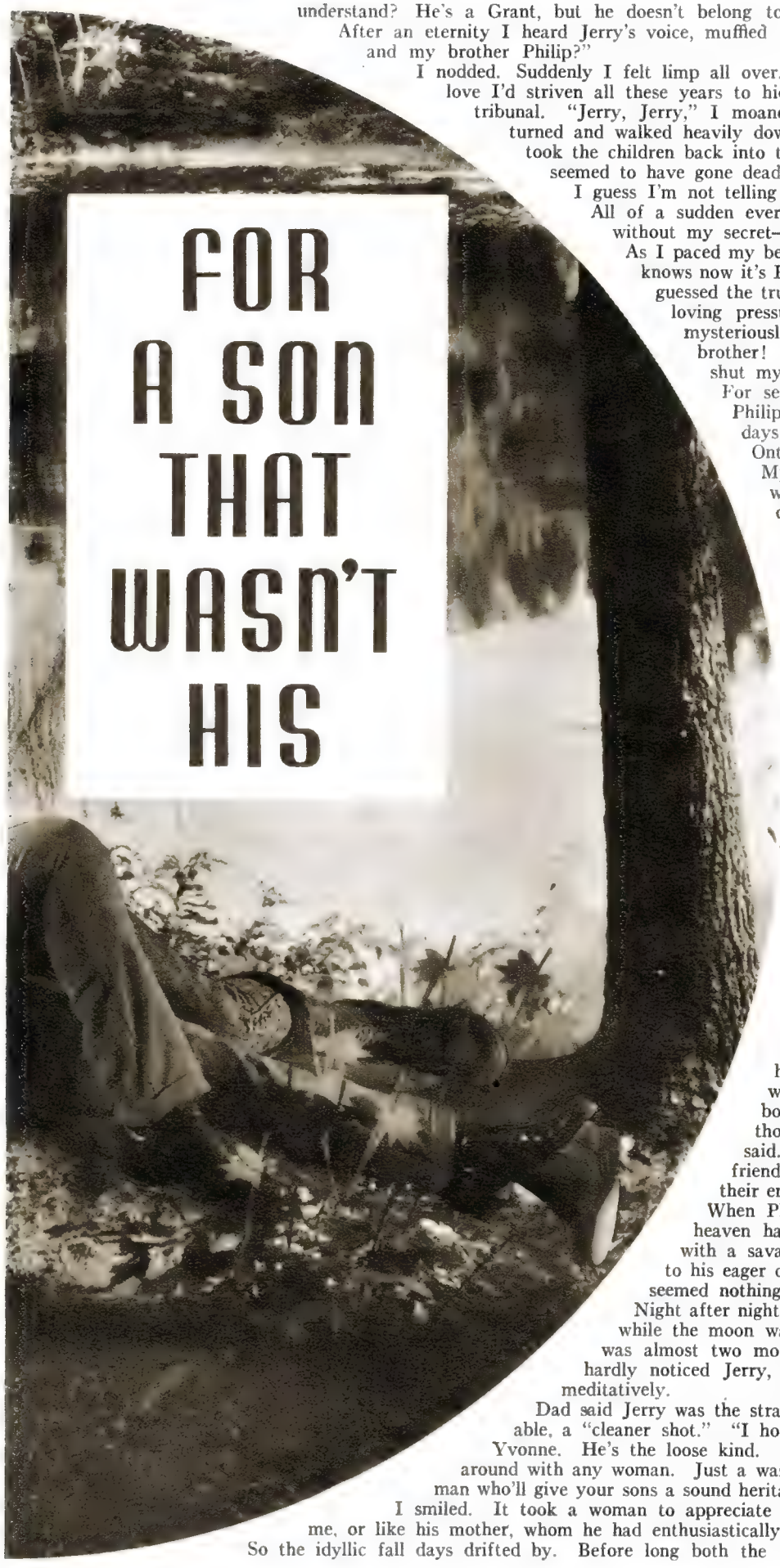
"No right, eh? I've watched you ruining my boy long enough." I don't think Jerry realized the strength of his blows but Phil's quivering body and terrified cries drove me wild. I threw all my weight on Jerry, determined to end the cruel beating. "Stop," I shrieked, tearfully, "you've no right to beat Phil, I say. *He's not your son!*"

Jerry's face stiffened into a white mask. There was a sudden awful silence. The fingers gripping my shoulders were like iron nails driving into my flesh. "What do you mean?" Jerry barked. "What do you mean by saying that Phil's not my son?"

"Mean?" I laughed harshly at the dawning horror in his eyes. It filled me with a kind of insane exultation. "I mean Phil belongs to me alone. He has no father. Don't you

Night after night I met my lover—and reveled in his kisses—while the moon waxed full and faded

She told a terrible lie that was destined to save one man and



FOR A SON THAT WASN'T HIS

understand? He's a Grant, but he doesn't belong to you. That's why you can't touch him." After an eternity I heard Jerry's voice, muffled with pain and anger. "Yvonne, not you—and my brother Philip?"

I nodded. Suddenly I felt limp all over. What devil had driven me to confess the love I'd striven all these years to hide? I was like a prisoner shivering at the tribunal. "Jerry, Jerry," I moaned, "don't look at me like that." But he turned and walked heavily downstairs. Lulu, our colored maid, came and took the children back into the nursery. I was alone. Something in me seemed to have gone dead.

I guess I'm not telling this very well. But that's the way it was. All of a sudden everything seemed to have gone. I felt naked without my secret—naked and sort of scared.

As I paced my bedroom floor I thought over and over, "Jerry knows now it's Philip I've always loved!" I wondered if he'd guessed the truth, that every kiss I'd ever given him, every loving pressure of my arms, was really a sacrament, mysteriously performed between me and his dead brother! That I could be kind to him only when I shut my eyes and pretended he was Philip!

For seven years I'd been true to my dead lover. Philip held my heart as surely as he did those first days I knew him, when he and Jerry came up to Ontario on a fall shooting vacation.

My father, Jacques Duval, a French Canadian, was reckoned one of the finest guides in the district and that's how the two young Grants came to make their headquarters in our log cabin in the great woods.

Crisp fall mornings, I'd watch the three men go out with their guns, while the dew still spangled the cobwebs in the trees. All day I waited for them to tramp home, ravenously hungry, kick off their boots and sit down to the meal I'd prepared with the help of Una, my Indian servant.

After they'd eaten, there'd be yarning over the enormous pine log fire. Dad had some swell tales of early settler days and the young Americans were grand talkers, too. I'd sit in my corner, conscious of Philip's gaze. I was a shy girl, just seventeen, not used to the company of college men. But Philip's gentle ways overcame my fears. Jerry was brusquer and I didn't feel so easy with him.

They'd both been trained as engineers, but Philip told me he wanted to be a poet. Although he'd never recite any of his poems, and I never saw him put pen to paper, I believed he would some day be one of the greatest poets in the world.

How precious our snatched moments were—there beside the moonlit lake! I loved to hear Philip tell me I was like a forest fawn with my hazel eyes and small-boned, nimble body. His mother must be wonderful, I thought. She, alone, understood him, Philip said. His talk of the luxurious homes he and his friends lived in, and the wonderful cities with their enormous buildings, was like a fairytale to me.

When Philip first took me in his arms, I thought heaven had opened up to me. I crept closer, filled with a savage, throbbing rapture, as I gave myself up to his eager caresses. I was a child of the woods. There seemed nothing wrong or unnatural in this perfect mating.

Night after night I met my lover—and reveled in his kisses—while the moon waxed full and faded, then swelled again. It was almost two months now and I lived for Philip alone. I hardly noticed Jerry, though his dark eyes often rested on me meditatively.

Dad said Jerry was the straighter of the two, more honest and dependable, a "cleaner shot." "I hope you're not falling for that Philip fellow, Yvonne. He's the loose kind. I can always spot 'em—the sort that plays around with any woman. Just a waster, a good-for-nothing loafer. You want a man who'll give your sons a sound heritage."

I smiled. It took a woman to appreciate Philip—a woman he loved very much, like me, or like his mother, whom he had enthusiastically promised me that I should one day meet.

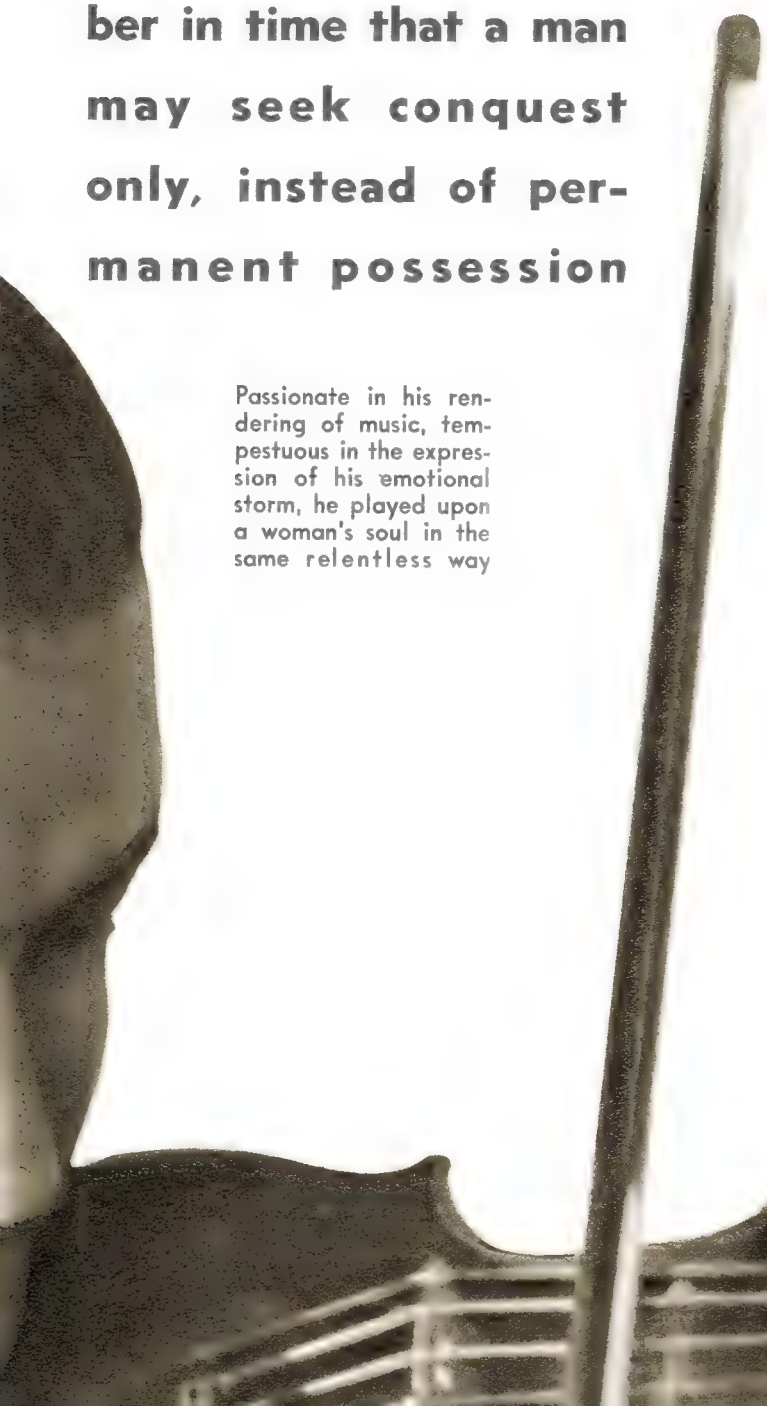
So the idyllic fall days drifted by. Before long both the Grants would be (*Continued on page 88*)

condemn another. Could she ever live down her remorse?

LOVE STAINED

She was too dazzled by his adoration to remember in time that a man may seek conquest only, instead of permanent possession

Michel's violin throbbed and vibrated, filling me with pulsations that tore at my heart



Passionate in his rendering of music, tempestuous in the expression of his emotional storm, he played upon a woman's soul in the same relentless way

The Story Thus Far:

We were faced with sudden poverty when the New York music school where Dad taught folded up and the only job he could secure was that of second violin in a burlesque house. To ease the burden of our support, Mother and I went to Aunt Sophie Farnum in Bullardville, Connecticut.

There we became acquainted with Madison Hoffman, a talented violinist on a neighboring farm, whose right to musical recognition was completely eclipsed by the world-wide fame of his brother, the concert violinist, Michel Hoffman.

We were not happy as "poor relations" at Aunt Sophie's, so when Madison Hoffman was in need of a housekeeper, Mother applied for the position. He was delighted to have us, and, from the moment of our arrival, treated us as friends.

For a long time I did not understand why I became so agitated in Madison's presence. Then I realized it was because I loved him. One day he kissed me—then brusquely pushed me away, and left the house, not to return until late at night. Did the man I loved despise me, I wondered. To my watchful mother I admitted my love for Madison, and the kiss. She warned me against caring too much, since Madison had never declared his love for me.

Quite unexpectedly, Michel Hoffman came to stay at the farmhouse. During dinner the first night he mentioned having seen Madison's wife and children in Europe. It was the greatest shock I'd ever had to discover Madison was married. How had he dared kiss me—like that? Later that evening when I went out to milk the cows Madison followed me into the barn—his arms went around me.

The Story Continues:

THE ODOR of cows and of warm, fresh milk will always bring back the throbbing memory of that tempestuous moment. The unforgettable, unwilling fire of Madison's arms about me. My

"His love song to you!" Michel whispered. "He will have the whole world crying—"

Gently he lifted my head from the table and began to kiss the tears from my eyes

bitter resentment and the mad thrill of my blood at his touch.

"Don't you dare!" I cried fiercely, struggling away from him and then bursting into tears.

"Dolly! Dolly!" he begged. "Don't. And don't hate me. I know I should have told you. But at first—when you'd just come here—it didn't seem necessary. And then—oh, I'm terribly sorry I didn't tell you about being married. It was awful for you to learn about it—that way—from Mike."

"It didn't make any difference! Not a bit!" I cried vehemently—but my voice was tremulous and uncertain. My heart was tearing open.

"It makes a difference to me. Dolly!" He moved closer. I couldn't see his face in the darkness of the shed, but I could hear his heavy breathing. "I haven't seen my wife in—years. Last April she wrote that she wanted a divorce; and I told her to go ahead, that I wouldn't contest it. I didn't care very much one way or the other then. But I do—now."

He stopped, and I felt my heart pounding. I wanted so to believe him. His explanation seemed so genuine. But I was afraid—afraid to be hurt again. Afraid to speak, too, because I knew I'd cry and he might guess how much I cared.

"Mike tells me she doesn't want a divorce any more," Madison went on. "But I do want a divorce now. I want to be free. Free so that— Dolly, I'm going to Europe. I've got to see her. I've got to arrange the divorce. And when I come back—" He broke off—and I stood clenching my hands, my heart crying to know the rest. But he was saying something else. "She never really loved me. She was in love with Michel. She couldn't get him—so," bitterly, "she took me. I was second fiddle again. But with you—" his voice became husky. "Dolly! Could—could I ever be first—with you?"

Joy and tears and a mad, mad whirl of hope and love broke out in my heart. He was asking me if I could care for him. "Oh darling!" I wanted to say. "You *are* first. You are everything!" But I was so full-up and choking with happiness that I couldn't even say "Yes." I just gave a sob and went into his arms.

Oh, what glory and relief as I felt myself encircled. The heavenly feeling of weakness as I lay against his breast and his tender, passionate kisses possessed my mouth. To know that he loved me! Wanted me! That he was going to go all the way to Europe to get a divorce—so we could get married.

After the intense agony of that afternoon, the reaction of finding myself adored like that was blinding. An ecstasy of reconciliation. I clung to him in a paradise of dazzling emotion —flaming with the ardor of his embrace.

"Dolly—darling!" he murmured. "I didn't know you cared—so much."

"I've loved you from the first moment I saw you come into the train on the way from New York," I confessed—and gasped with the passionate tightening of his arms.

Suddenly mother's voice echoed through the carriage-shed. "Doll-l-l-ly!"

"Yes, Mom!" I could feel the lilt of gayety in my own voice.

"Is Madison there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chester," Madison answered.

"Your wife is on the telephone. Calling you from New York."

"My wife! In New York? All right! Coming." Then his arms clutched me tight. "Dolly!" he breathed urgently. "Wait for me here! I'll be right back!" One more delirious kiss—and he hurried away.

In the darkness, I leaned against the shed wall and trembled. My whole heart was bursting with its excess of joy. Smiling mistily but exultantly, I sat down and tried once more to milk. But I'm sure no cow was ever milked by a more love-shaken girl than I.

I was in a perfect daze. Mother would be so astonished. She had been worrying about me all day—since that terrible moment when Michel had let us know that Madison was married.

I finished the first cow and began on the second. Time meant nothing. My brain was whirling. But when the second cow was milked, I stood up in surprise. Madison should have been back. Well, mother would be expecting me. The milk still had to be put through the separator—which was

in the kitchen. So I picked up the pails and made my way through the sheds. Arrived at the kitchen, I found mother had set two places at the kitchen table. Just two places. She saw my eyes and my surprise.

"They've gone," she said. "Mr. Michel drove Madison to the station to catch the six-twenty-six."

"Gone?" I cried. The bottom seemed to drop right out of my heart.

"Gone to New York," mother said, and I felt the tender watchfulness in her eyes. "His wife called him and asked him to go. Now don't take this too hard, Dolly."

"I'm not, Mom. I'm just—surprised. He—" my throat suddenly choked up, "he said to wait for him—that he'd be right back. I should think he'd have let me know." I could feel my heart swelling up again. Pain, doubt, disillusionment. It was so cruelly thoughtless—to go off that way and just leave me waiting. Tears started and welled up in my eyes.

"Honey," Mother said gently, "I haven't said anything before because I knew how upset you were to find out he was married. But now—I think we better go back to Aunt Sophie's."

"No, Mom!" I cried. "You don't understand. He just told me—up in the shed—that he loves me. He's going to insist on a divorce now, even if she doesn't want it." I looked at her through my blur of tears. "Aren't you glad, Mom? I'm just so—happy!" Then I threw myself into her arms—sobbing.

MOTHER patted my back and we clung to each other.

"Only why didn't he come back and tell me—instead of leaving me there to wait?"

"He didn't have much time," Mother said soberly. "He didn't even pack. They just jumped into Michel's car. He did say: 'Tell Dolly.' But I didn't know what he meant. And he asked for Father's address in New York. I hated to give it to him—it's such a shabby room—but I did."

"Then he didn't just leave me—flat!" I cried eagerly. "That hurt—at first. And wanting to meet Father! Oh, Mom! I'm just the happiest girl!"

"I'm glad, honey," Mother said soberly. "But while he's away, I want you to think things over very carefully."

"What do you mean, Mom?"

"I mean—" she looked at me with that protective, motherly expression in her face, "he's temperamental. And I've been thinking about him all day. He's a nice boy, Dolly. But— It bothers me that he could give up his children the way he did. Not see them for years. I couldn't imagine Frank—your father—ever leaving *you*."

"Mom, I thought of that, too," I admitted faintly. "But maybe his wife has turned them against him. Maybe he can't help it."

"Nothing—*nothing* would ever induce your father to desert you."

"Stop, Mom!" I cried. "I won't let you talk like that. Nothing can make me stop loving Madison. Why do you have to talk like that?"

"I don't want to make you unhappy, honey. I just don't want you to be blinded by—youth—and attraction."

"When's he coming back, Mom?"

"He didn't say. He just said Mr. Michel would be staying on with us till his next tour starts. And Mr. Michel said not to wait supper for him. He might drive over to Hartford and go to a restaurant."

It seemed so strange to eat supper alone—and go upstairs to bed knowing that Madison wasn't down there in his studio. I lay awake a long time that night, my heart bursting with the complexities of Madison's life and mine. Considering what Mother had said. The thoughts came unwillingly. His being temperamental, changeable. About leaving his children.

It must have been about eleven o'clock when I saw the flash of automobile headlights and heard Michel drive in. Then the sound of the kitchen door closing behind him. I waited for the sound of his feet to pass under my room into his; but instead soon realized that he must be down in the pantry searching for something to eat. That was an old trick of Dad's too. He called it "raiding the ice-box," and it certainly raised the mischief with Mother's food schedule. So I decided to go down and see that Michel got something to eat without wrecking the pantry in the process.

Slipping on a dressing-gown over my pyjamas and pulling on my slippers, I stole quietly down the stairs without waking mother.

Michel was kneeling in front of the ice-box with the door wide open and pulling out one thing after another, spreading them about on the floor. I couldn't help laughing, and he looked back over his shoulder like a thief caught robbing a safe.

"I just wanted a little something before I went to bed. I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"I wasn't asleep," I told him.

"Worrying about Madison?" He gave me a knowing smile. "He was worrying about you, too, because he hadn't said good bye." He shook his head comically. "These love birds! But you needn't blush like that." He laughed mischievously—and I could feel the blood mantling my face and neck. "He couldn't talk about anything else but you, all the way to the station. He thinks you're just about perfect. And I don't know that I blame him. I could fall in love with you myself." He cocked his head on one side as if studying me critically, his blue eyes twinkling with fun all the time. He didn't seem at all like the famous violinist, Michel Hoffman. Just a gay, teasing boy.

I could feel my heart beating fast. Madison had talked about me to Michel! Said I was wonderful! I could feel my cheeks still flaming with the surprise and happiness. It brought a shy tremulous smile to my lips—and Michel clapped his hands.

"That's what I wanted—a smile from that pretty mouth. And now, young lady, don't forget that the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So what are you going to give me to eat?"

"What do you want?" I was still flushing with pleasure.

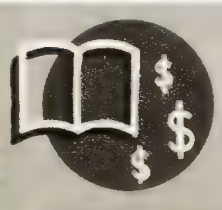
"Everything!" he answered promptly. "Scrambled eggs on toast, apple pie, cheese, coffee, fruit. Come on! We'll carry them out to the kitchen. And quiet! or we'll wake your mother. This party is just for you and me."

Once in the kitchen, he closed the door to the dining room and took off his coat.

"Where's the apron?" he demanded, and proceeded to put it on when I pointed to it. He looked funny, the way men always do when they try to act domestic, and I giggled.

"Sit down, Mr. Michel. It won't take me a minute."

"Wait! Wait!" he cried. "In the first place, I'm not *Mister* Michel to you. I'm just Mike. And in the second, it is *I* who am trying to reach *your* heart through your stomach. So I do the cooking. At any rate I'm going to make the coffee—Turkish coffee. Ever drink Turkish coffee? Um-m-!" He smacked his lips with exaggerated gusto. "It's used in the very best harems.



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"Read it! Read it!" I cried chokingly. I wanted to run away, anywhere — to hide!

And should be made in a high copper kettle. Got any copper kettles?"

"No," I said with a laugh, "just aluminum."

"All right, I'll do the best I can with aluminum. And you be making the scrambled eggs. For two, remember." He began gaily to hum the song "Tea for Two," which was popular just then—and it seemed so funny—jazz from Michel Hoffman! Presently he stopped and looked at me with a grin. "You know, Dolly, I haven't had such a good time since I was a kid in Paris. Tell me: Do you think you're going to like your new brother-in-law?"

It was so sudden and unexpected that I caught my breath and gulped. My heart seemed to stop. And I just couldn't answer.

"I'm sorry," Michel said at once. "But I've been thinking about it ever since Madison told me. I think he's an awfully lucky man. Darn him, anyway!" he cried with mock indignation. "He *would* have to see you first. How are the eggs coming?"

"THEY'LL be done in a minute," I answered.

"So'll my coffee. And if you don't say it's the best coffee you ever drank—" He began to hum again, and I watched him when he wouldn't see me. He was so different from any man I'd ever known. So frank and easy spoken—and with a hidden compliment in every word and glance.

Presently he had taken off his apron and we were sitting down together in the dining room, Michel very gay.

"Isn't this cozy?" he demanded. "Midnight supper. Pretty girl. Alone in an old farm house. And how about that coffee? Do you like it? Or is it too sweet?" He suddenly put his hand on mine. "Are you still worrying about Madison? Is that why you look so—subdued?" His fingers closed sweetly about mine. "Now be a good girl and snap out of it. Everything is going to be all right." His tone was so sympathetic and nice that it went straight to my heart.

I felt suddenly that I wanted to pour my heart out to Michel. He was so like Madison in many ways. And almost before I knew it I was talking about Madison. And Michel was nodding sympathetically.

Then very frankly and simply he began telling me about Madison's wife, Isabel. They had met in Paris—she an American girl, living in the Bohemian set. They had fallen in love and married. After a few months, Madison had discovered that she was unfaithful. She had borne a child—the boy, Danny—and Madison had never believed himself the father. Later a girl came—and Madison had *known* it was not his. So he left her, sending her monthly checks—on which she lived liberally and indiscreetly.

"He can divorce her very easily," Michel said.

"You said she was pretty," I ventured—a twinge of jealousy in my heart. "And glamorous."

"Yes—both. But not virtuous." Michel shrugged his shoulders. "I always liked Isabel—but I never knew why Madison married her." He made a wry face, indicating that marriage had been an unnecessary gesture on Madison's part. But I had the flashing recollection of Madison's words to me:

"She couldn't get Michel—so she took me, the second fiddle."

But Michel was going on, gay, smiling, gesturing eloquently:

"Isabel is the sweetheart type, not the wife type. Now *you*—," he cocked his head on one side in his funny way, "you are both at once. If you weren't my future sister-in-law, I could get quite crazy about you."

"Do you think Madison still cares—anything about her?" I asked timidly.

"I know *I* wouldn't—not after seeing you!" Michel grinned. Then a sudden look of consternation spread over his face. "Good Heavens!" he cried, and got up from his chair. "I almost forgot!"

"What?" I could feel the blood drain away from my cheeks, he looked so disturbed.

"Why, Madison gave me a message to deliver to you. Not exactly a message, either. It was a—" he was moving around the table toward me, and I was all excited by his manner. "He said to give you—," he bent swiftly and kissed me, "a good-bye kiss. So there it is!" Then he broke into his mischievous laugh and went back to sit down.

At first I was so taken by surprise that I was dazed. Then I felt a flash of indignation. I could feel my cheeks get red. But Michel just sat back in his chair and grinned.

"You're such an innocent!" he said. "I couldn't resist. Tell me: Did Madison ever play his love *(Continued on page 70)*

LIFE was wonderful and I was very happy until my father talked me into entering the service of our state as a parole officer at the Stony Point Penitentiary where he had reigned for twenty odd years as superintendent.

I'd never had a care or a worry until I took up prison work. Three years later I was a confirmed cynic. I wondered, for example, why there was so much suffering, so much misery, so much inequality in this predatory, dog-eat-dog world. I could see no evidence of supernatural planning. Everything was topsy-turvy, upside down. Some folks went through life with a song on their lips—others had their backs to the walls. The so-called superior man was brutal, selfish, cunning, acquisitive; he was everything that a man born of the image of God should not be. I could see no manifestation of the divine in him.

I included my own father, mother, sister, and brother in this category. That, if you please, is what three years of prison work did to me.

I was on the verge of resigning to resume my law studies when Mary Clarke, a refined and lovely looking young woman of twenty-three, came to Stony Point to be executed "sometime during the week of December 15th" for the murder of a man at Wilmington.

We at the prison had been reading about the young lady for many months and had been eager to get a look at her. The newspapers called her "the mysterious murderess."

The murder for which she had been condemned to die in the electric chair at Stony Point had been committed in a Wilmington boarding house, the proprietor of which, a Mrs. John Boyle, was (aside from the coroner and the police) the only witness against her. She swore that when she entered Miss Clarke's room, immediately after the shooting, she found her standing over the dead man with a smoking gun still in her hand.

The young lady offered no defense at her trial, standing mute throughout the proceedings and refusing to answer any questions. Her only remarks were made when Judge Hoyt asked her if she had anything to say before he pronounced the death sentence.

"I shall welcome death," Mary Clarke said grimly. "I'm tired of life."

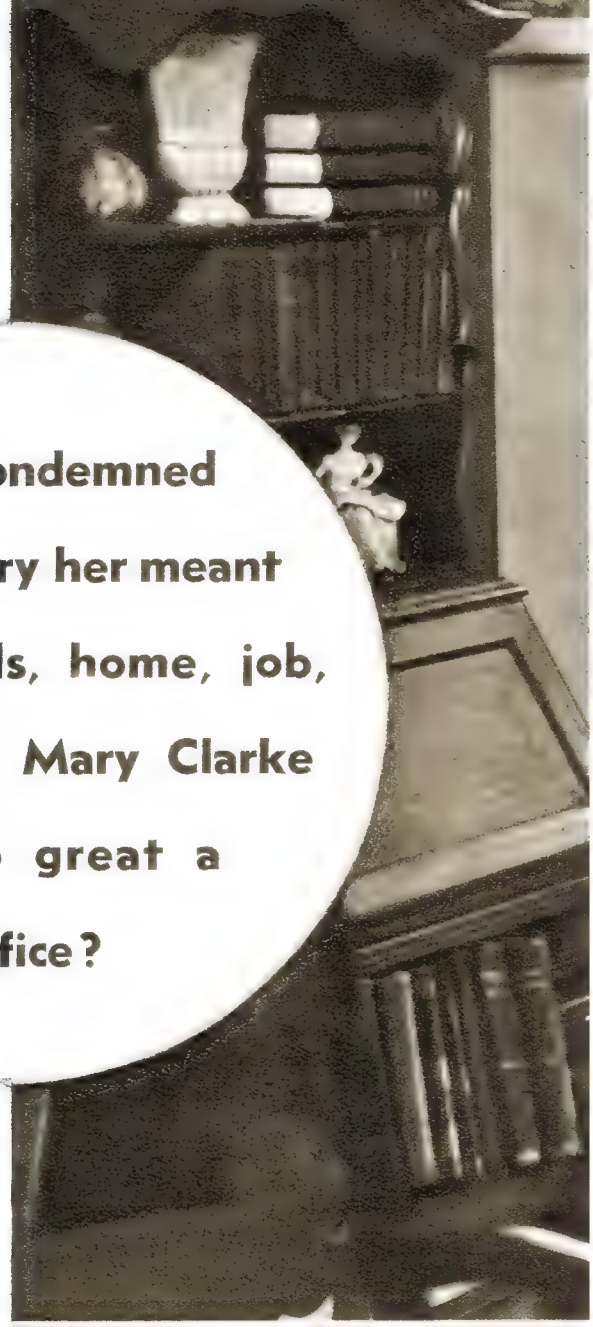
Three or four character witnesses testified in her behalf: a doctor and a couple of nurses from the Borton Memorial Hospital where she had been taking a course in nursing. These people, and especially the medical director, spoke very highly of her.

Mary Clarke was the personification of abject despair the day that she arrived at Stony Point in the custody of Sheriff and Mrs. Bob Ward. It was a dry-eyed despair. Mrs. Ward, who had cared for her during the seven months in the Wake County Jail, told me that she had never seen the young lady shed a tear.

"If she would only cry," Mrs. Ward said, "it would do her a lot o' good because she's doin' all her sufferin' inwardly. I ain't never seen a woman like her. Looks to me as if she's just tryin' to worry herse'f to death."

After Dad had received her and signed a receipt for her, as he might have done for a cow or a sack of corn, it was my job to take down her pedigree before turning her over to Mrs. Bullard, the death-house matron.

Society condemned her. To marry her meant loss of friends, home, job, family. Was Mary Clarke worth so great a sacrifice?



THAT

IN my office, I seated her in front of a high, barred window through which streamed the golden, autumn sun. I wanted to study that grey, haggard face which suggested age despite her mere twenty-three years. It was the saddest face I had ever seen—petrified, so to speak, by tearless misery, like that of a woman who had come to destruction through her own fault and was tortured incessantly by remorse. There was brooding sadness and dumb despair in her large, dark brown eyes. They were the eyes of a woman who had experienced more than her share of life's disappointments and disillusionments. The unkempt condition of her almost nut-brown hair indicated that she had long since ceased to concern herself about her appearance.

Observing these things, I thought her numbed mood was more the apathy of complete surrender than of despair. She lowered her head when I began questioning her. She gave me her full name, Mary Agnes Clarke, and the date of her birth, but when I asked her where she had been born, in what state and city or town, she didn't answer.

"You object to giving me the name of the place where you were born?" I asked.

She nodded.

"I would like to help you," I said, "and I'm sure that I can do a lot for you if you will only meet me halfway. It's just part of my job, you know."

Slowly she raised her head and looked me full in the face, and then said slowly and meditatively, "I don't care to talk about my past life."

"But I want to help you, Miss Clarke," I protested. "You mustn't give up hope. We have saved a few men and women who were sentenced to—" I couldn't finish that sentence. The idea of talking about death in the electric chair to a young woman left me tongue-tied.

There was a sudden ominous hush. I was relieved when she spoke.

"Please don't think that I'm either ungrateful or unappreciative," she said, "when I say that I don't want to be saved. I'm so tired of living that I wish the execution were going to happen tomorrow. I shall be only too glad when the day arrives."

At Wilson's ultimatum—return to the underworld or die—Mary hurled herself upon him. She had to get that gun away from him!

BAD WOMAN

Again I was lost for words. This broken woman was not acting, I told myself. She was sincere. Everything about her—the despair on her face, the hopelessness in her eyes—told me that she wasn't playing a part. It was a terrible experience sitting there listening to a young, good-looking, refined woman talking about welcoming death. I felt like running out of the office, out of the prison. I had come to hate everything about the place. I had hated it before I ever laid eyes on the unfortunate Mary Clarke. Prisons were scars upon the face of civilization. Only the unhappy weak landed in them. They maimed human beings.

" . . . Every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim."

That verse from the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" flitted through my mind while I sat there in my office looking at Mary Clarke. I also thought of what Mrs. Bob Ward, the sheriff's wife, had told me: "If she would only cry, it would do her a heap o' good because she's doin' all her sufferin' inwardly."

Well, perhaps I could make her cry. I asked her if she objected to telling me who the man was that she had killed and why she had killed him?

"Please!" she sighed.

"Sheriff Ward told me," I said, "that both the judge and the jury were sympathetically disposed toward you and that the jury might have been lenient if you had put up any sort of defense. They all believed that you could have helped yourself if you had told the story of the case."

"I'm trying to forget all that," she murmured.

I was discouraged and was on the verge of calling the death-

house matron. Then, suddenly, I thought of another approach.

"Isn't there somebody in the world for whom you would like to live?"

She shook her head.

"What about your mother?" I kept after her. "Is she still alive?"

She stiffened and bit her lip and faintly uttered another "please!"

Confident that her iron self-restraint was weakening, I ignored that agonizing "please!" and forced myself to refer again to her mother.

"The world and everybody in it may turn against you," I said, "but your mother—"

She broke, sobbing like a child, and immediately I regretted having spoken of her mother. I'd never heard a woman sob as she did! I tried to console her but it was no use. Finally, she became hysterical, screaming at the top of her voice, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" as she paced the floor from wall to wall wringing her hands in impotent despair. I myself felt like crying. My heart went out to her and I think I would have burst into tears if Dad and Sheriff Ward and the death-house matron hadn't appeared on the scene.

MRS. BULLARD took her away when I turned to explain to Dad and the sheriff what had happened. I was glad that they had interrupted me.

I fell asleep that night thinking of Mary Clarke and she was my first thought the next morning. Who was she? Who was the man she had killed? Why did she kill him? She was, as I have said, a woman of considerable refinement. That there was some deep mystery behind her, I had not the remotest doubt.

A few days later, I visited her in the death house hoping I could persuade her to tell me the story. I brought her a book and a small bouquet of flowers out of our garden. The death-house matron told me that the prisoner had spent most of her days and nights pacing her cell. She had aged, I thought, during her first few days in the death house. Again I told her that I wanted to help her and that I was ready to go through for her if she would meet me halfway. But I could not persuade her to talk.

It occurred to me then that my mother or my sister Constance might succeed where I had failed. So I discussed the matter with Mother. The idea, much to my surprise, shocked her. Why waste my time with "that bad woman?" Dad would be furious if he knew that I was interested in "such a character." If anybody had told me that Mother could have been so cold-blooded I wouldn't have believed it for a moment. Constance, however, was all sympathy. She was willing to talk with Miss Clarke.

"But why all this interest in the young lady, Bill?" she asked with a smile. "I hope you haven't got a crush on her, bub?"

I was only sorry for the unfortunate girl, as I was sorry for any soul in pain. Well, Constance talked with her, but Mary Clarke wouldn't discuss either her history or her case.

"I have a feeling though," Constance said, "that I can win her confidence in time." I was delighted.

Some weeks later, after I had made several more attempts to gain the young lady's confidence, Dad, Mother, Constance, and I went to the mat over her. It occurred at the dinner table one night. Dad began the conversation, saying he had heard that I had been spending considerable time in the death house. I didn't deny that I had been visiting Miss Clarke nearly every day, nor did I deny that I had been trying to persuade her to talk about her history and her case.

"Why all the interest in that Wake County murderess, son?" he asked.

"You mean Miss Clarke?" I said, annoyed by the "Wake County murderess" phrase.

"She's number 7658, not Miss Clarke, Bill." He went on, "You know we don't call nobody by their names here, don't you?"

"She's Miss Clarke to me, Dad," I said.

"Well," he continued, his eyes cold and steely with determination, "the officers are beginning to talk and I wish you would keep out of that death house unless you have business there."

"The officers are talking?" I looked him in the eyes.

"Yes," he went on, "and I'm afraid that it might get on the other side of the walls."

"What are the officers saying?"

"Well, son," he replied, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but they all think that you're fond of that Wake County murderess and—well, you know how people *will* talk, my boy."

"Good heavens!" my mother cried. "I hope no son of mine would have anything to do with that terrible creature. Bill," she turned to me, "have you gone crazy? I certainly hope that we won't hear any more of your visiting that bad woman."

"That bad woman," and "Wake County Murderess" and "she's number 7658" cut me clean through to my heart. I was as mad as could be.

"Mother," I said, "why do you call that unfortunate young lady a bad woman?"

"Good heavens!" she exploded. "Do good women run around the country killing men?"

"Good women and good men," I replied, "have been known to commit murder in a moment of passion or rage."

"Now, listen, son," Dad roared, "all this talk is beside the point. I don't care whether she's a good woman or a bad one. I don't care whether she's innocent or guilty. All I'm concerned with is putting a stop to this talk that's been going around the prison and I aim to do it right now. Understand?"

Constance smiled. I was on the verge of telling Mother and Dad that they were cold-bloodedly cruel, for I was in a rebellious mood that night. Afraid that I might say something for which I would be sorry, I prepared to leave the table. I couldn't be disrespectful even though they had disappointed me; they were not the parents I had once thought they were. Twenty-five years of prison work had converted my father into a hard-boiled autocrat, and twenty-five years of life behind prison walls had done something to my mother, too. Prisons always leave their mark on both officers and convicts alike. Stony Point left its mark on me.

I might have quit the dining room that night without further comment if Dad hadn't fired a parting shot at me as I moved toward the door:

"Don't forget what I told you. Keep out of that death house unless you've got business there."

I returned to the table, took a chair beside him, and looked him full in the face as I said:

"Dad, I never thought you would object to my sympathizing with a helpless woman. And I must tell you," I added, "that I'm terribly disappointed in you and Mother. I—"

"I am, too," Constance cut in, "and I should like to know why anybody should object to another's feeling sorry for a poor woman who's on her way to the electric chair. If Miss Clarke were a common criminal, an underworld woman, there might be some excuse for all this hullabaloo. Suppose I were in her place. Would you feel badly if the officers treated me sympathetically? Would—"

Dad was biting the ends of his mustache when he interrupted Constance.

"Looks to me as if the both of you have gone crazy about that Wake County murderess," he snapped. "I ain't objecting to anybody sympathizing with her. I'm objecting to people making damn fools of themselves over her. And listen here, Constance—" he turned to glare at her—"what I told Bill about keeping out of that death house goes for you, too. I want the both of you to stay out of there. Understand?"

CONSTANCE jumped to her feet, her eyes blazing, her figure tense with protest. "You're not human," she cried. "This prison business has made you and Mother as hard as nails. I'm sick of this living behind walls. I've been sick of it for a long time and I wish I could get out of here and stay out of here."

That was a memorable night, memorable not only because of the violent spat with my parents but because I realized, for the first time, that I was in love with Mary Clarke. Previously, I had thought of her only as a poor soul in pain whom I wanted to help, but that night I thought of her as the one great love of my life. That she was a condemned murderess meant very little to me, for I knew, as do all intelligent men, that "every saint has a past and every sinner a future." I knew that we're all products of our heredity, our environment, and our associations. Countless thousands of men and women, good men and good women, had stumbled and come back to win the respect and good will of the world. Mary Clarke, I was confident, would do the same if she were given another chance.

The other side of the picture, however, gave me pause. Suppose I saved her from the electric chair and married her, what would my parents say? What would all my friends say? I had a feeling that social ostracism would be my lot. I would be known for the rest of my life as the man who had married a murderess—something, I believed, that *(Continued on page 98)*

SINNER'S DAUGHTER

A book-length true story—in pictures—of one girl's love life and the men who play a part in it for better or worse

1 Memories . . . bitter, painful memories of childhood . . . running home from school, fighting back my tears each step of the way. At last the blessed privacy of my room! Then the sudden rush of tears as I would bury my head on my bed, trying to shut out the cruel taunts of my schoolmates.

Try as I might, I couldn't stop my ears from hearing the shrill voice of Olive Towns, leading the chorus for my other playmates: "We know something about Julia Winters. We know something about Julia Winters. . . ." Only her brother Frank would stand by with his eyes full of pity for me. But I hated him too, even though he never joined the others.

There is a terrible streak of cruelty in children, which I have never been able to understand. Perhaps they acquire it instinctively from the example of grown-ups. I don't know.

All I know is that I felt the full merciless flood of this cruelty—that even today, years later, it has lost little of its remembered agony. Perhaps this may give you an idea of the terrible torment that I had to endure.

2 In the quiet of my room the whole story of my parents' tragedy came to life in my mind. Mother stealing off with Dr. Harry Stevens. A note asking Father to forgive her. Father, stunned, reading it over and over again, trying to understand that Mother had really left him.

The inhabitants of Wingston, like the natives of any small town where open scandal seldom occurs, were determined to keep that horrible nightmare alive. It wasn't often that they could get such satisfaction out of another's misfortune. They were going to make the most of it. They would not forget.

They could always point to the moral of the story: that the wages of sin is death. In the early dawn, somewhere in the mountains of Pennsylvania, their ill-fated elopement came to an end. Their car plunged off the road and hurled them to their doom in the valley below.

Dr. Stevens' wife remarried a year later, but escape and forgetfulness were not so easy for Dad. Three months after Mother's disappearance they found his body floating in Swan's Lake.

In the depths of my despair I would stare at Mother's picture on the mantel and cry over and over again: "Why did you do it? Why did you do it?"

3 Aunt Martha would stand pleading outside my door, which I had bolted in my childish attempt to shut out a tormenting world.

"Julia! Let me in, child!"

"Go way," I would scream. "Leave me alone!"

Poor Aunt Martha! What a trial I must have been to her in those days! Trying to support us both with her sewing was difficult enough. But then there was the added burden of easing the anguish of a resentful little girl who shied away from every offer of love and affection.

Little girls aren't very eloquent—especially about their secret sorrows. How could I tell her what hurt me so? I didn't quite understand it all myself, and in the blind instinctive way that children have, I half suspected that nothing she could say would ease the pain I felt or save me from the scorn that was so ruthlessly directed toward me.

"Leave me alone!" How could Aunt Martha—kind, patient Aunt Martha—know that I really meant to cry out: "Hold me tight. I'm terrified to be left alone. I'm crushed with loneliness!" Loneliness, I was to discover, was to be a frequent tormenting companion in the years to come.

6 At first my job meant only one thing—money, but it soon meant ever so much more. It brought me a poise and inner contentment that was a new experience for me. Even more important, it brought me in contact with eager smiling children who liked and trusted me.

I took particular pains to make the children's section attractive, hanging up brilliant educational posters and holding little reading groups for an hour each afternoon. When I put the book down at the end of each session, there would always be the cry: "More, Miss Winters. More, please."

I persuaded Miss Lewis, head librarian, a kindly, middle-aged woman, that we needed appropriations to bring the library up to date and add a new section, especially for the youngsters who were showing such real interest in books—more than they did in school.

I threw myself wholeheartedly into the campaign, making a plea to the town council which responded as best it could with three hundred dollars. But individual wealthy citizens made donations, and finally we had enough to go through with our plans. What a glorious sense of achievement I felt! I was unaware Frank Towns was responsible for those contributions.

4 Through all the lonely years of childhood I lived in a world of my own, deep inside of myself. I peopled it with glamorous, noble figures from the books I read so avidly. Gallant men and lovely ladies. Love, courage, and self-sacrifice.

My little world was a sad world indeed, but full of love, warm and tender, such as I had never known.

Perhaps Aunt Martha wanted to give me such affection, but the shadow of tragedy fell even between us and somehow kept us apart.

Only when her health began to fail did I realize how much she meant to me, how much she had sacrificed for my sake.

Her only wish was to see me leave my books and dreams behind and begin to live—mingle normally with other young people.

But I had been hurt once, deeply, unforgettably, and I was determined not to expose myself again. Never! Besides, Olive Towns was the leader of the younger set in Wingston. I could never trust her to leave the past forgotten.

5 The only escape for me was to leave Wingston, but this I could not. Only by the most rigid economies had Aunt Martha been able to make both ends meet during the last few years, and now it was up to me to go out and be the breadwinner.

I really felt this obligation keenly, for dear Aunt Martha had devoted her life to me as completely as any mother would. It wasn't easy for a girl to find a job in Wingston, so I was only too glad to accept the post as assistant librarian at the McDougal Library when Mrs. Haines died.

Frank Towns dropped in during my first day at the library. "Congratulations," he said with a warm smile. "I just heard about your job."

I knew he meant this as a friendly gesture, sincere and heartfelt. I knew he had always pitied me and probably felt a responsibility to make up for Olive's attitude toward me.

But, in spite of this honest realization, I could not bring myself to respond. I could see the hurt in his eyes, but I did not care. In fact, I steeled myself against even his sympathy.

7 Frank Towns was the only one of the younger set with whom I ever talked occasionally, and that was only because Frank forced it. I suppose I should have been proud of his attentions because he was the most eligible young bachelor in town, handsome and well to do.

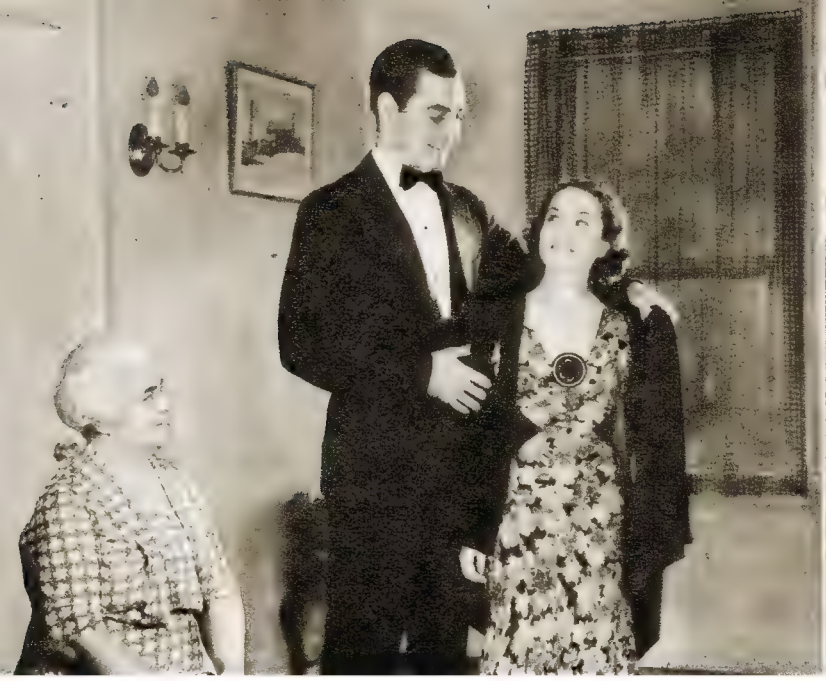
When he returned from college he had taken over his father's real estate business. He startled everybody, including his father, by launching a drive to attract some large scale industry to Wingston. He worked quietly and skillfully, until our amazed chamber of commerce was actually considering the idea, warming up to it gradually and then being wildly enthusiastic. It was no wonder that Wingston mothers prodded their daughters meaningfully whenever he appeared.

We met one evening as I came out of the library, and he said: "Why don't you let me be your friend, Julia?"

"We are friends," I assured him.

"Then prove it," he came back, "by coming to a party I'm giving at the house Saturday night."

Not wanting to hurt him, I said: "We'll see." As we parted, I must have smiled as he had never seen me do before. "You should cultivate that smile," he told me. "Makes you radiant."



8 It was Aunt Martha's pleas that made up my mind for me. It meant so much to her to see me go to Frank's party! She sang his virtues all week and chided me kindly for being too sensitive for my own good. "Believe me, Julia, you're the only one who's keeping the past alive. All that's been forgotten now, and you're making yourself miserable needlessly."

As I dressed for the party, I almost believed that Aunt Martha was right. I wanted to believe it. My heart was racing with wild expectancy.

When Frank arrived, his face glowed with admiration. He had never seen me in a party dress before.

"You look lovely," he said, and I could see that he meant it.

9 Olive came toward us as we entered, and I thought I detected a calculated coolness in her greeting. But I told myself it was just my imagination putting me on the defensive.

"So glad you were able to come," she said distantly, extending just her fingertips, and before I could reply she had turned to greet another guest.

Frank's hand under my arm gave me a feeling of security that I needed very badly as we approached the room of dancing couples. It was like diving into a pond of icy water. I knew that when I glided out there on the floor all glances would be upon me, and there would be almost simultaneous cries: "Well, of all people! Julia Winters!"

I took hold of Frank's hand and smiled feebly. "Let's dance."

12 "What does a stranger do in this town?"

These were Bill Travers' first words to me, spoken with a shy, friendly smile that I was later to learn to love. My first impulse was to tell him that I certainly wouldn't know, for I was actually as much a stranger in Wingston as he.

I don't remember all the small talk of our first hour together. I remember only that I found myself laughing with him as I never expected I would ever be able to laugh . . .

As we walked along together toward my house, he rambled on freely, exuberantly about himself, and I listened eagerly. I found out he was an engineer, employed by the Government, and he was working on the construction of a new power plant. At the gate, when he said, "When will I see you again," I replied simply, "Tomorrow if you like."

13 With Bill's coming, Wingston transformed before my eyes. I forgot how wretched I had been, how I had hated the town. On Sundays we would drive out to the construction job in Bill's roadster. He would take a bundle of blue-prints from under the seat of the car and explain every little detail of putting up a power plant.

Then suddenly he would look up and the grave, boyish frown would vanish. "I keep promising myself that I won't bore you with all this, but I just go on and on."

"I love it, Bill. Really, I do."

"Some day, Julia. I'm going to build something great. Something that will make all the world perk up its ears!"

I nodded, for there were no words for what I felt either. He drew me to him and kissed me softly.

10 Whatever restraint Olive had felt because of Frank's presence vanished when we met later in the ornate dressing room of the Towns mansion. Malice gleamed in her eyes, as I had seen it so many times when we were children together. It was strange how much of Wingston's pettiness could center in one girl.

Her first darts of sarcasm failed to bring their desired response. I ignored her firmly but pleasantly. Then she became venomous. Liquor had removed all surface sophistication, and now she lashed out to Diana Robbins, who stood nearby. "Wouldn't it seem to you, Diana, that some people would have the self-respect not to intrude themselves where they don't belong? My brother has always been so obnoxiously democratic." Even Diana Robbins reddened deeply. I fled from the room.

11 When Aunt Martha found me sobbing in my room, my heart was too full to explain. She lifted me into her arms and I clung to her desperately, as I had so often done as a child, and fell asleep pressed in the deep warmth of her breast.

Once again the old desire to escape from Wingston . . . It filled my days like a flame. I kept imagining the street throngs of New York and myself swallowed up and lost in the teeming multitudes of busy people.

But all the time I knew escape was impossible. Even if I could manage to get a job in New York and to send enough money home to cover Aunt Martha's needs, she would still be alone—terribly alone. After she had given her life to caring for me, I couldn't bring myself to desert her.

14 Bill and I saw each other nearly every night, and I was to discover that even lovers can't go on making the same plans for the future day in and day out without having them lose some of their glamor. I was to discover that each kiss ceased to be joy of itself, but became a painful search for a future ecstasy, and always it fell short, leaving us uneasy and sad.

It was torture to see Bill forcing himself to sit apart from me, strained and uncomfortable. I sensed his nervous tension and I knew this couldn't go on. Not this way. I knew enough about the world to understand that.

15 He took my hand, held it contemplatively for a moment as if he was trying to find a way to say something that was terribly important.

Then he seemed to give up and laid his head on my shoulder, his face pressing warmly against my neck.

I touched his hair with my lips and kissed his forehead. He raised himself suddenly and held me to him in an iron clasp. Instinctively I responded, and then as suddenly withdrew in a flash of sanity. But a second later his lips crushed against mine. Then suddenly I was aware that we were both standing, still clutching each other in the mad swirl of passion.

16 I sank away in space within myself the next aching moments, as Bill drew me down onto the divan. Happiness! It seemed to be all mine!

"Please, Julia," he pleaded.

"We mustn't," I whispered hoarsely. "We'd only regret it. You know we should!"

"I want you so much."

"Not this way, Bill."

"Why not?" he challenged.

"We—just musn't," I repeated firmly.

17 After dinner one evening we decided to take a walk and perhaps go to the movies. As we came to the corner, a car rolled around in front of us, and I recognized Frank Towns driving. Olive sat next to him in the front seat, and their friends were packed in the back. "Hi! Julia!" Frank waved, as they sped over the square into Main Street.

"Is that Olive Towns?" Bill inquired.

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"Not exactly. She came up to the plant the other day with old man Towns. It seems his son had something to do with getting the State to O. K. a power plant near Wingston. Lively bunch in that car, aren't they?" I didn't answer.

20 And then he came up solemnly to my file cabinet in the library, hat in hand. He swallowed miserably.

"I don't know how to say this, Julia," he began. "I just couldn't stay away without—well—explaining."

"Don't try to explain," I interrupted. "I know what you're trying to say and I understand. I guess I've understood for a long time."

"We can be friends, can't we?"

"Why not?"

"You're a swell person, Julia."

"Thanks," I said, trying very hard to act like those sophisticated women who occupied my book world during my teens.

21 I knew I couldn't avoid running into Bill. Daily I kept steeling myself for the inevitable encounter, planning cool words of casual greeting.

I was returning from a meeting of the town committee in charge of the Annual Wingston Winter Fair. It was traditional for Mrs. Lewis to be on the committee, but she was ill, and I had consented to take her place. I was forced to pass Olive Towns' house and as I approached it, I saw Bill emerge, laughing, with Olive on his arm. Bill wanted to know how I was. I murmured some inarticulate reply, and hurried by.

I heard Bill's roadster gathering momentum, and then the trilling laughter of Olive Towns.

18 Bill suffered untold agonies when he asked if I'd mind terribly if he accepted an invitation to the Towns' house for dinner. "Mr. Towns is an important man, Julia. He can do a lot for me. The Towns name seems to mean something in this state. It got Wingston a power plant."
Then he told me how Olive had driven out to the job that day and invited him. "I know it'll be the first Saturday night we won't be together since I met you. But it's really business."
Bill wasn't trying to deceive me, but I knew he was not looking forward to the occasion for business reasons. I had dragged him into my isolation, made him share my loneliness, and now he longed to escape.

22 The fair at the high school was one occasion when all the social barriers in Wingston crumbled. The families from the Hill section like the Towns' mingled with the poor from the North End who lived clustered together in the shadow of the carpet factory. The proceeds went to charity. Besides being one of the hostesses, I had charge of the raffle.
"This is one time you'll have to give me a chance," Frank Towns said as he came up, offering his hand.
"How many?" I asked, smiling.
"As long as it's for a worthy cause, I'll take three." Frank pulled some bills out of his wallet. And then seriously: "I'd like to talk to you alone, Julia."

19 "You know, Julia," Bill said, when we met on Sunday, "Olive Towns is a fine girl. I thought she'd be like most small town debs—a little snooty and kittenish. But she's all right. She wants us both to come to her birthday party."
"That's impossible, Bill," I said.
"Why?" he demanded. "Give me one good reason."
I shook my head helplessly. "Bill, if you really loved me, you'd be satisfied with just us. You wouldn't need Olive Towns' parties."
"I am satisfied," he protested. "But, good Lord, Julie, we have to step out once in a while." I was silent.
Sullenly Bill eased the car to the curb. There was silence—such a silence when you are fully—but oh, so helplessly—aware that your fate is taking a decisive turn. I couldn't stand it any longer. I got out of the car, and Bill followed for a moment and said:
"You're just being unreasonable, Julia."
"I'm sorry. I can't help it," I told him.
We had it out again the next day over the phone. "All right," he said with a finality that caused my heart to leap. "I'll go without you!"
I didn't see Bill for a week after that . . . seven long, dreadful days of waiting.

23 We found our way out into the empty corridor, and Frank said. "I'm going away for a few weeks. I had to talk to you before I left." He looked away. "Bill and Olive are going to get married."

I stood there dazedly hearing the slow echo in my mind: "Bill and Olive . . . " The words filtered vaguely through my consciousness. "Bill . . . Olive . . .

Finally I said: "I hope they'll be happy."

"They'll be happy enough," Frank said. "But I'm thinking of your happiness. Julia, for a long time now—"

"Please, Frank," I pleaded. "I've got to get back."

24 I don't remember much about the rest of the evening except that Frank was very kind. He knew how deeply I had been hurt. After driving me home, he said: "You know I've always tried to be your friend, Julia."

"I know," I told him.

"You would have heard about Bill and Olive anyhow, and I thought that somehow if it came from me you wouldn't feel so badly about it. I hope I've helped."

"You have, Frank."

As I said good-bye, my mind kept repeating, "Bill and Olive . . . Bill and Olive," like some mournful theme out of an old sad song that I couldn't ever forget.

25 Wingston kept up a steady buzz about the impending marriage. The *Standard* didn't let a day go by without announcing some new and exciting feature of their romance. They were going to the Caribbean on their honeymoon. Bill was going to take up residence in Wingston, and I learned from stray bits of conversation here and there, from people who took delight in giving me the details, that Mr. Roger Towns had given "the children" a fine house on Heights Drive. Yes, and Frank was taking Bill into the firm as a partner.

There was no detail omitted either in the press or in the word of mouth reports that never failed to reach me or Aunt Martha in their most grandiose form. Certainly I had never seen Bill in just the light in which he was now depicted by the populace. He was now the young man who'd go a long way—in Wingston!

26 I think every one but Aunt Martha and me turned out for the wedding. Those who weren't invited crowded outside of the church to see Bill and Olive as they came out.

It was surprising how many neighborly calls we received that morning before the wedding. Oh, they were such friendly calls! Were we going to the wedding? We didn't have to answer because we were immediately assured that "of course you are . . . no one would want to miss seeing *such* a lovely couple being married!"

It was an important day for Wingston, but no less for me. For I decided to go to New York.

27 Dear Aunt Martha tried vainly to dissuade me. "For your own sake, Julia," she pleaded. "I know you've been unhappy, but happiness is something you have to fight for wherever you go. You're running away instead of fighting for it."

"I've fought long enough," I told her. "I'm tired."

"You'll be alone, without friends, even without a job." She went on for a long time in that vein.

"I've been alone, without friends except for you, all my life," I replied.

Aunt Martha shook her head acknowledging defeat, and then, without another word about the folly of my flight, she began to help me with my packing.

28 New York was everything I had expected it would be. All the surface glamor I had seen depicted in magazines and books was there, but not for me, I felt. Yet its closeness was thrilling enough, and I was grateful for the sense of independence it gave me.

"Alone and without friends . . ." Aunt Martha's words came to me as I sat on the couch in my furnished room. That didn't matter, but being jobless did.

It was a cruel, heartless search. The agencies were crowded with girls like myself, full of ambition but with no specialized abilities. Finally, after days of weary seeking, I heard the words that almost made me faint with gratitude. "Report in the morning to Mr. Roper, basement, kitchenware." The personnel manager of Trauman's Department store nodded sternly.

"Thank you," I blurted out, trembling like a leaf.

29 Because I had never worked under pressure before, my job as sales clerk at Trauman's was a terrible grind. At times my legs were numb and swollen, and I wanted to scream as thoughtless women dallied over the counter and addressed me as though I were a servant girl. I had all I could do to drag myself to a sidestreet restaurant and then home to my desolate little room.

Looking back on these few months of my life I feel as though someone else had lived it. Unhappy? Well, not in the usual sense. I was too tired to be unhappy, too confused in my mind to think about how I felt.

30 One evening after work my landlady stopped me on the stairs. "Telegram for you, Miss Winters."

Alarmed, I snatched it from her hands, raced to my room and tore it open. It was from Dr. Drury, our family physician.

"Your Aunt Martha very ill. Come at once . . ."

Coming from Dr. Drury, such a message was ominous. He was not one for using such imperative tones without being driven to do so. I held my breath a second, imagining the worst. I think there is in all of us an innate streak of selfishness which lingers unacknowledged beneath the surface. In the face of great tragedy, threatening to sever us from those we love, we see it too plainly, and hate ourselves for having always taken instead of having given. This was such a minute for me as I stood before the wavery mirror in my desolate hall room. On my face was etched the conflict of emotions that held me in its grip: breathless fear and an unrelenting hatred for myself for having deserted the one person in the world who had always stood by me.

I leaped to my packing, praying almost audibly all the while. In the midst of my dazed attempt to collect my things I sank against the bed: "Please, God," I begged aloud. "Don't let Aunt Martha leave. I couldn't stand being so much alone. . . . Oh, please. . . ."

31 Aunt Martha had been sick and alone for three days when I arrived. Her face, once round and flushed, was gaunt and wasted. I couldn't restrain my emotions, even though I knew that my tears would only make her feel worse. "Don't cry, dear," she said softly.

"I should never have left you alone," I almost screamed. "It's my fault you're so ill. I'll make it up to you now, Aunt Martha."

The sad, far-away look in her eyes told me that I would never be able to make it up to her.

Dr. Drury had come in. "Hello, Julia," he said. "So you've come back to look after your Aunt Martha." I nodded.

"Well," he drawled, putting his hand over Aunt Martha's forehead. "It won't be so bad now, Martha, will ~~it?~~"

Aunt Martha gave him a wan, grateful smile.

I have never seen another smile like that; nor do I wish ever to see another . . . unless it is the reflection of my own in the eyes of one I love.

32 For three weeks I kept a dreary vigil while death hovered over Aunt Martha. It was maddening to have to stand helplessly by while life drifted away from the one person in the world who had always loved and protected me.

Her pain was great, and toward the end I prayed that she would drift off unknowingly in her sleep; and that was how it finally happened.

If I had ever indulged myself in the saving grace of self-pity, all that vanished now . . . lost in the torrent of futile compassion I felt for Aunt Martha. Measured against her sacrifices for me, my fate had been a bed of roses. Too late that realization had come to me.

33 On a murky day we laid Aunt Martha to rest, and when I returned from the funeral, I found Frank Towns waiting at the steps. "I just got into town, and they told me what had happened. I came right over."

"Thank you, Frank," I said. "Thank you for everything you've ever tried to do for me."

His face looked worn and thin. "I suppose you'll be leaving us again," he said.

"No, Frank. I belong in Wingston. I'm not running away again."

He smiled grimly. "I know how you feel, Julia. Because I've been thinking about running away myself."

"What's happened?" I wanted to know.

"I overplayed my hand," he answered simply, and then told me the story. He had tied up all the money he could get; his own and that of others, and made investments in property on the strength of inducing industrial enterprises to establish themselves in Wingston. All his plans had gone awry.

"We're all stranded high and dry. Dad was hit hard, and, of course, Olive is hysterical."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said, putting my hand on his arm.

"I know you are, Julie."

34 Through Mrs. Lewis's efforts I was able to get my old job at the library back again, and I took up life in Wingston where I had left off. I was closing the library one evening when I heard someone in back of me say: "Good evening, Julia." I turned and saw Bill staggering slightly toward me. He had been drinking.

I had always suspected that he was weak, but I had never admitted it to myself. Perhaps it was the inner knowledge of his weakness that had drawn me to him. It had made me feel that he needed me.

As we walked along, he told me how Frank's business had smashed, how the family fortune went with it, how Olive had turned into a tortured tigress under the strain. He guessed she hated him because through it all he had been so helpless, not knowing anything about business. And now . . . grieved and full of self-pity. Though I was sorry for him, I knew then that all my love for him, which once had filled my heart, was dead.

37 Looking at his pale, boyish face, I felt sorry for him in a remote, impersonal way. I substituted a pillow for the overcoat under his head on the couch and found a blanket to cover him. A few hours' sleep, I thought, would straighten him out.

As I let my eyes drift slowly over his face I was suddenly startled to see how much older he seemed. The boyish surface could not conceal the hard, cynical lines.

I asked myself vehemently how human lives can get so horribly twisted and shattered. It wasn't the wages of sin—the reward of evil. I thought of my own life. Of Aunt Martha's. Frank had not escaped either. Not even Olive.

As I bent down to tuck the blanket around Bill's shoulders a high scornful laugh struck my ears.

38 I looked up and Olive was coming toward me. "Why, you hateful little—"

"Olive!" I cried. "He came here drunk because you drove him out."

"I drove him out." She laughed. "You've been waiting for this. Like mother, like daughter. All right, you've got him, but only because I'm through with him anyway. I don't want him any more. But I'm not going to let you get away with it so easily."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, suddenly aware of the menace beneath her words.

"I'm not going to do anything," she said with a slow bitter precision, but her eyes were flashing. "My lawyer will attend to the details. Don't worry. He'll get in touch with you soon!"

40 I didn't go to the trial; nor did I read about it in the newspaper, but dear friends were kind enough to repeat Olive's testimony to me and keep me posted. I told myself that no matter what happened I would stand my ground. If there was one lesson to be gained from my mangled life it was the hard truth that flight—the easiest way out—was too often the bitterest. Despite all that had happened, my feet were now on firm ground.

35 Late the next night the bell rang sharply. I slipped into my dressing gown and went down to the door. "Bill!"

He swayed toward me limply. "You shouldn't come here in this condition," I told him.

"I've got to talk to you, Julia. I tell you, I've got to talk to someone. Olive hates me. She blames me for everything that's happened. The whole thing's been a rotten mistake."

"Listen, Bill," I said. "Come out of the doorway. Someone will see you."

"I don't care," he groaned.

"But I do," I countered sharply.

He came toward me with a lurch, then checked himself abruptly, staring up at me helplessly all the while. Involuntarily, I rushed forward to help him.

36 I knew he was in a condition where logic would be of no avail. I led him to the couch, and he sat down heavily, still pouring out a torrent of words.

"I should never have married her, Julia. I didn't know what I was doing. You're the only one I ever cared for—honest, Julia."

"Bill," I said tensely. "That's all over, and now you've got to pull yourself together and sober up. I can't have you here like this."

"What does it matter!"

"What does it matter!" I repeated, my voice shrill with contempt. "Do you know what would happen if anyone ever found out you were here in the middle of the night? Every tongue in Wingston would be wagging about it in twenty-four hours."

Bill didn't answer. His head began to nod heavily, and he fell off to sleep with a lurch onto the arm of the couch.

39 The telephone has been used to carry messages of mercy, to save lives, and to crucify. The next day the wires of Wingston were humming; each face I encountered showed it had heard the news.

The town hadn't had a good-sized scandal since Mother fled in the night with the man she thought she loved, for a happiness that was never to be. And now all this was brought up to date and a new chapter had been added.

41 I was in my room when I saw Bill coming toward the house. I ran downstairs, out the front door and onto the porch, just as he reached the steps. "Why did you come here?" I demanded. "Hasn't there been trouble enough? What are you trying to do to me?"

"I had to come. Tomorrow I'm supposed to take the witness stand to defend myself. I'm not going. Let her win with colors flying, but I'll be free."

With very little effort I could have hated him in that moment more than I had ever imagined I could hate anyone—and my capacity in that direction had not been too limited. Yet, I knew all too well the wayward workings of a mind that has been reduced to desperation and futility. I, too, had once taken the easy way out.

As Bill approached I stood as though barring his way, telling myself to be patient with him.

"It's no use, Julia," he said. "Let her flay me to her heart's content. It may do her some good to get the venom out of her."

42 "But what about me, Bill? Wouldn't you testify for my sake—tell the truth?"

He shrugged. "Who'd believe the truth! And what difference does it make what people here think! Julia, I'll be free. Won't you marry me and we'll go away together?"

He took my arm and tried to draw me closer.

I tried to conceal my contempt. "How could we ever expect to be happy after everything that's happened? After this—"

He seemed to see in my words a message of hope. "It's been an awful mess, I know. But what we had between us, Julia, was the real thing. Can't you remember how we felt—how close we were together?"

43 As I backed away, Bill followed me. Once inside the hall, he crushed me in his arms. The door was half-closed behind us. Suddenly there was a knock and it swung open. Frank was standing there. Our eyes met and he held my gaze steadily for a second: "So it is true," he said tightly. "I didn't believe it."

"Oh, it's you," Bill said.

"Yes. I came here with some chivalrous notion that I could help. But I see you don't need me, Julia."

"Say, what's going on here?" Bill wanted to know.

Frank looked at him sharply. "You ought to know. I'm only a visitor here."

44 "Frank," I pleaded. "I thought you *were* my friend—not like the others. Why must you believe what you think you see? Why don't you believe what's true, what you want to believe is true!"

Frank didn't look at me. "Don't stand there with that look of injured innocence on your face, Frank, as though I owed you an explanation. I should be the one to demand an explanation. I've had my name dragged through the mud in this town for a mistake my mother made, and now I'm being crucified because people choose to believe only what's bad and ugly. I thought you were different. But it doesn't matter. I'm used to being let down."

"I can't help having feelings," Frank retaliated. "Hasn't it ever occurred to you that I might be human—that the rôle of big brother is a little painful to me now and then. And now this—"

"And now what?" Bill interposed.

"Please, Bill," I snapped. Then to Frank: "I don't want to have to explain anything to you, Frank. Not to you—because you'd be the one to regret it, if I did."

45 "Forgive me, Julia," Frank said. "I'm sorry."

I nodded. "There's no need to be sorry."

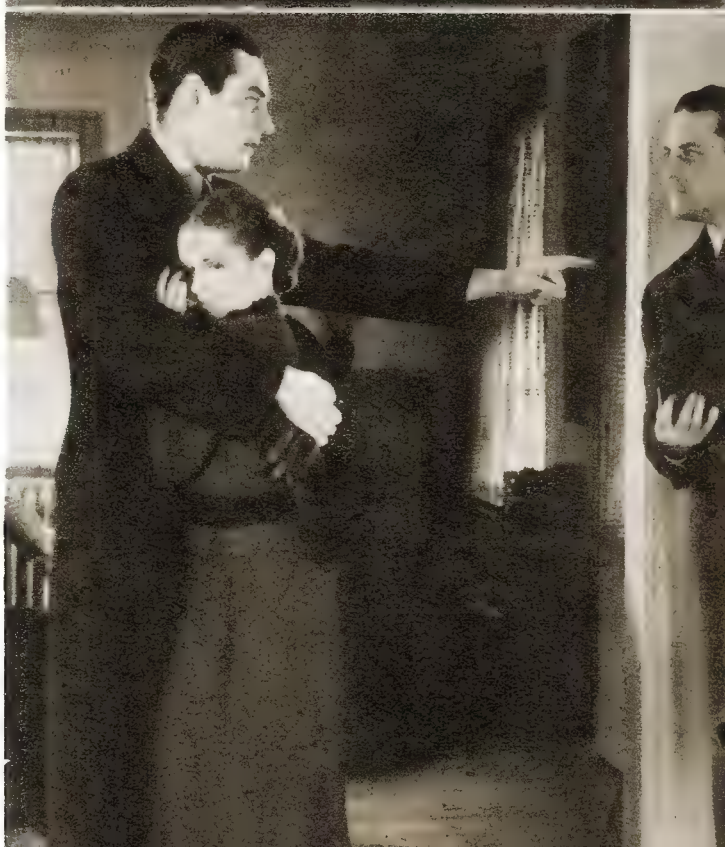
"I acted like a cad, I know. But I love you. I guess I've always loved you and it hurt to see you—"

Bill interrupted. "Say, I didn't know you two felt this way about each other. Listen to me, Frank. Nothing happened that night. I was drunk and—"

"Bill," I interposed sharply. "Don't!"

"He has a right to know the truth," Bill replied in a determined voice.

Frank shook his head. "I know the truth. I knew it all along. You don't have to explain anything!"



46 "Well," Bill said, "I guess this lets me out."

"Not quite," Frank told him. "You've got to tell the court the truth. This is the town Julia is going to live in the rest of her life—with me. It's small, it's petty, but that's just why we need people like Julia."

Bill smiled. "O. K., Frank," he promised, suddenly serious. "I'll tell 'em, and in a way they won't forget."

He held out his hand, and Frank took it.

"Good luck to both of you."

"Thanks, Bill," Frank said.

"Good-bye, Julia."

As the door closed I felt happily secure in the knowledge that Frank's arms were around me

47 When Bill had gone Frank put his hand on my shoulder and drew me to him. "Will you marry me, Julia?"

"Yes, Frank," I answered, and I knew that I had found my happiness at last.

48 I never thought it would be so easy to forgive Olive for the unhappiness she had caused me. But the next morning when she came to me looking so drawn, so tired, I had nothing but compassion for her.
"I've been up all night talking with Frank. He's shown me what a fool I've been. Perhaps some day you'll be able to forgive me."
"I forgive you now," I told her warmly. "You haven't been very happy either."
"Oh, Julia," she sobbed. "I've paid a thousand times over in my mind for what I've done to you. How I've hated myself."
"Don't talk about it any more, Olive. That's all over now."
Olive gave me a steady look. "It won't be all over till I patch up my life with Bill and prove I can make somebody happy. He's willing to try and all I want is a chance."
Her voice was so full of inexpressible gratitude that I sank down on the arm of her chair and drew her head onto my lap. She cried softly like a child.

49 Frank and I have been married for two years now, and I suppose many people would consider us a very unromantic couple. And I guess they would be right. Having known pain and perplexity, we've a rare appreciation of joy, now that we have it. We're just two small-town folks complete unto ourselves, and that's enough for Frank and me. Well, that's not quite true. We're expecting a visitor, and I don't suppose we'll be quite happy until he arrives. When Frank, Junior, comes (I like to pretend I'm sure it will be a Frank, Junior), then I'm positive that we'll have everything.

Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.

aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed *(right)* at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

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MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

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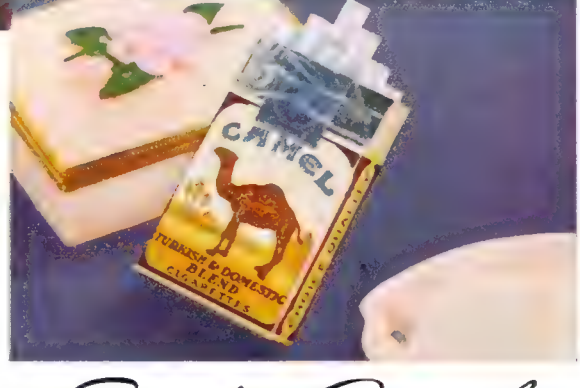
Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!



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Robert Taylor adores Eleanor Powell in the song and dance hit: *Broadway Melody of 1938.* He's Steve Raleigh, who wants to produce a play. She's Sally Lee, who owns a thoroughbred horse. Between racetracks and footlights, dreams come true!

ELEANOR POWELL AND ROBERT TAYLOR

"This was the snapshot that brought us together"

"WHEN I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me . . . I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

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Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

See how your skin responds to the invigorating action of this new cream [*it contains colloidal gold!*]

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True Letters

(*Continued from page 18*)

I thought of the problem for a long time. I lived it, slept it, dreamed it. And all the while, Edith was going around with her head in the clouds. Those telephone calls at seven in the evening were from him. When she sneaked out on those unexplained dates, it was with him. I had mildly suggested that her escort should come in for coffee, but she paid no attention and he never came in.

At last I decided that I must speak to him. He was older, more experienced, more responsible. Surely an honorable man would not want to compromise a young girl. So I went to his office one morning.

I couldn't help liking him, he was so young and so vital. And so handsome. But as he talked, as he explained to me how unhappy he was with his wife and that he had not deceived Edith about anything, I sensed a slippery quality about him. His eyes, it seemed to me after half an hour's conversation, were slightly shifty. I said, "But Mr. Nugent, are you planning to get a divorce? Exactly what can my daughter expect?"

He played with a paper knife. "No. No, I can't say we've discussed a divorce . . . But we'll come to it. I—I wouldn't want to rush the matter . . ."

I stood up. I smiled at him, but underneath I was now disliking him intensely. I said, "Please don't tell Edith I came here, she'd be humiliated to think I interfered. I'm going to let the whole thing drop. She's not an infant. She can handle herself."

I didn't plan to let the matter drop.

Through a friend, I learned where Maxwell Nugent lived, and I found that one of the ladies Fred and I had played bridge with

(*Continued on page 97*)

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

perennially popular star, Warner Baxter.

"After all," she explained, "you must remember that one's first impression of any food is gained through the sense of sight, then of smell, and finally of taste. I think many of us would be amazed, if we conducted a sort of 'blindfold test' at the table, how changed would be our reactions toward many foods.

"Yes," I agreed. "I've noticed in summer especially that a plate overloaded with heavy foods has so little appeal that most people can't begin to enjoy that meal.

Having discovered that we were in perfect accord on that point, we then went on to discuss in considerable detail several of the summertime dishes served by Mrs. Baxter.

A fine lot of foods they turned out to be too, when tested in my own kitchens according to the recipes I proudly brought back with me from my interview. For of course I lost no time trying them all out myself.

I discussed these appetizing dishes with our hostess on the terrace which overlooks their marvelous swimming pool.

"How about salads?" I started off, diving into culinary matters instead of into the pool on that particular sultry afternoon. In salads, as I realized full well, the effectiveness of appearance recommended by Winifred Bryson steps into the center of the spotlight. "And salad dressings?" I continued, when the first subject had been pretty well disposed of—for what is a salad if it is not "dressed up" tastefully and in style! Then from this point we progressed through sandwiches, snacks, and beverages on to that favorite of favorites, ice cream.

But come now! That's all pretty general, isn't it, and you doubtless would prefer to make such a culinary journey in more orderly, step-by-step fashion, learning many little Hollywood refreshment tricks along the way; and of course finding out, as we progress, just what sort of recipes I'm going to send you when you write in and ask for your very own copy of this month's attractive little "Hostess" leaflet. It's free as usual and more than usually timely. You'll find a coupon at the end of this article for your convenience.

I'll start off by describing the salads she mentioned, for we're featuring them this month in particular, you'll recall. Such colorful salads, too. Why, they're almost too pretty to eat—that is, until you've tasted them and then I defy you to stop before you've consumed the very last bite. Of course the salad dressings have a great deal to do with their appeal; one a French Honey Dressing, which is excellent with fruit salads of all kinds; the other a Piquant French Dressing. Both of these fine salad dressings will be found in the leaflet.

There were two fruit salads suggested by Mrs. Baxter. The first is simply a combination of sliced nectarines, sliced Kadota figs, and fresh raspberries, arranged in layers on crisp lettuce with the berries forming the topmost layer. The Honey Salad Dressing just mentioned adds "that certain something" which makes this unusual combination extra delicious. The second of the fruit salads is of the jellied variety. Made with quick-setting gelatin and two sorts of canned fruit, it turns out to be as tasty and as colorful as it is easy to prepare. The Honey Dressing also is good with this one.

A more substantial main-course-luncheon-dish type of salad is one I shall always call "Baxter Boats" in my mind, when I think of it. And that will be often, I assure you, for it's really quite tricky. In appearance, I mean, not preparation, for that's really quite simple considering the amusing effect you achieve for your efforts. Made with cucumbers as the "boats" and with shrimps —but why go on when the card in the leaflet tells you just how to go about it? And don't forget that "cool as a cucumber" certainly applies to *this* salad!

A great cheese favorite of Warner Baxter's is a toasted open-faced Cottage Cheese Sandwich. Requiring only a few minutes under the broiler flame of the oven, this sandwich provides a welcome hot feature for an otherwise cold repast. The recipe is in the leaflet.

For a more substantial lunch or supper, be sure to try the Salmon à la Russe, also in the leaflet. Hot or cold, it's equally good. And my, how easy to prepare! It's a "maid's day out" special at the Baxter's for that very reason. The Baxters don't particularly appreciate its economy feature, naturally, but those of us who have to think of such things will find that its inexpensiveness adds greatly to the appeal of this recipe. Just think, too —you can open up a can of spaghetti to go with it, serve a salad—Mixed Greens with Piquant French Dressing, shall we say—follow this course with fruits and cheese

instead of a heavy sweet, and have the most appetizing of summer meals.

Beverages, of course, must not be overlooked in any discussion of summer refreshments. Here's a Winifred Baxter favorite.

SPARKLING PUNCH

2 oranges
1 lemon
1 pint can of pineapple juice
1 small bottle maraschino cherries
1 quart sparkling white grape juice

Squeeze juice from oranges and lemon. Strain and pour over cake of ice in punch bowl. Add pineapple juice and cherries. Just before serving add sparkling grape juice and serve in tall glasses with colored ice cubes.

Here at last is the Ice Cream recipe, too, which is so carefully described for you pictorially on the first page of this article. Those of you who have automatic refrigerators will surely want to try this frozen fruit-flavored treat recommended by Mrs. Baxter because it is a superior product, one that is smooth, free of ice crystals and not too rich. Doesn't need stirring, either, which is a *plus value* if ever I saw one! Here it is—and please let me know if you agree with my opinion (after testing it) that it's swell!

RASPBERRY ICE CREAM

1 pint (2 cups) raspberries
¾ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup hot water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup milk, scalded
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup powdered sugar
2 cups heavy cream, whipped

Crush raspberries slightly, add granulated sugar, salt, and hot water. Bring to a boil, then continue boiling 2 minutes. Press through a sieve, add well-strained lemon juice, chill thoroughly in refrigerator. Scald milk, remove from heat, add the gelatin which has soaked 5 minutes in the cold water. Stir until gelatin has dissolved, add powdered sugar. Chill in refrigerator until mixture thickens (it should be about the consistency of mayonnaise). Whip gelatin mixture with rotary beater until light and full of bubbles. Fold whipped gelatin gently into cream which has been whipped until very stiff. When this mixture is thoroughly blended, add chilled fruit, stirring it in *gently* until well mixed. Turn into refrigerator tray or trays and freeze quickly. This makes approximately three pints.

So there you have several of the Baxter recipes and a description of the others that are waiting for you to send in for them, this month: two salads, two salad dressings, a real "company" sandwich and the easiest, most inexpensive of main-course dishes. All those in the leaflet have appeal for everyone and real interest too for the calorie counters for whom salads are particularly good.

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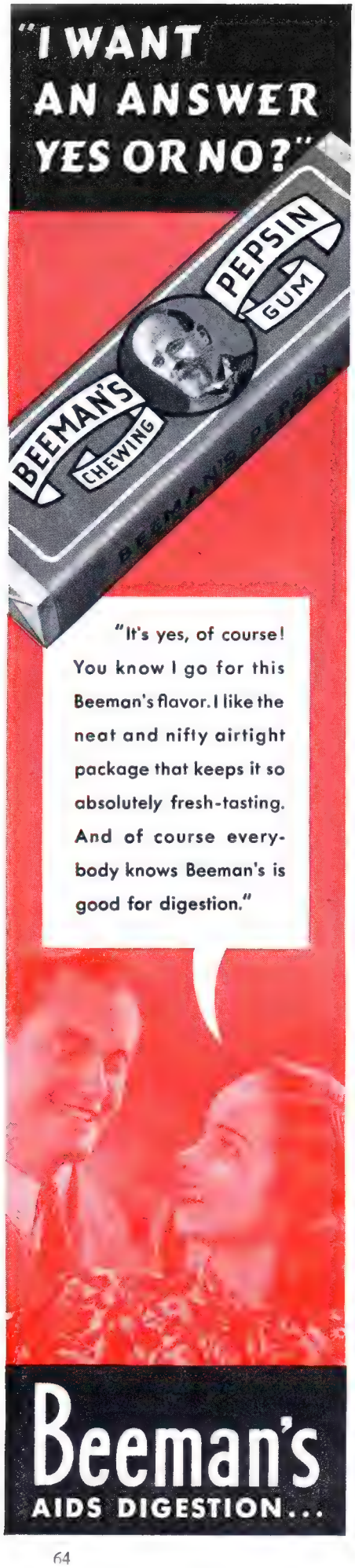
"I WANT AN ANSWER YES OR NO?"
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"It's yes, of course! You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I like the neat and nifty airtight package that keeps it so absolutely fresh-tasting. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion."
Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Shotgun Wedding

(*Continued from page 21*)

no-account boys!" I said flatly. "I'm tired, and I'm going to sit here as long as I please. Go on, 'fraidy cats, run."

They wouldn't go away then, I knew. Soon the boys, four of them, in shabby, rough clothes and funny smiles on their lips, moved closer. One of them cried, "Nice lookin' babes! Hey, where'd you come from?"

We pretended we didn't hear them. The tallest of the group advanced. He looked me over. "Hello, girls." But he was looking at me. "How come we haven't seen each other before?"

He was bending so close to me his eyes and mine were almost at a level.

He had blue eyes. Clear, dark blue. He was tough looking but his mouth was nice and he had a tawny head of unruly hair. He said, as if he didn't know he was going to say it, "You're pretty, aren't you, kid?"

My girl friends had gotten to their feet quickly and edged away. They were all frightened. These boys were loafers.

In my daze, I, too, stood up. His hand was on my sleeve. He smiled right into my eyes. "I'm Spike McClure. What's your name?"

"You're certainly a swift one, Spike!" his friends called. "Bet ye'r dating her up already, huh, Spike?" They laughed knowingly.

The blood stung my cheeks. I shook his hand from my sleeve. "Don't you dare touch me, you—you—"

And suddenly there was a tall woman, hands on hips, standing between us. "Run along with you, Spike! He been bothering you, little girl?"

She was redheaded and ample, her figure frankly revealed in the close-fitting, soiled dress she wore. But she was handsome. I was woman enough, even at twelve, to see that. But she didn't look like anybody's mother, if you know what I mean.

She repeated her question. "Has Spike been annoying you, little girl?"

"I'm not a little girl!" I cried resentfully. "And he's being a pest, yes."

SPIKE'S eyes looked surprised and hurt. I thought of a friendly little pup I'd picked up, only a week or two ago, that Mother had made me take back out into the street. "Aw, I just said hello to her. Just—"

"You be sayin' hello to the likes of yerself, McClure, and leave the likes of her alone."

"And you," I said to the woman, "leave me alone. I'm not a baby."

She threw her head back and gave me a sharp look. "Listen to the miss! How would you like a bunch of toughies to gang up on you, mademoiselle?"

"Nuthin' like that, Kathy," Spike was saying awkwardly. "I just—I just—" He gulped and then motioned to his friends. "Let's get out of here, fellows."

"This is a swell part of town to stay away from," said the woman meaningfully.

Something about her seemed to arouse hostility and dislike in me. She was so sure of herself, so loudmouthed, calling me "little girl" and calmly assuming I was brainless.

"I can take care of myself," I told her. I turned to skate away but she put her hand on my shoulder. "What's yer name?"

"Who wants to know?" I retorted smartly. That was the latest clever crack in school and it sprang to my lips impudently.

"I do. Kathy Conover. Mrs. Timini."

My mouth opened in a startled gasp. Kathy Conover! Why, that was the name of Daddy's—Daddy's—

She saw my excitement. "What's wrong?"

I tried to pull myself up with the dignity I had seen in Mother so often. This woman was the cause of all my mother's tears. This sloppy, redhaired middle-aged woman dragged my father out nights, made him drink heavily, spend money that was really ours.

I said, "My name is Arline Wyatt."

She was not the slightest bit upset. "I thought so," she said. "You're your father all over again." Exactly what Mother said. It took me off guard. She did not seem to hate me, or indeed to have any sort of emotion about me at all. She just took it calmly and matter-of-factly. I was too young not to be passionately concerned with loyalties. I said, "I know who you are, too."

"Are you coming, Arline?" my friends called impatiently. They were too far to have heard anything. Kathy Conover said, "Better go on, Arline."

I was glad to get away from her. I skated away bumpily. The shock had upset me. So that was what she looked like! Somehow, I hadn't pictured my father's—my father's friend as looking like that. Sloppy, middle-aged, redhaired. Blowsy. She didn't look respectable! Well, she wasn't. But there was something else about her. All the way home, skating with the other girls, pretending to giggle when they did, my mind was working around the problem of Kathy Conover.

I was home again, sitting on our back steps, taking off my skates, before I had unknotted the thing about her that bothered me. She looked cheap and common, yes. But she looked—she looked vigorous. Alive, young, for all her obvious middle age.

WHEN I went inside and Mother asked me in her low voice, "Are you hungry, Arline?" it came over me suddenly how dried-up she was. How empty of life and energy, beside the crude animation, the flashing eyes and red hair of that fat, cheap Hunky Town woman.

When I was sixteen, I had almost forgotten that I had ever seen Kathy or Spike McClure or ever been near Hunky Town. Although my home life was much the same as it had always been—Mother pale and quiet, gliding back and forth lifelessly; Daddy drunk half the time and away the rest of the time—my outside life had begun to blossom. It took up all my thoughts. I ate and slept at home but that was all. My real life went on outside.

I had graduated from high school a whole year earlier than most girls. Although I wanted to go away to college—not so much for the education, as because I knew I'd have lots of fun—that was one thing Mother hadn't been able to manage. I was staying home, not working, for she would not hear of my getting a job. And she had promised me that at seventeen I could go to college.

She did not say how this was to be done. Once or twice I thought she meant she'd sell the house, but I couldn't pin her down.

How weak and unimportant all this was beside my real life! For I was in love! Madly, violently, wholeheartedly as only sixteen can be in love. It was a new world to explore, a thrill of wild new experiences I had never dreamed of before.

Peyton James and I had danced together as children in the dancing school Mother had sent me to. We had been in each other's classes all through grammar school and high school. But not until the summer before he was to go away to college did we wake up to the magic in each other's presence.

Peyton was the youngest son of the man who owned our local automobile agency. They weren't really rich, but certainly Peyton had the most expensive bicycle, the best school clothes, the most spending money, of

the boys in high. Of course he was popular.

He had asked Mary Giles to the Junior Prom, the year before. And he always took her to football games. He played quarterback, so Mary generally sat with a group of girls, but afterwards, she'd go around to the locker room and wait for him in his car. For when he was seventeen, his father gave him a car a customer had traded in.

And when he was eighteen, he went away to college. That summer before he went, we happened to meet at a party. I'll never forget it. Mary Giles was there, hanging on him, as always. She was a pretty little thing, but so wrapped up in him that it was pathetic. A group of girls were talking in the ladies' room. I said, "She reminds me of Poor Alice Ben Bolt, who trembled with delight when he gave her a smile, and wept with despair when he frowned."

The other girls howled, as they always did at my witticisms. "She's just like that, really she is!" they agreed.

"But Peyton is a handsome devil," someone said. "He reminds me of a movie star."

I hadn't especially paid any attention to Peyton because there had always been so many other boys to dance with, ride with, walk with. I hated to have boys call for me at home on account of Daddy's drinking, but I had been the center of many evenings on other girls' porches.

YET, after that dressing-room conversation, I noticed Peyton James for the first time. He *was* handsome.

When he danced by, with Mary, I stared just a little. My stare made him notice me, for he asked me for the next dance.

Do you remember the first time your heart really leaped with emotion? I can remember the feel of his hands on my shoulder. I can recall the closeness and the warmth of him. Something pounded in my breast. This boy was doing to me what, up to now, only movies and love stories had done.

He whispered, "Let's go out on the porch." He was eager and excited. He felt it, too. We were caught up in this wild, new feeling. It burned through us like wildfire through dry grass.

On the porch we didn't say much. Our hands held tightly. He asked, "We've always known each other, haven't we?"

"I know." I stood close to him. I was honest about this warmth, this beautiful new surge of feeling. This night was magic, this party was marvelous. Peyton's profile was mysterious and handsome, his body strong and hard and compelling. Our hands clung ever more urgently.

"Let's go for a ride, Arline."

We ran across the dark lawn. We got in his car. Sitting close together, we drove out into the night. The wind ruffled my hair. He was driving fast. As if that pushing emotion inside was trying to get out. But it was no use. Speed wouldn't do it.

He nosed the car into a dark side road. Wordlessly, he held out his arms, and I came to him. His lips were close to my ear. He said, "Gosh—I—I didn't know that anything like this could happen, Arline!" And then he kissed me. His mouth was hot. It seemed to drink of mine. Our lips clung. The kiss hurt me, and yet it went satisfyingly deep, and the bruised lips gloried in their pain.

I slipped my arms around his neck. I kissed him back. His lips touched my throat.

I ran my fingers through his hair. We didn't say much. We could only cling and kiss and feel this wind of passion swaying us as storms sway tall trees.

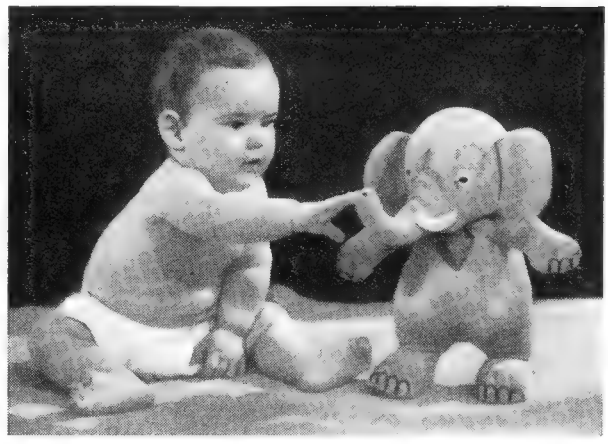
At last he gathered me up in his arms. "You're so little. So soft."

"You're so big, Peyton. So strong."

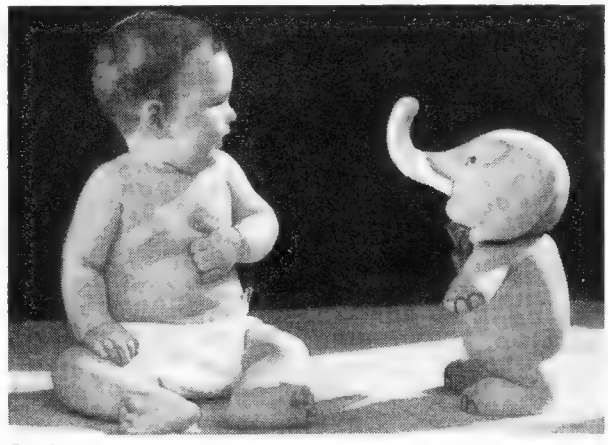
"You think I'm a beast," he whispered.

"No, I don't, Peyton. Honestly, I don't."

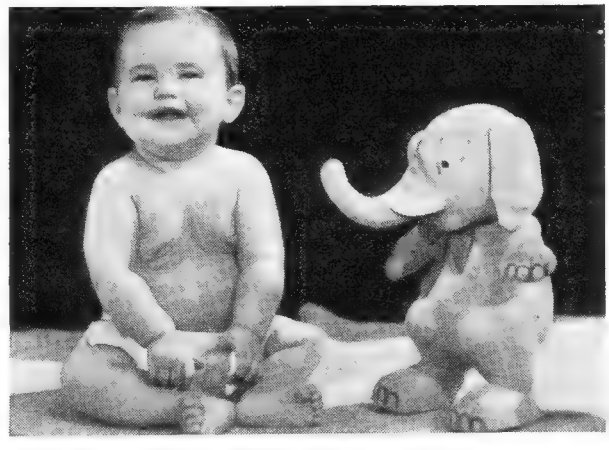
We lay in each other's arms a long time, whispering, kissing, looking up at the stars, feeling the hard rise and fall of each



● *"Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say... It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"*



● *"You don't tell me!... You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on... Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!... Well, I must say you've got something there!"*



● *"Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder... no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"*

● *"Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orrisroot... Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.*

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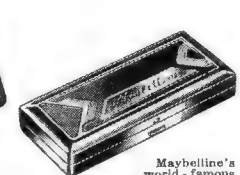

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other's breathing. I wanted to sob with joy, I wanted to cry out with the keenness of this beauty I was feeling. I could only nestle closer to Peyton, pressing my lips back on his, my arms tight about his neck.

We knew that it was dangerous to stay out there, alone like that, for very long. After a while I pushed him away. "We ought to go back."

He jerked me savagely close again. "Don't say that, Arline. Oh—God—what you do to me!" He was shaking with emotion. His voice seemed to crack and die away. But his quick breathing, his trembling hands, betrayed the unslaked thirst of his passion.

"Peyton," I said carefully. "I—I feel the same way. I want you as much as you want me. But we're too young and it's too dangerous and—"

He stopped my words with kisses. "I'm going to marry you, Arline. I'm not going to college. I'll stay here and make Father give me a job."

I had thought about love, I was wild with hot young passion. But I had not thought of marriage at all. My mind simply didn't go that far. Dancing, kissing, enjoying this delicious thrill—being in love with Peyton and having him in love with me. But marriage . . . Why did a chill wipe away the warmth, suddenly? Why did I think of Daddy's voice at night and Mother crying and the damp rooms of our house?

I tried to laugh it off. "You can't give up college, Peyton. Your people wouldn't stand for it. And I wouldn't want you to."

His arms were hurting my shoulders, he was holding me so close now. "You'll wait for me? You won't—you won't do this with anyone else?"

"Peyton!"

It was sweet to be with him, sweet to feel his new jealousy, his sudden possessiveness. And I thought of Mary Giles with triumph. Poor meek little thing.

When we got back to the party, I was smiling confidently, proud of Peyton. I held his arm possessively. It seemed to me that everyone could read in our faces that we had been making love in the car, in the dark.

Mary Giles dropped her eyes when I caught her staring at us. How sweet it was to know I had something she wanted! Not that I was cruel. But it was a victory!

Although he had brought her to the party, Peyton did not take Mary home that night. He took me. We sat on my back steps, and in haltingly tender words he tried to tell me that I must not be sorry for our kisses—our love-making—that I must not feel because he had caressed me that there was anything wrong. How hard he took it! In his heart, he must think such things wicked, to keep apologizing this way!

"Peyton, that's love," I said softly. "It—it says so in all the books. We—we've only done what other people do." I hugged him. "Oh, darling, I feel so alive, so on my toes! I feel I could hug the whole world!"

His eyes devoured me. "You're brave!"

"Of course I'm brave, Peyton! We must both be! There's so much in life that's wonderful—if you have the nerve to live—"

HE came down a step lower and laid his head on my breast. That stunned me, it was so unexpected. Why, why he—he was taking comfort from me! As if he were tired, and I were his mother . . . I was baffled. So much of his reaction puzzled me. Apologizing for his halting caresses . . . Sobbing when he said he loved me . . .

Suddenly, I felt a little ridiculous. Big, strong, manly Peyton, behaving this way! I got up quickly and said, to hide my bewilderment, "Daddy might come out."

"I'm going, sweetheart. But I'll come back tomorrow. Early."

A last long kiss. This time he held my body tight against his, and almost lifted me from the step as he kissed me. I felt more

sure of him. I wanted him always to be the way he looked—strong and dependable.

The next night we rode in the dark again, huddled close together, streaking through the night, the wind on our faces. But again it was no good. Speed couldn't satisfy us.

On the banks of a little creek Peyton parked the car, and we pushed through the tall grass and the underbrush.

"Here, it's soft here."

I dropped down beside him. My heart was hammering madly. His arms reached for me. "I'll never go away to college, Arline. I couldn't ever leave you!"

"Silly!"

BUT when he kissed me, the same madness raced through me that was causing such havoc with all the plans he had made before this happened. The blood sang in my veins and nothing else mattered.

His face, when it touched mine, was burning. He said, "I—I've kissed girls, before. But when I'm with you I—"

"It's because we're young—this is new—we—we have to learn all this—" I said to him. But he wouldn't listen. He only insisted, "It's because we were made for each other. Oh, Arline, we've got to get married!"

I shied away from the thought of marriage. "Not yet." And so, for all the wonder of the magic love-making, we were silent, and misunderstanding lay between us when he took me home late that night.

"You don't want to marry me!" he accused.

"I do. But not now. Not soon."

"But I can't go on like this. Can't you see? I can't sleep. I can't eat. I—I think about you all the time. I want you so much, Arline!"

I looked straight at him, and his eyes dropped before mine.

"Peyton," I said honestly, "I want you, too. But we'd only make trouble for ourselves. You know we would. I know, anyway."

"Not if we were married."

I jerked my head toward the house. "My mother and father are married. Do you think they've been happy? Or yours?"

He said, "But—but we'll have to get married, Arline."

"I'm not going to, ever." It was the first time the thought had taken shape in my mind. I said, slowly, "I want love, and I want good times, want to enjoy life. But I don't want to be walled up alive in a tomb. That's what marriage does to you."

"Not to people who love each other."

"Let's not fight, Peyton. We have years and years. I'm only sixteen and you're nineteen. We're babies! We've got this summer—and then college for you—"

He went away unsatisfied. But he could not stay away from me. We had continual dates as the summer drew to a close. All our friends were whispering about us excitedly. Poor little Mary Giles, he'd never been near her since the night of the party!

I felt resentful at having to stay home while all the crowd were going away to school. Even Mary was going.

The night Peyton came to say good-bye, I cried on his shoulder, and he begged me again to marry him. But I wouldn't.

He vowed, "I'll drive down to see you, week-ends, Arline. I'll be here every week."

We both knew they didn't allow freshmen to keep cars at State. But I didn't say anything. And, true to his word, Peyton drove down the very first weekend.

It was a long, gruelling drive, about one hundred and fifty miles. It meant that he had to get up very early on Saturday morning, and it was lunchtime before he got to town. He was tired, but pretended that he wasn't. We spent Saturday afternoon and all evening until nearly dawn together.

"I've got to drive back Sunday." I knew he must have a thousand tasks to perform this week, when he was just getting settled.

And so it went, for the first two or three months of the semester. All week long I moped around the house with little to do, for Mother didn't like to see me doing housework. And on Saturdays Peyton and I would go off to our spot by the creek. When it grew colder, we went dancing.

But soon he said, "Isn't there somewhere we could go where we'd be alone?"

It was December now. The creek bank was impossible, and the parked car was cold. My house was dark and forbidding, its chill atmosphere repellent. His people didn't even know he came in for the weekends, for he never had time to see them, and he'd thought it best not even to tell them.

"We might find a roadhouse that has private rooms," he suggested, his eyes avoiding mine. "There—there wouldn't have to be anything wrong in it. Just so we could be together . . ."

"If anyone ever found out—"

"If they found out I come here at all! We're taking so many risks all around! I'm keeping a car, and sneaking down for week-ends. And people would be sure to talk about you anyway."

TALK! I knew they'd talk! Peyton and I did nothing but lie in each other's arms, kissing and letting the tides of passion sweep through us. Saturday after Saturday, weak and dizzy and spent with our love, we broke away at almost dawn. It wasn't right. It couldn't be right. But we didn't have the courage to stop. I kept telling myself, over and over, that we weren't doing anything *very* wrong. We always managed to control ourselves, to keep within the bounds.

But unwilling pity stirred me when I saw how cruelly this was reacting on Peyton. "Let's be married secretly," he begged me.

"No," I said. "No, no."

It was as if we were in a prison we had

WOMAN HATER?
THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT
—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...
WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR——
WOMAN-HATER NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!
HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND
SIS IS A SWELL GIRL... FUSSY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE. SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER——
IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?
GUY TAKES THE HINT
YES, GUY, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
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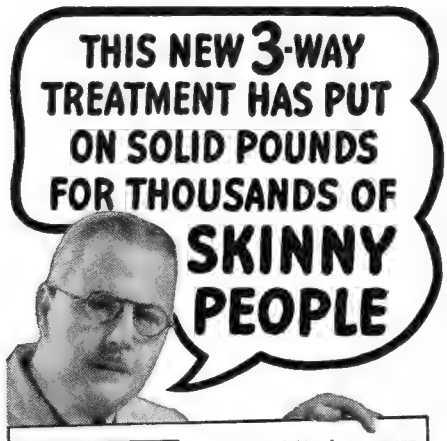
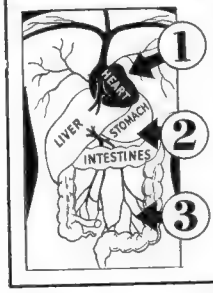
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau





Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

QUICK GAINS OF 10 TO 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

NOW thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say goodbye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh —*in just a few weeks!*

Posed by professional models

Why it builds up so quick

Doctors now know that the real reason why many do not gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now scientists have discovered that one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B is English ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny," wornout persons who need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new "3-way" Ironized Yeast tablets just a few weeks and watch the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 38, Atlanta, Ga.

made for ourselves. We were held tightly by this bond of passionate hunger. He could not rest or eat or even think coherently when anything happened to keep him from driving down on Saturdays. Once his people had visited him at State over the weekend so he couldn't get away, and once he'd been put to bed in the infirmary with a touch of flu. And he was like a caged lion. He sent me wild, babbling letters, he telephoned long distance and sent more letters, and when at last he came, the next Saturday, he almost crushed me in his arms with the mounting tide of relief at seeing me, holding me, again.

And I looked forward to seeing him with that same hunger, that same need. It was a whip across my back, a gnawing at my heart. I thought of him constantly.

So I knew, when December came, that we'd *have* to find somewhere to meet where we could be alone. I protested feebly at the idea of a private room in a roadhouse. But when he told me, the following week, that he had heard of a woman down in Hunky Town who rented out rooms, I did not argue any more.

He stopped the car in front of an evil looking store that I knew must be a "blind pig." Prohibition was still in effect, then. "Up over this, sweetheart, is the place."

I hung back. "It looks so—so—"

"I know. But it's not as bad as it looks."

We stumbled up some uneven wooden steps. The flat over the store was really not so bad, when we reached it. Shabby furniture and soiled curtains, but nothing sinister about it.

The woman, an immense Hungarian housewife, whose husband evidently ran the speakeasy underneath, was not very much interested in us. Peyton had told her that we were married, I supposed. Anyway, she showed us a small bedroom with another room fixed up as a living room adjoining. "I get five a week for this," she said.

I was on the point of saying, "But we won't need it all week."

But Peyton quickly put a five-dollar bill in her hand and closed the door behind her.

"Sweetheart!" He gathered me up in his arms. "I told her we—we wanted it to live in. I mean—you know how it would look—"

"Yes, I know."

I looked around curiously. The double bed nearly filled the bedroom. A cheap reed set and some paper flowers in a vase furnished the living room.

I thought, rebelliously, that it was not a very romantic setting for our love. Then I thought, in a hot flash, of my mother's eyes. If she could know what I was doing!

PEYTON was saying, "This is so much better than a roadhouse or a hotel. No one will ever find out." His lips were seeking mine. But I turned my head. I said, "Peyton, we—we're not—I mean—"

"Darling, I'm on my honor! I wouldn't harm you for the world. I'm eaten up with longing, and you are too, you know you are. But until we're married we—I—"

I hugged him gratefully. "We've just taken this place so we can be alone."

But underneath our words, the cruel drive of our emotions had not been tamed. We were talking against a fearful certainty.

No human flesh could have stood it. For weeks we had been coming close to temptation, and held it at bay—we had contented our craving with kisses and caresses.

But now, alone in the still room, desire leaped forth more alive than ever. Stronger, more daring, more magically alluring. . . .

His hot, hard breathing was in my ear. His arm caught me to him in a convulsive clutch. He said, "Oh, Arline. Arline!" Over and over, all he could say was my name.

I sobbed in surrender. "Oh, Peyton, darling. Darling, darling, darling. . . ." And everything else was forgotten but this. The rest of life dropped away. There were only our lips and our arms and the sweet sharp beauty of our love.

Hours later, when all the madness was spent, I felt bitterly cheated. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to feel that way. I looked at Peyton—the lock of hair across his forehead, the full lips that had kissed me so urgently—and I felt ashamed and miserable that I should be swept by this remorse.

So this was what it was all about . . . This was how it had all ended. Here, with Peyton, in this room with the reed set and the drooping, faded paper flowers.

Waking, he sat up and smiled at me. Then he saw the tears on my cheek.

"Oh, Arline, honey!" In a bound, he had me in his arms. "Don't cry, darling."

He was terribly distressed. Being young—it was all as new to him as it was to me—he was baffled at my tears, uncertain of what had made me cry. Yet he, too, seemed to have the feeling that I had been cheated and that he ought to make it up to me.

IT was Sunday morning, and he had a hundred and fifty long miles to travel back to school. There was no time for much talking. He got his things together, trying to comfort me at the same time. I kept saying, "Oh, never mind about me, Peyton. Here, take your extra shirt. You've got to get back."

Peyton was puzzled and worried, wondering desperately why our adventure had ended so differently from what we expected.

As he snatched up possessions and crowded them into his bag, he kept saying, "Don't worry about a thing, sweetheart. We'll be married. It'll be all right."

I wanted to cry out, "Not being married hasn't anything to do with it! It would be the same even if we had been married, wouldn't it?" But I bit the words back.

His arm was around me as we went down the uneven old stairs. The car, forgotten, had been parked at the curb all night. He stowed the bag away in the rumble. I sat there, thinking bleakly. All my life I had been taught that girls to whom this happened were irrevocably ruined. All the shining magic had disappeared. I tried hard to recall the beckoning promise, the poignant emotions that had battled in my heart. What was it I had thought this love would give me? How could we both have burned and sobbed and clung to each other so?

But we had. And why was all the magic flown now? I asked him, dully, "What happened to us, Peyton? We—we're different. We're sorry . . . both of us."

He patted my hand awkwardly. "We'll be married," he said. "We—oh—" His face was thoughtful and his voice died away. Was he, too, wondering what had happened?

It was about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The "blind pig" under the flat seemed as deserted as the rest of the dirty, Hunky Town street. But suddenly the door opened, and a man and a woman came out.

I had turned my head away from Peyton as he patted my hand. I wanted to cry, and I tried to blink the tears away and straighten out my mouth. So I was looking right at the door of the speakeasy when it opened. I gasped at the man who came out, and swift memory rushed over me when I saw the woman's face.

For it was my own father, with Kathleen Timini! And both of them recognized me!

Will the stifling shadow of sin that has already engulfed the father now creep relentlessly across the future of his young and life-hungry daughter? Or will this man who for years has flouted authority and convention try to save her from making the same mistake? Follow this absorbing story of young passion and dangerous heritage in the

September MODERN ROMANCES—On Sale Everywhere August 1st

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 13*)

How about sticking a little reminder on your mirror, as sort of a motto effect? Just put the word "simplicity" on your mirror. Every time you pass it, you will remember that simplicity of movement is poise, grace, and ease! Here is a little test for that motto, just to show you how complete it is! From a standing position lean over and pick something up from the floor! Now, repeat the act with the posture I described for you. What did you find? The first time you bent the shoulders, crowding the chest, bent the knees, probably shifted the feet; in fact, you didn't look at all nice! The second time your body formed a graceful curve, with one movement you reached your object and with another you were once again erect! And so it is through the whole list of movements you make every day!

DON'T, for heaven's sake, look on good posture as a "company manner" type of thing! Stick to it faithfully every waking hour. It may be a bit of a nuisance at first, but once those right habits have been formed, you will have taken a long stride forward.

All of this advice goes for the underweight as well as the overweight. Of course you who vary more than ten pounds from the normal (either way) will want diets as well as exercises to correct weight problems. If you don't have a good well-balanced diet with which to begin your reduction or weight-gaining program, I shall be glad to send you one. I have also prepared some exercises for you and if you will check the coupon at the end of this article you can get to work on any particular spots that need special attention. And lots of luck!

While you are busy chasing bad habits out the back door, don't overlook the opportunity of banishing lipstick stains! Applying lipstick or retouching the lips away from the dressing table occasionally shatters the nerves of the hardiest! One little smear on the wrong side of the lips, one little particle of lipstick on the fingertips, and tragedy to your favorite hanky or (if you are thoughtless) to your hat brim, clothes, and face! I have found the answer to this problem. It is a very attractive little packet of soft tissues that you may tuck in your handbag and be ready for any emergency.

The coupon at the end of this article offers you a free sample of this pretty, compact packet of tissues. I hope you will fill out the coupon and learn for yourself how convenient and helpful these tissues are.

This month, while we are talking about rhythm and grace, is just the time to tell you about a lovely parfum-cologne! There is no doubt about the power of an exquisite scent to sweep you into its mood. There is bouyancy, swing, languor, and life itself in the sweetness of perfume. These new odeurs are so delightful that I am sure they will give you a mental lift and remind you that you *are* a lovely person, and that reminder will be a spur to your good resolutions.

Now this new parfum-cologne is available in four enchanting odeurs; an odeur to enhance your every mood and every occasion. You will like the cool fragrance of dew-drenched lilacs for daytime wear. You will swagger with the debonair scent for sports. You will intrigue with the romantic flower scent for cocktail time, and you will thrill with the haunting oriental fragrance for evening. These four odeurs are so inexpensive that you can easily manage all with your pin money. So do write me for the name!

Before I leave you in control of the curves I want to give a helpful hand to those who may falter after the first attempt at exercising. I don't want you bouncing out of bed with pep only to fall back with groans and grumblings at exercises, beauty editors, and muscles that are torturing you. Take your easiest exercises first and, when you have limbered up, progress to the harder ones. Exercise just a few minutes the first day and gradually increase the time each day. Remember—aches won't last forever, and the best cure for them is more exercise!

Mary Biddle
MODERN ROMANCES
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free sample of the dainty lipstick tissues.

Name .....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and number)

.....
(City) (State)

P. S. I am enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope for (please check): Reducing Diet . . . Reducing Exercises . . . Weight Gaining Program . . . Development Exercises . . .

OVER HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!

Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned-
WELL, JUDY, YOUR DRESS LOOKS CLEAN! WHY SHOULD YOU LUX IT?
I'D HATE TO RISK EVEN A HINT OF PERSPIRATION ODOR, JOAN. I ALWAYS LUX MY DRESSES AFTER A COUPLE OF WEARINGS
BUT YOU'VE NEVER NOTICED THAT IN ME, HAVE YOU?
WELL, I DID, JOAN-TODAY. LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, YOU KNOW AND HONESTLY IT KEEPS A DRESS LIKE NEW
LATER
GEE, JOAN, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST THING! JUST LIKE A FLOWER
JERRY'S RUSHING ME AT LAST- MAYBE JUDY'S LUX TIP DID IT
LUX

Dresses absorb perspiration odor... Avoid Offending

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses *often*. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor *completely*—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.

FOR DRESSES

Don't Let
Dry Dead Skin
Make You A Wall Flower
Here's the Amazing Beauty Cream That's Thrilling Entire America -

Give Your Skin These Thrilling New Beauty Benefits To Help Nature Restore Smooth Younger Looking Skin.

Professionally posed

Romance . . . Dates . . . Fun—to enjoy them you must have skin beauty. . . . At last a way has been found to help nature restore soft, smoother, younger looking skin. The most advanced beauty development known to the cosmetic art to aid nature uncover new, live, fresh, cleaner skin. . . . Beauty editors and specialists are writing about it! Thousands praise it! Now you can let these precious ingredients work for you.

Try This Guaranteed
3 DAY TEST
That Is Showing Thousands of Girls How To Combat Dry, Rough Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads, Premature Lines.

The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip), releases precious ingredients to specially combat Dryness, Roughness, Shiny Nose, Pimples, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, and fight tragic Wrinkles—Tired Lines. Like nature's own oils helps keep the skin soft and supple. TAYTON'S CREAM (Triple-Whip) quickly melts and dissolves the dry, scaly, dead cells. Cleanses, Lubricates, Smooths. New, live, younger looking skin appears. By stimulating the underskin, arousing oil glands, freeing clogged pores the cause of blackheads, shiny nose, dryness and prematurely wrinkling is combatted in nature's own way. That's why TAYTON'S CREAM is succeeding in the most stubborn cases.

MAKE THIS GUARANTEED TEST

Use TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night cream for 3 days. It must make your skin softer, smoother, look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will be refunded.
Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM in 10c and 25c sizes at 10c stores, or larger 50c and $1.00 sizes at drug and department stores. If your dealer can not supply you do not accept a substitute, but speak to the manager and insist he order for you from his headquarters or wholesaler.

AT DRUG, DEP'T AND 10c STORES

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

Love-Stained

(Continued from page 39)

song to you since he has been up here?"

"No-o-o," I breathed. "Really?"

"Wait!" Michel jumped up. "I'm going to get it. I'm going to play it to you." He hurried out of the kitchen, returning shortly with his violin and some loose sheets of music that were written in pencil. "Now listen!" he cried.

HE began to play, then, the music that I had heard night after night as Madison composed it. He played with a mesmeric touch that changed the piece to an enchantment of emotions. His violin throbbed and vibrated, filling me body and soul with pulsations that tore at my heart. I knew now why it had made me cry when Madison was working on it. Why my nerves had been taut—quivering and shrieking with agony. Madison had been putting his heartache to music. He had been telling me his love, his tortured desire, his despair. The conflict of his heart and his conscience. He had been interpreting the struggle going on in his own heart—and that struggle had been mine, too. The notes were like drops of heart's blood squeezed with agony upon that score.

And as Michel played it now, drawing from the soul of his violin all the depth of hope, longing and heartache that Madison had put into his composition, making that instrument talk as even Madison had not, I felt my heart torn out by the roots. When I closed my eyes, it wasn't Michel Hoffman interpreting Madison's composition with such magnificent art. It was Madison, himself, the man I loved so desperately, telling me of *his* desperation. It was Madison drawing love chords over my trembling heart-strings. And as the theme developed and worked to a crisis of emotion, the tears began to stream from my eyes. Then, as the music drew to a close, I dropped my head to the table and wept and wept.

"His love-song to *you!*" Michel said softly. "He will have the whole world crying with that piece."

"Crying with happiness," I sobbed—remembering Madison's words.

"Yes," Michel agreed. "When despair is as passionately beautiful as that, the tears it wrings must be ecstatic." He drew his chair beside mine and put his arms about me. Then he gently lifted my face from the table and kissed the tears from my eyes.

I don't know how to explain the emotional reaction within me toward Michel. In playing Madison's composition to me, he had effected an entrance into my heart that carried perfect confidence with it. I felt as if he had looked into my heart and seen *me*.

In the days that followed, I don't know what I should have done without him—for no word came from Madison. Each day I thought a letter would come. And each day my heart ached with disappointment. But Michel gave me courage. He made me walk with him. Through the autumn pine forest, over the carpet of fragrant brown needles; along the shore of the lake. He took me riding in his car. He played his violin to me. He played Madison's love song till I quivered with emotion. And all the time he drew nearer and nearer to my heart. I could almost imagine at times that it was not Michel—but Madison. Except that he was gay and flirtatious, as Madison never had been. Always ready with a pretty piece of flattery, an ardent glance of mock despair because I loved another. Always inventing a reason to kiss me good morning or good night.

"But Madison told me to!" Michel protested slyly. "And if I can interpret his love-song to you, I certainly ought to interpret his kisses."

At the end of two weeks of anxious waiting for news from Madison, there came a letter from Father saying Madison had called on him and taken him to dinner after the burlesque was over: "Such a dinner!" Dad wrote. "It must have cost him more than my entire week's salary. We talked about his brother, Michel, until three in the morning. Imagine you two being up there with him now! We also talked about Dolly. He thinks she is so sweet and simple."

My heart did a funny flip-flop at that. "Sweet and simple." Was *that* all he had said to Father? I swallowed a lump of disappointment. Evidently he hadn't told Father we loved each other—and that he was getting a divorce so that he could marry me. And I was glad that neither Mother nor I had said anything to Father in our letters.

"Your daddy is a little old-fashioned, honey," Mother had said. "After the divorce is all over and everything, he won't say a word. But right now, it would simply make him worry."

Father's letter went on: "He is a fine young man and I am proud to know him. He is going to try to get me a better job—perhaps on the radio—with some orchestra. And he has invited me up to the farm for my vacation next summer. If I get a vacation! Write me if you need money. I am saving a little."

"Bless his heart!" Mother cried with a tearful smile. "Think of him saving money on that miserable salary! I hope he isn't going without proper food."

"And isn't it wonderful, Mom, that Madison is going to get him a good job! That's why he wanted his address. And won't it be fun if Dad does get into a radio orchestra—and we can listen to him?"

"We can all be together again—if he gets a good job," Mother said.

"Ye-es, I suppose so," I agreed. But I was thinking that I didn't want to leave the farm now—to be away from Madison. "Wasn't it swell of Madison, Mom?"

MOTHER had been hinting that Madison's silence was just another indication of his undependable temperament. So I wanted her to admit now that he was dependable—since he had done this for Father.

"It will be wonderful, Dolly, if Father gets the job. It's sometimes easy to *say* you'll do something for someone."

"Mom! You aren't fair!" I cried quickly. "You don't give Madison credit when he deserves it."

"I didn't mean it that way, Dolly," Mother said gently. "No one knows better than I do what a nice boy he is. He's generous and kind—and I'm sure he means to get Father a job. But I'm just wondering whether he'll remember long enough to carry it through; whether other things won't make him forget. I just don't want you to be terribly disappointed, honey, if he should prove unstable."

"You haven't any right to talk that way!"

"Don't you think he might have dropped you a line, at least?"

"You're as mean as you can be!" I stormed, breaking into sobs. "You don't know what reason he may have. You say you don't want to see me made unhappy!" I went on. "But you're doing all you can to *make* me unhappy. You're always talking against Madison. And you know how that hurts me!" I flung myself into a chair, weeping.

Mother's face looked very grey and worn.

"I'm sorry, Dolly," she said grimly. "I'll keep my tongue silent after this." She turned and left the room—and I let her go.

I was torn two ways: I wanted to run after her and put my arms around her and say I was sorry. But I was resentful over what she had said about Madison—partly because it *did* worry me that he hadn't written—and I wanted to punish her by refusing to make up. It was the first real quarrel that I ever remember having with Mother; and it left me miserable.

I CRIED and cried that night after I went to bed. A bitter knot of pain in my heart because of my trouble with Mother. Anxious and worn over Madison. My emotions had been too much played upon. Too feverish hope for the future. Too much uncertainty. Why didn't Madison write? After leaving me the way he had!

I guess it was natural for me to turn to Michel for sympathy.

"Why, I think he's a black-hearted villain, myself. And I hope he never writes and never comes back!" Michel cried with mock indignation. "I'll bet right now he has a blonde on one knee and a redhead on the other."

I smiled a little tearfully and Michel dropped an arm over my shoulders.

"Let's run away together!" he cried. "Just you and I on an island in the South Seas. What do you say? We'll forget about Madison and his divorce and his children."

"I couldn't ever forget Madison," I said. "Especially if I was with you. You're just like him—except your eyes are blue and his are brown."

"He's always taking my girls away from me," Michel retorted with exaggerated gloom. "Isabel was my sweetheart till he came along and took her away from me. And now he wants you."

"Has he had many sweethearts?" I asked.

Michel broke into a gay laugh.

"For his sake I hope he's had a million, little Dolly. Life is only worthwhile when we are in love. Don't you think so? You couldn't get music out of a violin without a bow, so how can you expect to get harmony out of life without love?"

"But you don't have to keep changing your bow, do you?" I countered.

Michel struck his forehead with a gesture of chagrin.

"My error. No! It's the strings we change when they get worn or frayed. That's so they won't snap right in the midst of a very grand concert. And that's why we must always have extra strings handy."

"And always four strings at a time!" I shook my finger at him. "You violinists!"

Michel laughed gayly. "You can't get all notes on one string, little Dolly!"

I laughed, too. It was easy to be gay with Michel. And that evening while we were at supper I had still further cause for happiness, for the telephone rang—and it was Father calling us from New York. Mother answered but I crowded close and could hear everything Dad said.

"Lottie-girl!" he cried, "just this once I had to be extravagant. Mr. Hoffman has got me into a good orchestra. You can hear me tonight at ten o'clock over the Cosmopolitan Broadcasting Company network. I'm still just a second violin but anyway it's not in a burlesque house—and I'm getting nearly twice as much money. Pretty soon—when I get a little nest-egg put away—we'll all be together again."

"Hello, Dad!" I called.

"Hello, Dolly!" Father's voice was high with excitement. "Didn't I tell you that kick would be a boost?"

"Isn't Madison swell, Dad?"

"He can have the shirt off my back any time!" Father answered.

When he had hung up, I caught Mother

NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT

Leaves no grease on skin or clothes —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

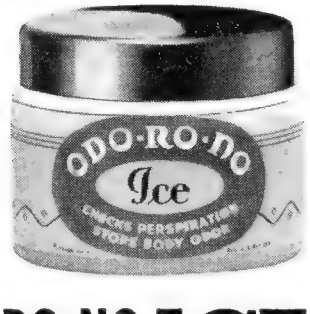
You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on . . . and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!

In two seconds your clothes are safe, your mind at rest about perspiration embarrassment for 1 to 3 days. No ruined dresses, no extra cleaners' bills. Get some! Work this miracle for yourself.

Odorono Ice has no strange odor to turn musty after a while. There's only the clean, fresh smell of alcohol that evaporates completely the minute it's on. It's so pleasant, so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant.

Don't mess about with smelly, greasy, ineffective creams another day. Save your clothes, your time, your temper with this newest scientific advance in deodorants.

The wonderful new Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Buy a jar tomorrow!



*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-E-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

BEWARE of a soiled toilet. Hot weather increases the danger. Germs breed faster. Odors become more noticeable. Keep the bowl sparkling clean. Purify the hidden trap. Use Sani-Flush.

The scientific formula for Sani-Flush was developed especially to do this job better. Sani-Flush cleans toilets without unpleasant scouring. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush. Stains vanish. Odors are banished. Germs are killed. The porcelain becomes white as snow. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

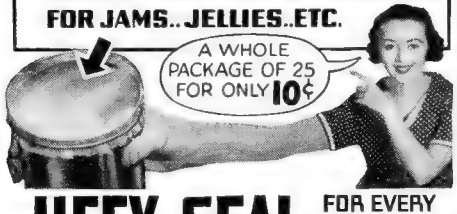
Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

WE WANT YOUR OPINION!

This month we have presented to you something brand-new—a story told mostly in pictures, page 43. If you've enjoyed this feature, won't you drop us a card and tell us so?

NEW KIND OF SEAL FOR JAMS.. JELLIES..ETC.



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in my arms and squeezed her ever so tight.

"Mom! Mom! He didn't forget!" I cried.

"No, honey, he didn't. And no one is gladder than I am."

We hugged each other significantly. It was so good to make up and not be mad at each other any more.

The very next morning the rural mail carrier brought me a letter from Madison. I had scarcely ever seen his handwriting yet I knew it at once, and my heart leaped. My name in his handwriting! I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. Clutching the letter in trembling fingers, I hurried up to my room. My first letter!

DOLLY DEAR:

I hate to write this. But Isabel has begged me not to divorce her—and it seems best for us to live together again. We will stay in New York indefinitely. I hope you can understand—even the things I do not say.

MADISON

I was too stunned to cry. My joy and hope too cruelly crushed.

"I'm well rid of him!" I cried to myself passionately. "I hate him! I despise him!"

With a stony heart I went back downstairs and handed the letter to Mother.

"You were right!" I said. My lips felt stiff and numb. My throat was tight. I knew I was going to cry—and I didn't want anybody to see me. At Mother's look of anxiety as she took the letter I felt my control slipping. "Read it! Read it!" I cried chokingly. I wanted to run away, anywhere—to hide.

I made my way out through the woodshed, eyes blurring with tears. On through the carriage shed and the barn with its smell of hay.

The tobacco barn was ahead—standing alone. We never went there. No one would think to look for me there.

Its strong, pungent odor of curing leaves struck my nostrils with a shock. And in the darkness it was like a new world. I felt my way to a corner behind some long bunches of hanging leaves and dropped onto a pile of gunnysacks.

There my heart broke and poured out its bitterness. I was too young and selfish to try to read behind the lines and understand what Madison must have suffered in doing as he had done. I thought only of myself—abandoned—rejected—cruelly hurt. And I did as we ought never let ourselves do. I pitied myself and blamed Madison.

MICHEL found me there. I don't know how. Mother had searched for me and become alarmed. She then called Michel and showed him Madison's letter. He set out immediately—and came almost straight to me.

"I just felt that you were here, little Dolly," he whispered tenderly. In the darkness, his arms slipped around me and he pulled my head against his breast. "Don't feel so badly, darling."

"But when he left here," I sobbed, "he said he loved me. He said he was going to make her get a divorce. And now he's gone back to her! Does he call that love?"

"But *I'm* here, little Dolly. Don't cry so!" His deft hands stroked my hair. I felt his lips on my eyelids. And I cried anew, clinging to him.

He was so sweetly loving. And surely no girl ever needed love and understanding more than I did.

"Little darling," he soothed. "Now that Madison has failed you, I can tell you how dear you are to me." He held me close.

As if I had been a violin and my nerves the taut, discordant strings, he knew how to soothe and tune them into harmony.

When he scolded, I choked and filled up with despair. Then swiftly he was sweet and tender—turning my hurt feelings into heartbroken gratitude. And through it all the redolent odor of tobacco—hanging in long sheaves. Narcotic, working deep into my consciousness. And Michel played up and down the scale of my emotions till I was quivering, my feelings unbalanced, prompt either for tears or the ecstasy of sweet praise.

I was scarcely conscious at first when his soft lips moved from the tender caress of my wet eyes to a longer, clinging kiss on my mouth.

"You sweet darling!" he murmured—and love was so grateful. So soothing to my wounded ego. "Such baby lips!" Then the change in him came swiftly. I felt the kiss spring from tender to turbulent. The pressure of his arms tightened. Fire burned at his finger tips.

Passionate in his rendering of music, he was tempestuous in the expression of his emotional storm. Master of technique and interpretation, he played upon me like a violin. He almost wept as he told me what my love meant to him, what he had suffered while thinking I was to be Madison's.

And I trembled and wept with him, my sympathy flowing out to him, caught up in the vortex that was whirling us both madly on. Just as I had been caught up in the emotional storm of his magnificent playing.

I thought I had awakened to my real love. It *was* real to me. Nothing is more real than the thing we believe. And it was so thrillingly beautiful. The glorious chemistry of youth and passion; the surrender to overcharged and aching senses. A dazzling, blinding illusion of beauty. To my wounded, stricken heart it was an ecstasy of reaction.

OH, Mom! Why didn't you beat it into my silly head that day you said: "Do you think you really love him, dear? It isn't always easy to be sure. . . . It's very sweet—and terrible sometimes. It is what makes youth so ardent and reckless. And it is what makes mothers so fearful. I don't want you to be hurt, lambkin."

You *knew*, Mom, and I only *thought* I knew. Youth always is sure it knows. But all we really know is that we are dazzled by the beauty that is within ourselves.

To Michel Hoffman, too, it was beauty—I suppose. A sudden—perhaps gorgeous—tropic storm that released the electric tension of surcharged clouds, clearing the oppressive air and bringing tranquillity.

I couldn't believe it at first. Michel was too sweet and tender to be like that—I thought. But I *had* to believe when he showed me the date his concert tour was to start—and told me he was leaving the farm at once.

There was no quarrel. I made no protest. My pride was too deep. My humiliation too acute. And I made then the bitter discovery that many other girls have made, I suppose: That a girl is betrayed—not by the man—but by her own deep emotions. That was what Mother had been trying to tell me when she asked me if I would have the strength to resist Madison's advances. Was *I* strong enough?

Uplifted on the tide of her senses, on the generous and beautiful impulses of womanhood, she gives sweetly—only to discover, when the tide has ebbed, that the gift was not valued with the same permanence and tenderness by the man.

I suffered agonizing humiliation and self-abasement. Not because I had given my love. I knew it had been sweetly given. I was shamed because I knew that what to me had been a sweet gift had been to Michel a trifling episode.

Michel drove away—with Mother's smiling, respectful good-bye. To her he was still the great Michel Hoffman. To me he was the man who had opened my eyes to the bitter realization that some men seek con-

quest but not permanent possession. To me he represented all men. Especially artists. Mother had characterized them as temperamental and unstable. And I had found them so. First Madison. Now Michel.

That Connecticut farm with its tobacco barn and its rank odor of curing leaves became unbearable. Too many conflicting emotions. Too many terrible, stormy memories. The big house, empty now except for mother and me. The long nights when I would lie awake and imagine I heard Madison's violin wailing in the rooms below, tearing at my heart strings. The terrible pang that would shoot through my heart when I entered Madison's studio and saw the piano standing there lonely and silent—his manuscript on the rack. His despairing love-song to me. What agony and heart-break those feverishly jotted notes had caused me!

And Mother so solicitous! No suspicion of Michel's betrayal. She thought only that I was miserable over Madison's return to his wife.

"Father will send for us soon, Dolly," she said. "I am going to write to Madison today asking him to find someone else to look after the farm. Sophie tells me that the tobacco in the barn should have been sold and shipped before now. We can't look after that."

"No, Mom," I agreed, shaking my head. And just thinking of it brought a rush of strong tobacco smell to my nostrils, and the swooning memory of Michel's embrace. "Mom! Mom!" I cried with sudden hysteria, "Can't we leave *now?* I don't want to stay here another night. I don't want to ever *smell* tobacco again!"

"There! There!" Mother soothed. I saw the alarm in her eyes and tried to control myself, but the sobs came heaving up. "Don't take it so terribly hard, honey. Maybe Father could take you with him right away. I'll just stay on long enough to find someone else." Her arms went around me, and I clung to her. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her about Michel—but shame held me back. "We'll telegraph your father right away," she said encouragingly.

"No, Mom! No! I'll stay here with you. I didn't mean to be silly. But let's go as soon as we can."

IF we *had* telegraphed Father that night, how different things might have been! It needed only some slight change in his movements, the difference of a minute in the hour he left the broadcasting studio, the difference of a few inches in where he placed his feet, to have changed my entire life. The telegram Mother wanted to send might have made just that necessary difference. But it was never sent—and as Father left the studio that night he slipped on a piece of fruit skin and fell. In the attempt to hold his violin clear and keep it from being injured, he took the entire shock on his right elbow—and broke it. His bow arm.

The only work that Father knew how to do was now made impossible. And worse than that, he had left his accident insurance lapse during those first trying weeks.

The first we knew of the accident was a telegram from Madison addressed to Mother.

MR. CHESTER'S RIGHT ARM BROKEN IN FALL STOP NOT SERIOUS STOP AM BRINGING HIM TO YOU AT FARM STOP ARRIVING EVENING TRAIN.

MADISON

"Oh my! Oh my!" Mother wailed. "His arm. He won't be able to play!" Then she looked at me solemnly. "But what a blessing that we have this place for him to come to! At least we won't starve—and that blessed lamb won't have to worry."

"Yes," I nodded. But my heart went

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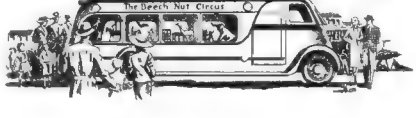

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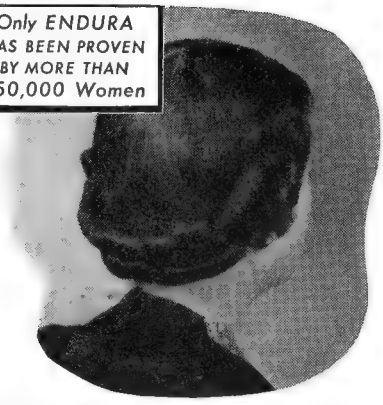

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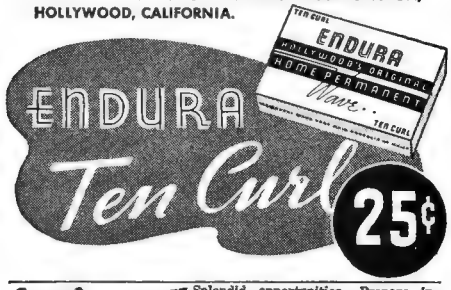

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sick at the thought of having to stay on there. Having to meet Madison.

What a turn of fate to trick me into remaining in the one spot in the world that was horrible to me! But Father must never guess it!

Mother telephoned Aunt Sophie to see whether Uncle Ted could meet the train.

"Well, now, I expect he can," she said ungraciously. "But it's right at chore time—and I'll have to milk for him. I've got a-plenty to do without that. What is Frank doing up here anyway? Thought you said Madison had got him a place with a radio orchestra. Well, I didn't imagine he'd keep it long. So now he's coming up to live off you and Dolly?"

MOTHER got angry pale and I thought for a moment that she was going to tell Aunt Sophie, for once, just what she thought of her. But instead she bit her lip and said very quietly:

"No, Sophie. He has broken his arm and can't play. And Madison has been good enough to bring him up here to be with us till it is well. Please tell Ted that, if he can manage to go, I'll be very grateful. And Dolly will come right over to do the milking for you." When she had hung up she turned to me. "You don't mind, do you, Dolly?"

As a matter of fact, I was glad. It gave me an excuse not to greet Madison when he came.

Long before it was time for the train to arrive, I put on my warm coat and cut across through the fields to Aunt Sophie's and Uncle Ted's. It was the middle of November by then and all the trees were bare and gray with the exception of the pines and hemlocks. Life, itself, seemed bare and ugly to me. Men seemed treacherous—all except older men like Father and Uncle Ted. And there came across me a feeling of hatred toward sex. It was that which made men false and untrustworthy. And I had a feeling of scorn for myself, too, when I remembered how maudlin and silly I had been over that first kiss that Madison had given me.

The more I thought about it, the more I felt I was giving the whole thing too much importance. I was making Madison more important than he was, Michel more important—and myself more important. What did it all matter, anyway? I asked myself bitterly. I had been fooled all through. I had believed in "love." Now I knew that it wasn't love at all—not any more than animals felt love. So I was just dramatizing the whole thing. Making a mountain out of a molehill. The thing to do was to be contemptuous and indifferent to the whole thing.

I thought I was being very sane and wise and very grown-up as I came to these conclusions. But I was really just whistling in the dark—and fooling myself more than ever.

It was after half-past six when I finished Uncle Ted's chores. He hadn't come back yet, but I knew he must have driven Father and Madison to the Hoffman farm already. So I said good night to Aunt Sophie and started back across the fields, refusing the lantern she wanted me to take.

"I don't mind the dark," I said, "and I'm not the least bit afraid. Please thank Uncle Ted for getting Father."

"Landsakes, he'd sooner be driving in to the depot anytime than working. Never knew a man so ready to drop his own work to do something for somebody else."

"Maybe he's glad to get away from your sharp tongue," I thought to myself—but lacked the courage to say it to her.

Before I had crossed the first of the fields, I began to wish I had not been so stubborn about the lantern. The sky was overcast and it was so black you couldn't see more than a few feet ahead. And when I reached the strip of path that bordered the pine woods, I was almost minded to turn back.

Suddenly I heard a sound from the woods. The crack of a stick. Then the noise of someone clearing his throat. A man was there!

I stood perfectly still—panic stricken. Then the sound of feet coming toward me.

"Who's there?" I gasped.

A little circle of light instantly appeared on the ground—an electric flash. Then swept toward me—blinding me.

I don't know how to describe the terror I felt.

"Dolly!" came Madison's voice. Deep, contrite, soft. It sent a shiver down my back—and a riot of emotions coursed through me. Emotions I had been sure were dead.

I steeled myself to be cold.

"What are you doing here?" I said harshly.

"I didn't mean to frighten you. Your mother said you'd gone through the fields to Farnam's." He was approaching me all the time. "I came to meet you."

"I'd rather be alone," I told him coldly. But my heart was hammering madly. Just the sound of his voice. Just his nearness in the dark.

"Dolly!" His voice was unsteady. "I—I wanted to see you before you got to the house. I—want to explain—"

"You don't have to explain about anything." I said cuttingly. "It doesn't make a particle of difference—one way or the other!" I spoke bravely enough, trying to sound contemptuous and cold, but my throat was tightening, my chin quivering. "I don't want any more talk. Everything is dead—and over with. It was all so—so—laughable!" I did manage a noise that sounded like a scornful laugh—but if it had been light, he would have known I was on the point of tears.

"Dolly! Let me explain. Just a few words—"

"I don't wan't to hear—anything! Now or ever! Can't you see how I—hate you!" I broke into angry, gasping sobs and ran past him in the darkness.

"Dolly! Please!"

THE sound of his feet, the flash of his light on me. Then a second later he had caught me in his arms—and I was crying and fighting to get away. In a panic at the wild tumult his embrace was stirring up in me.

"Let me go! Let me go!" I screamed. "Let me *go-o-o!*" It was a frantic sob, and I tore away—running wildly, blindly toward the farm.

"Dolly! I won't touch you!" Madison called after me, his voice heavy with distress.

But I ran stumbling on—seeing absolutely nothing, sobbing with every step. Furious with Madison, hating myself, humiliated.

Once more I had made a fool of myself. Why couldn't I have been contemptuously cold? I should have listened scornfully to anything he wanted to say—and then quietly told him I wasn't interested.

By the time I reached the farmhouse, I was somewhat composed. I knew I must be a little disheveled—but I hoped my eyes weren't red. I didn't want Father to suspect that anything was wrong. So at the kitchen door I stopped and made myself smile. He would be there with Mother, I was sure. Briskly I pushed the door open.

"Hello, Dad!" I called cheerily. Then I stared in amazement. "Why, hello," I said again. "Who are you?"

A ten-year-old boy was standing looking at me with big eyes—eyes just like Madison's—only blue.

"I'm Danny," he said, looking me over with interest. "Are you Mr. Chester's daughter? The one Uncle Michel said I'd like?"

Then before I could answer there came the light patter of feet, and a perfect little blonde doll of a girl came in.

"This is my sister, Janet." He made the presentation very correctly—accenting his words in a charming, French way.

Janet curtsied and murmured something in French. Then caught herself quickly.

"I mean, how-do-you-do. Your fa-*ther* is back there," pointing to Madison's end of the house. "And *Maman* sent me to say, you are to please come back to see her right away. She wants you. And my fa-*ther*, too, if he is wiss you."

"*With* you!" Danny corrected her.

I felt all the blood go draining away from my heart.

"Your mother? Your mother is here?"

"Yes, *Mademoiselle*. And do you know where my fa-*ther* is? *Maman* wants you both. Now—at once."

Why has Isabel come back with Madison, and how will her presence on the farm affect the peculiar triangle between Dolly and her two brilliant musician-lovers? Follow this fascinating story in the

September MODERN ROMANCES

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Career Girl

(*Continued from page 25*)

to come along? Beautiful day for driving."

"No, thank you," I told him. "I'm expecting a caller."

They went to the kitchen to hunt food for a picnic, and I heard them wrangling, like a couple of children, over bathing suits and plans for a boat ride. At last they were gone and the house was quiet. I kept watching the street, down which Rodney's car might come, but it didn't come. I was a little depressed when Cecily and Tom came in hours later, sunburned and tired, but saying they'd had a marvelous time. I heard Tom asking her for another date later in the week and Cecily consenting.

"You don't mind, do you, Bev?" Cecily asked rather appealingly as she came in from the gate, where she and Tom had been conversing. "He's such fun, and I thought you didn't like him very well—from the way you behaved when you saw him."

"He wasn't the one I was expecting," I admitted briefly. "You did me a favor, taking him off my hands."

Cecily was curious about him.

"Just a man in the office—he has no particular job, just seems to be fussing around here and there."

"I liked him. He's such fun."

"Don't go to liking him too much, baby. He's pleasant enough, but there's nothing to him. He'll never get anywhere, I can assure you. Maybe he'll be a bookkeeper, if he's lucky."

"That wouldn't be too bad," Cecily breathed. "And he liked my little clay pets. He made me promise to let him take some of them when he goes back."

"That's his line, I expect," I replied briefly. Cecily's face fell, but I decided it was time she knew something of the world and the way of men. I began telling her about Rodney Vincent. She listened carefully and said she thought he must be very clever but that she doubted if he would be fun.

"Fun isn't everything," I told her.

"It's quite a lot," she shot back.

Tired and disgusted, I went to my room, having to fight down my impulse to write to Rodney. I wanted to, dreadfully, but I realized it would make me seem much too eager. He would surely come next Sunday.

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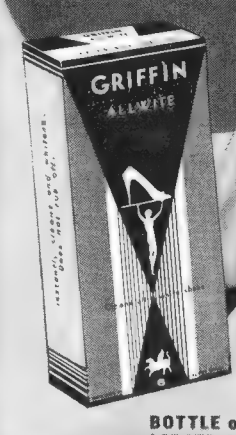

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He didn't, but Tom Morton did. He developed the habit of popping in at all times, and he and the whole family were soon the best of friends—all of them but me. I hated him in a sense for his easy good nature, his friendly way of accepting situations rather than fighting them. And I hated him for his interest in my sister.

I knew, before my month's vacation was over, that he and Cecily would be married. I could sense it in the air between them. They seemed to belong. I tried to stop it. I pleaded with Cecily, but she would only sit there, a strange light burning in her eyes, and a dreamy smile playing around her lips. When I realized she was not even listening to me, I went to Tom. But he surprised me. I told him, bluntly and without mincing words, that I wished he would let Cecily alone; she was too young to think of marriage and he was in no position to consider it. I taunted him with his inconsequential job at the Carter plant.

His jaw set and the mouth that I had never seen do anything but smile became a tight line.

"Cecily and I are fond of each other," he rasped at me. "And that is our affair. I assure you that I'll be able to support her. Cecily, thank God, does not have your high and mighty ideas. We'll get along, all right—and you can keep your hands off."

I hated him at that moment, but there was born in me a respect for him, too. He went back to Margate before I did, and when I entered my office at the plant, I could see him in the outer office, apparently as usual. But a coolness had risen between us, and I felt, more than once, that he definitely disliked me, but it did not trouble me. Why should it?

For I was with Rodney again, and I was in love—love as I knew it. I was building fine, plushy dream castles, with Rodney as a senator, Rodney as a governor, Rodney as a diplomat, and at last, Rodney as President; and I sat at his side, always looking charming, always ready to help him with my skillful wit and intelligence.

It wasn't easy to get Rodney. I soon found that out. I soon learned, too, or surmised, what was in the back of his mind. Rodney would make a brilliant marriage—would choose a girl with money and a prominent family—if he could. I was going to keep him from that. My brains would help him more than any other woman's money or influence could, I was sure.

THINGS at the office weren't going too well—at least, not too well for me. The girls kept getting more and more impudent. They would make exasperating mistakes that would bring Mr. Carter's attention to me. They were openly rude to me often.

I treated them with polite deference, veiling a touch of scorn. One day I would queen it over them all.

Mr. Carter called me to him one day. On the desk before him were a number of curious little figures of bright pottery; little vases, ash trays, cigarette holders, and other novelties, some that were frankly ornaments.

"Seen these before?" he asked.

"I haven't. A new line, isn't it? Clever."

Mr. Carter's laugh sounded like a bark. "It's a line that's just about going to keep this plant from shutting down," he told me grimly. "They're taking on like wildfire everywhere. We're swamped with orders. And you might have brought them to us."

"I? How could I have done that?"

"Miss Graham, I'm afraid that you are rather unobservant—a bad fault in a smart young business woman. Do you mean to tell me you do not recognize these?"

I looked at them again. There was something faintly familiar in those paunchy little tummies and goggle-eyed heads.

"Well, they do remind me a bit of the dauby creatures my little sister is always modeling from clay," I said with a laugh.

"That's exactly what they are."

I caught my breath.

"Fortunately Tom—Tom Morton—saw them and had the good sense to bring them to me. It's a nice thing for your sister. Tom says she's a lovely girl. We'll pay her plenty for these—a royalty—and give her a commission to model for us anything she thinks would serve our purposes."

My head was reeling when I left the office. Mr. Carter was angry with me, I knew; but he would calm down. My chief surprise was that this good fortune should have come to Cecily. She had not worked for success as I had, and yet it was dumped in her lap.

And dumped with a vengeance! The next week I had a letter, an ecstatic poem of a letter, from Cecily. She was thrilled about the marketing of her little clay figures. Didn't they look sweet and ducky in colors! And how excited she was to think that perhaps many children and even grownups would chuckle over them. But best of all was her news that she and Tom were to be married soon. They had been engaged for months, but when Tom's uncle saw what a success her animals were, he insisted that they get married right away, assuring Tom he wanted to keep her in the family.

HOW I pondered that. Tom's uncle! Could it be Mr. Carter? I asked Mr. Carter, and he admitted it readily and proudly.

"He's the son of my only sister," he said. "A fine lad, too. I'm training him to take hold here, to know every step of the business, and he's done it, too. He insisted, when he came, that no one know of our connection. But it's all right to have you know, of course, since he's to be one of your family."

I was bitter about it. Tom Mr. Carter's nephew, and heir to all the Carter plant! I could have had him, I reflected, for he was attracted to me once, but I'd had no time for him. I pursed my mouth up wryly. Well, we'd have him in the family, anyway, thanks to a short-sighted little sister who didn't care if he were to be only a bookkeeper as long as she loved him.

I tried to get Rodney to drive me home for Cecily's wedding to Tom, but he said he couldn't make it. How proud I would have been to have had him beside me, handsome, strong, so obviously clever. It would have taken much of the sting from the situation for me. Then, too, there's something about a wedding—a sentimental softness in the air—that has a way of leading to other weddings. Rodney probably knew that, too. Anyway, he didn't go with me, and I had to smile through it all alone, to be maid of honor for a radiant Cecily, whose happiness was like a gleaming presence; to kiss a happy Tom, who seemed ready to forgive any grudge against me on his day of days; to comfort Mother and Dad after the newlyweds had left us, and to listen to Bill talk on interminably about his inventions; he had already sold the patent right to one and it was being manufactured in a small way, bringing him in about ten dollars a week.

"A few more patent sales and I'll be on easy street," he declared with a proud grin.

I hated to go back to Margate. I wasn't sure of Rodney and I really didn't like my work at the Carter plant. I felt secure there, however, since Cecily had married Tom. I was practically one of the family. I had a sinecure—mine for life.

So it was a great surprise to me a couple of months later, while Cecily and Tom were still wandering happily about Europe, to be called into Mr. Carter's office and to be fired. Oh, he did it politely and beautifully. I had worked splendidly, I was efficient and competent, and he would give me the best of references; but I was too young for the position; most of the women were older than I and they resented me. He advised me to secure a position as private

secretary to some business man or lawyer for a few years; a position in which I would not have to direct other workers. Time would bring me tact and ease in meeting others. There was more advice. Then a check was proffered me, but I walked out, head high, heart beating angrily.

Pride kept me going until I reached home. There I threw myself on my bed and sobbed angrily, furiously, for a time. Why should this happen to me when I had worked so hard and so cleverly? Those jealous cats in the office were responsible, I was sure of that. I would get even with them in some way. It might take a long time, but eventually, I would be crowing over them. I'd go back to the Carter plant some day—Tom would help me do it—in an executive capacity—and then—

There was a knock at my door.

"Some one to see you, Miss Graham."

"I can't see anyone, Mrs. Meeker."

I could hear a low-voiced colloquy in the hall. Then my door opened, and some one was sitting beside me. Mrs. Meeker, I presumed. Then strong hands were lifting me, and I was being petted and comforted.

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Oh, Rodney—Rod dear!" I pressed closer to him. In that moment something was revealed to me that I had not known before, something which might have saved me more grief later, had I remembered it: Rodney was more affected by my clinging grief than he ever had been by my brains. It was my tears to which he capitulated. Little actress that I was, I dramatized the situation, making myself the timid, noble little heroine. My tears flowed fast.

"What'll I do now, Rodney?" I wept piteously. "What can I do? I don't know where to look for a job, and I can't bear to go home and have everyone saying that I've gotten my come-uppance. Oh, dear."

I burst into a fresh flood of tears. Rodney soothed me.

"We'll be married in the morning," he promised. "I've wanted to marry you, Beverly, but you were too bright—somehow hard and bright. I was sort of afraid of you. Now, when I have you in my arms, soft and gentle and sweet, like this, I know everything will be all right."

I relaxed. Everything would be all right. Everything would be perfect! Inwardly I was exulting, for now I had what I wanted! I could almost have blessed Mr. Carter.

WE were married the next morning, very quietly, and I set out to get us an apartment while Rodney departed to complete work on a case. Rodney wanted a simple little place, explaining that he was not earning much as yet. But I knew better; he needed a rather swanky address. A man in his position had to put up a good front.

He seemed a little rueful over the rent when I told him about the apartment at dinner in the hotel that night. But I explained my point of view and he seemed to agree. Anyway, it was heaven to be in his arms that night, and I felt completely happy. And I was happy the next few months, furnishing the little place, buying pretty drapes and dishes and smart gowns for myself, and being ever so brilliant to Rodney's friends.

When we were settled in our apartment I wanted him to bring his friends home often, but he didn't. I asked him why.

"To tell you the truth, Puss, they're a bit frightened of you," he confessed. "You get them off in a corner explaining the fine points of the law and you are so quick about taking them in that it scares the men a little. Men don't want a woman too smart. They just wanted her to be pleasantly intelligent."

There was a warning in that which I did not heed. I never allowed Rodney to be comfortable in his home. I was always urging him to work on his cases, to discuss them with me, or to go out and mingle with

"You have an enemy —a beautiful blonde

IT'S YOURSELF!"

"*I see* a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"*I see* merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"*I see* a trip for you — but you are going alone.

"*I see* an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!*"

• • •

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything — beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back — a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.*

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm — that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too — you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you're safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum —and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

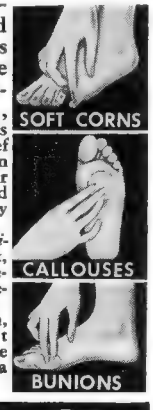
OUT COMES THE CORN!

No Waiting—Pain Instantly Relieved

Get rid of corns by using this famous triple-action, scientific treatment—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—and then keep rid of them. It's easy, safe, sure. Just these soothing, healing, cushioning pads *alone* on corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions give you the most grateful relief imaginable—*instantly*. Put them on tender toes caused by friction or pressure of new or tight shoes and you'll stop corns before they can develop!

Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove hard corns, soft corns between toes or callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, velvety-soft, waterproof. Don't stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR **ZiP** PERFUMED DEPILATORY

Today's most popular depilatory. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Ask dealer or write Madame Berthé. 562 Fifth Ave., New York

A New Freedom FOR WOMEN!

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NO PINS

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APPROVED SANITARY PROTECTION

to be Worn Internally ...

Once you have known the glorious freedom and comfort of Holly-Pax, the modern method of sanitary protection, you'll never go through a period without it.

Worn internally, Holly-Pax is never felt, and never shows. No fussing with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Feminine Hygiene. Package of Four, 10c.

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people. I was always ready and eager to accompany him. When he'd come in, begging for an evening of slippers and solitaire, I would lead him to the bedroom, where his dinner things were laid out, and tell him that we were to attend a certain club dinner that evening. And he would go, a forced smile on his face.

A few months of that, and he said business was a bit better, and he had some heavy cases he was working on. He stayed downtown for dinner oftener and oftener, and many times would not get home until I was sound asleep in bed. I thought nothing about it at first, and then decided it would bear investigation. I carried on my sleuthing quietly but surely; and it was only a week or two later that I was able to ring a certain bell one evening and be ushered into a living room and find what I'd anticipated. Before a cozy open fire, with a pretty, opulent woman in her early thirties beside him—sat Rodney!

"So this is one of the 'heavy cases' that have kept you working so late!"

"Why did you come here?" Rodney cried, face ashen. "Who told you about—"

"No one need tell me!" I retorted.

"But you don't understand," he broke in with. "This is Adrienne Blaine—"

I cut him off. "I don't wish to know her. I know all I need to know to sue for divorce. Tell your story to the judge!"

"Beverly, you can't do that," he was pleading. "There was nothing between Adrienne and me but friendship—an old friendship. She's been very kind to me lately, and I've needed kindness. You're hard, Beverly. All you have in you is ambition—flinty, rocklike ambition. You have no sense at all of human kindness, of human values—"

"I'm going now," was my answer, "and I'll not be seeing you."

At home I flung my clothing into suitcases, gathered up a few possessions I treasured, and took a taxi for the station. I was going home, where I would be appreciated and sympatized with.

I had no doubts at all until I reached home. There I found Mother and Dad in a flurry of packing. They were going on a trip around the world!

"But how can you?" I gasped. "How did it happen? Is Tom doing it for you?"

Mother drew herself up proudly.

"Indeed, it's not Tom," she replied. "I've been wanting to write to you about it, Beverly. It's Father's stamps—the stamps you always laughed at!"

STAMPS! My head whirled! Stamps, silly little pieces of paper! And yet they were buying a trip around the world.

"Your father has collected stamps since he was a boy, and he's collected intelligently. He's saved only the ones he believed in. Now many of his duplicates have become very valuable. He's sold enough to give us this trip, the dream of his lifetime. And he's very happy. He has a leave of absence from his office, but he is thinking about retiring when we get home; we have plenty of stamps left on which to live the rest of our days."

I was stunned. My news sank into insignificance beside this. Mother dismissed it as a quarrel of young married people.

"You were very silly to follow Rodney and to burst in like that," she told me. "And it was worse yet not to listen to his explanation. Well, you can stay here as long as you like, but I expect that won't be long."

"I can't stay here alone," I objected, pouting. "Where's Bill?"

"Didn't he write you? He went to Detroit last week, to a job with a motor company that's taking over some of his inventions."

There was another poser. I, the bright girl of the family, was being outdone in every direction by the other members of my family. It was an abashed Beverly who went to the train to see Mother and Dad off on their trip—a Beverly who saw with surprise the number of people—some of them important, too—there to wish them bon voyage. It was a sober Beverly who went back to an empty house to think things over.

I suppose it is not easy for anyone to admit her whole pattern of living is wrong. At first I could not do this; and then, in those quiet days, I would look back carefully and honestly over my past, and I would see that I had never been right. I had been proud, ambitious, selfish, inconsiderate of everyone with whom I came in contact. I had loved Rodney, in my own peculiar fashion. I loved him still. Yet I had never been a real wife to him in the sense of sharing his burdens and comforting him. I could not find it in me to blame him if he sought solace from another.

FOR days I pondered what to do with myself. At length I wrote Rodney, rather briefly, apologizing for my conduct. I enclosed a brief note of apology, and asked him to give it to Miss Blaine. I also told him that if he wished to obtain a divorce from me, I would not contest it.

Then I looked about for some work to do; and that was not easy to find. Father had left me charge accounts at the grocery and department stores, but I was determined to support myself. I wanted a position in which I could meet people and learn to get along with them. I tried the dentists' and doctors' offices, hoping to be a receptionist, but there were no openings. I tried the stores, but most of them had employed the same clerks for years and had no intention of hiring more. At last I had a bright thought—the *Bugle*, the antiquated little semi-weekly newspaper. I used to carry high school items there for the editor, old Hugh Jennings. He might remember me. . . .

He did. I almost quailed before his sharp old eyes which looked at me questioningly when I asked for work.

"What you want to come workin' for me for? Aren't you the smart one that had such a swell job and made a fine marriage and all that?"

Mr. Jennings was shrewd. I knew I couldn't fool him. I told him the truth.

"I know I'm all wrong, Mr. Jennings," I explained. "But I want to change—if I can. I don't know of a better place to do it than here in your office, meeting all sorts of people, and trying to get along with them. I'll do anything, Mr. Jennings," I declared.

"You bet you will," he told me grimly. "And you'll like it. And your pay will be just ten dollars a week—until you're worth more. If you don't make yourself worth more in a couple of months, I'm going to fire you. Get down here at eight o'clock tomorrow morning and sweep out."

And that was the way my new life began—sweeping out a grimy little newspaper office. I began to learn things I'd never dreamed about. Mr. Jennings was rather easy on me at first; had me take subscriptions, answer phone calls, wait on customers who came in, write up church socials and an occasional wedding. I loved it all. I began to see stories and to bring them in and write them. Mr. Jennings would sniff a little once in a while. When I heard a new business man was coming to town I made a point of getting an interview with him and always asked him for a subscription or advertising in the *Bugle*. Usually I got one or the other, and sometimes both. I began to study type and other papers, and to urge changes in the *Bugle* on Mr. Jennings. He began to try out some of them, and to my delight, they improved the paper so much that we began to get more subscriptions and more advertising. I began to write a home economics page and to solicit advertising for it. It was a success at once and Mr. Jennings was frankly delighted.

It was not many weeks before my pay

check contained fifteen dollars a week. That raise thrilled me more than anything that ever had happened to me, unless it was the fact that people were beginning to stop me on the street and call me Beverly and give me little items about Johnnie's measles or Cousin Ella's arrival from Bakersfield for a visit.

Then I began to think that perhaps I could win through after all. I'm still hoping so. Maybe my life will be here, in this little town, writing items that might seem unimportant and silly to other people in larger towns. Mr. Jennings and I were talking it over last night.

"You're doin' fine," he told me. "I think you're a born newspaper worker."

"Say that again," I begged.

"The trouble with you, Beverly," he went on kindly, "was that you started too big. You were the smartest kid in your class and in your school. Then when you went to work, you took a job at the top, instead of working up to it, as everyone should. You never had the fun of climbing and struggling. You're getting it now—and you like it. You stay with me, and one of these days we'll make the *Bugle* into a little daily, and you'll have a share in it."

And so I am content. Even if I have given up Rodney and his love, and am here in this town tied to an unimportant life work, I am content. I know something of human values now, and how little the brain counts when measured against the heart.

* * *

As I was writing that, on the clattering old office typewriter, the front door opened. I hurried to the counter. A man was standing there. His head was turned down a bit so that I could not see his face.

"I'd like to put this advertisement in the *Bugle,*" he said—and the voice was Rodney's.

"How large an ad?" I tried to keep my voice steady.

"About six inches, in a single column," he said. "Run it in every issue for a month. I'll let you know later whether I want more."

I glanced down—read. Rodney was opening offices—here!

"And you might put in your personal column also that Mr. Rodney Vincent has joined Mrs. Vincent."

He looked at me then—and I at him. And all doubt and unhappiness were swept away. Rodney belonged to me more completely now than ever he had before.

We had a long, long talk that night. Rodney admitted that he had many of my own faults. We decided that life in a small town was best for us. We were to have a little cottage with a garden. I was to go on with Mr. Jennings and the *Bugle.*

And I have gone on, for several months, but I'll have to take a little vacation one of these days and be on the reception committee when little Rod or small Bev—or, as Rodney hopefully puts it, the pair of them—put in an appearance.

In my old days I thought having babies was a terribly commonplace thing, but not any more. Now I'm sure that it's smart—the smartest thing I ever did. And Rodney, who's being mentioned for the state legislature, thinks so too.

EVERY STORY TRUE!

A real life story—the actual account of a true experience that one close friend might confide in another—is the most interesting, impressive story you can find anywhere.

MODERN ROMANCES brings to you each month an outstanding collection of real life stories written by its own readers all over the country; true stories that reveal the perplexities of their lives, the secrets of their hearts, the joys and sorrows of their loves. Be sure to read every issue of

MODERN ROMANCES

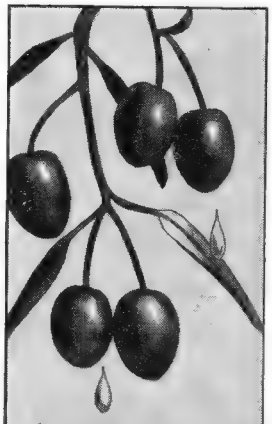
Our September Issue goes on Sale August 1st

Don't let Summer-Drought get You!

Fields that were fresh and green in the springtime become parched and dry as summer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

In this same way, the tender skin of your face, exposed to hot sun and drying wind, loses its fresh radiance and youthful attraction. Don't risk this tragedy! There's a way to guard this vital skin moisture.

Protect your allure this magic way—with Outdoor Girl Face Powder, which brings you the tried and true beauty aid—Olive Oil!



Olive Oil is a "Fountain of Youth" for your Skin . . .

Just as thirsty plants welcome drops of rain, your complexion craves the protecting touch of olive oil. Guard against destructive "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder — each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

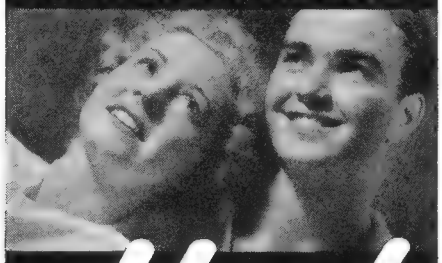
The face powder blended with **OLIVE OIL**

Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size . . **50c**

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

NOW LITTLE JOAN IS NEVER ALONE



use Hush and be Sure

● It's true, isn't it, that the popular person is the one who is always fresh and dainty, so play safe against Body Odors by daily use of HUSH! Instant protection from perspiration odors is yours with HUSH—use it any time, it is harmless to fabrics and imparts a soothing coolness to the skin. . . . Use it Daily

4 TYPES
CREAM LIQUID
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10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter

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QUICKLY CLEARS THE SKIN of PIMPLES

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Rachelle ☐ Natural ☐ *Write Today to*—
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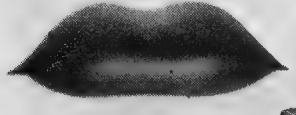
5 Years Younger



● Help your lips to look 5 years younger—with Cutex Lipstick! Its special oil helps keep them smoother, more alluring. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Rust, Ruby.

CUTEX Lipstick 50¢

I Borrowed Joy

(*Continued from page 29*)

ing for you all night! Where have you been?"

"Peter Smertka! Why are you here?"

He looked tired and worn out, as if he had not slept. "Your mother asked me to come here," he answered. At my look of astonishment, he seemed to realize for the first time how peculiar it was that I hadn't been home before this on my night off.

"Where were you, Irene? What has happened?" A suspicious note crept into his voice. "I heard a man's voice. . . . Someone brought you home?"

"Nothing," I told him wearily. "It doesn't matter, anyway. Tell me why Mama sent you here. Tell me why you waited so long."

His hand was gentle on mine as he led me to a seat. "It's about Lily, Irene. She's in the hospital."

I STIFLED a shriek. Lily, in the hospital! In her condition! He added soberly, "She told me that she left your old place because that son of theirs was annoying her. The next job she got was too hard. She—she lifted a heavy pail of water—"

"She lost her baby!" I cried, and the next second I clapped my hand over my mouth.

"I knew," Peter said sadly. "The hospital authorities somehow discovered where she came from. So your mother was told."

"Oh, Peter, Peter! What does Mama—"

"She begged me to come to New York and take Lily home when they let her out of the hospital. George couldn't go; he can't see. And your father—" he bowed his head. "Your father hasn't been told. Your mother was afraid he would never let Lily come into the house again."

I was sobbing in abandoned, bitter little snatches. "Poor Lily—oh, poor Lily."

"She has been very sick. She kept asking me to bring you. That's why I came here."

Together, in the bleak light of early morning, Peter and I left Miss Leroux's apartment to go to the hospital. Just as we stepped into the apartment lobby, a brisk young man with a notebook in his hand leaped at me from a chair. "You're Miss Irene Krupa, aren't you?"

I shouldered him aside. "Let me alone."

"You're the one the cops picked up last night—T. J. Simmons' chauffeur made you walk home, eh?"

"What is this?" Peter asked. "What's wrong?"

The young man was talking fast. "I'm from the Daily Call. Can't we talk about—"

"I'm in a hurry," I protested but he ran after us, and kept talking. With a sinking heart, I realized that the importance of my lady and Chuck's boss had made the walking-home affair game for the tabloid newspapers. I pulled Peter along as quickly as I could. "Don't listen to him, Peter. He—he's trying to get my boss in trouble."

I realized that my job was as good as lost, right now. I wanted to kick myself for ever having gone out with Chuck. And I'd been even more stupid in blurting out the name of his employer to the policeman! Why hadn't I thought about Mr. Simmons' being a millionaire? Of course it would eventually get back to the newspapers!

The reporter was still running behind us, begging me to tell him my side of the story, when I saw a taxicab and lifted my arm, as I had seen women on the Avenue doing so many times. "Taxi!"

The astonished Peter stepped into it after me, and we left the reporter behind.

Lily, although very sick, was glad to see me, but she was weak and her eyes kept fluttering to a close. I felt terrified. "She's dying! Oh, why don't they do something!"

The nurse asked me to go out. "You can't carry on like that here," she said.

Outside in the corridor Peter said, "Lily is afraid to face Steel City. That's one reason she doesn't care to get well."

"I'll tell her she doesn't have to go back!"

I promised her everything I could think of, as I sat beside her bed throughout the morning. I told her that New York was big, no one would ever know her past, she and I would live together, start life over.

It was nearly noon when I got back to Miss Leroux's apartment. And the place was in a bedlam! Mr. Simmons was there, and Chuck Fowler, and some other people, and they were all shouting and talking at once. Mr. Simmons thrust a tabloid newspaper into my face. The headline blared:

CHAUFFEUR'S ASSAULT ON MAID BARES T. J. SIMMONS LOVE NEST

Both Work for "Same Family," Admits Servant

Of course I had never said anything of the sort! I was shocked at the bald lie there on the news page, but all my protest did no good. Mr. Simmons ranted and raved.

"You brainless jackass! You stupid little sap! How dared you use my name?"

Elaine Leroux, the calmest person in the place, took the paper out of his hand and said, "Oh, stop yelling, Timmy! It wasn't her fault! Can't you see she doesn't know what it's all about? Everybody in town knew about us anyway. It isn't anything new, is it, after four years? Those yellow journals just want to sell papers.

He turned on her viciously. "*You* don't care! You haven't anything to lose. But think of me—think of my family."

"Oh, nuts! Where was your family while we were traveling to Florida and Europe?"

"They couldn't prove anything! We had separate suites! But here's this girl saying I'm the man who pays her salary!"

"I didn't say it," I told him, "Honestly I didn't, Mr. Simmons."

He shook me angrily. "Didn't you talk to reporters? Didn't you?"

"No, I didn't!"

"Then when did they get this picture?"

HE pointed a trembling finger. There on the front page was a picture of me, in my communion dress! I said, "They must have got it from the photographer in Steel City."

"They have ways, Timmy, you know that," Elaine said. "Stop deviling the poor kid."

I went into my room and threw myself down on the bed and wept despairing tears. It seemed as if the whole world was against me! I had been miserable, lonely, desperate. What had I done? Where was the crime in going on a date with a man? And yet, from that one little action, all this had sprung.

Surely the papers back home would get wind of this, now! If Steel City had talked about me before, how they would roll this morsel on their tongues! How they would whisper and nudge each other and laugh!

I thought about my mother. First George's tragedy, then Lily's. And now, mine. Bad enough that I had run away with Stephan. Bad enough that I had come back, without him, the stigma of sin on me. But now, this scandal, with a second man. . . .

I dried my eyes at last. It was mid-afternoon. I still had my work to do, although

I knew that Mr. Simmons would fire me.

They had all gone away. The apartment was empty. I started straightening up the living room. Then Miss Leroux called from her room, "What are you doing, Irene?"

"Cleaning up," I answered.

"Don't let Timmy get your goat, kid," she said kindly, "I know you couldn't help it. He'll get over it, anyway."

The doorbell rang. I answered it with dread. More reporters? Mr. Simmons, returning? Chuck?

It was none of these. There in the dimness of the hall stood a tall man with a strangely familiar set to his shoulders.

"Stephan!"

His voice was hoarse and harsh. "Yes, it's me. You didn't expect me, did you? All the way back from Brazil I was dreaming about our reunion, I was putting together the way I would apologize to you for my anger last time. And what hits me, the minute I get off the ship? This!" He slapped another copy of that tabloid down at my feet on the floor. It lay there, the picture of me in my communion dress looking up.

"But Stephan, let me explain—" I cried.

"Explain! I wrote you letters and you didn't answer. I tried to make excuses for you. I thought I had hurt your feelings by walking out on you when you said you had to go home to help your brother. I was thinking that I'd get down on my knees to you!" His voice cracked dangerously, but he pulled himself together. "Down on my knees, huh! You've had a good time since you got back to New York, haven't you? Working in this place, for this notorious woman—going with her lover's chauffeur!"

"Stephan!" I was defenseless against his abuse. "Don't, Stephan. None of it is true."

He snarled at me, "Oh, I've been a fool long enough. Dreaming of you. Telling myself I was glad I hadn't forced you, that night we came to New York. Why, I'm the biggest sucker in the world. I should have—"

THE memory of that sweet night assailed me like the scent of a well-remembered perfume. "Don't talk like this, Stephan," I begged. "Please don't. I love you. There has never been anyone but you."

"Expect me to believe that?" He advanced toward me, his hand shot out and grabbed my shoulder in cruel fingers "I wasn't born yesterday, Irene."

There was the sound of footsteps, and then Miss Leroux herself was in the hall with us. She said, "Is this a private fight, Irene, or can I get in on it?"

She was always flippant.

Stephan eyed her resentfully, keeping his tight grasp on my shoulder. "Who are you, anyway?" he demanded.

"I'm only the notorious woman you were shouting about."

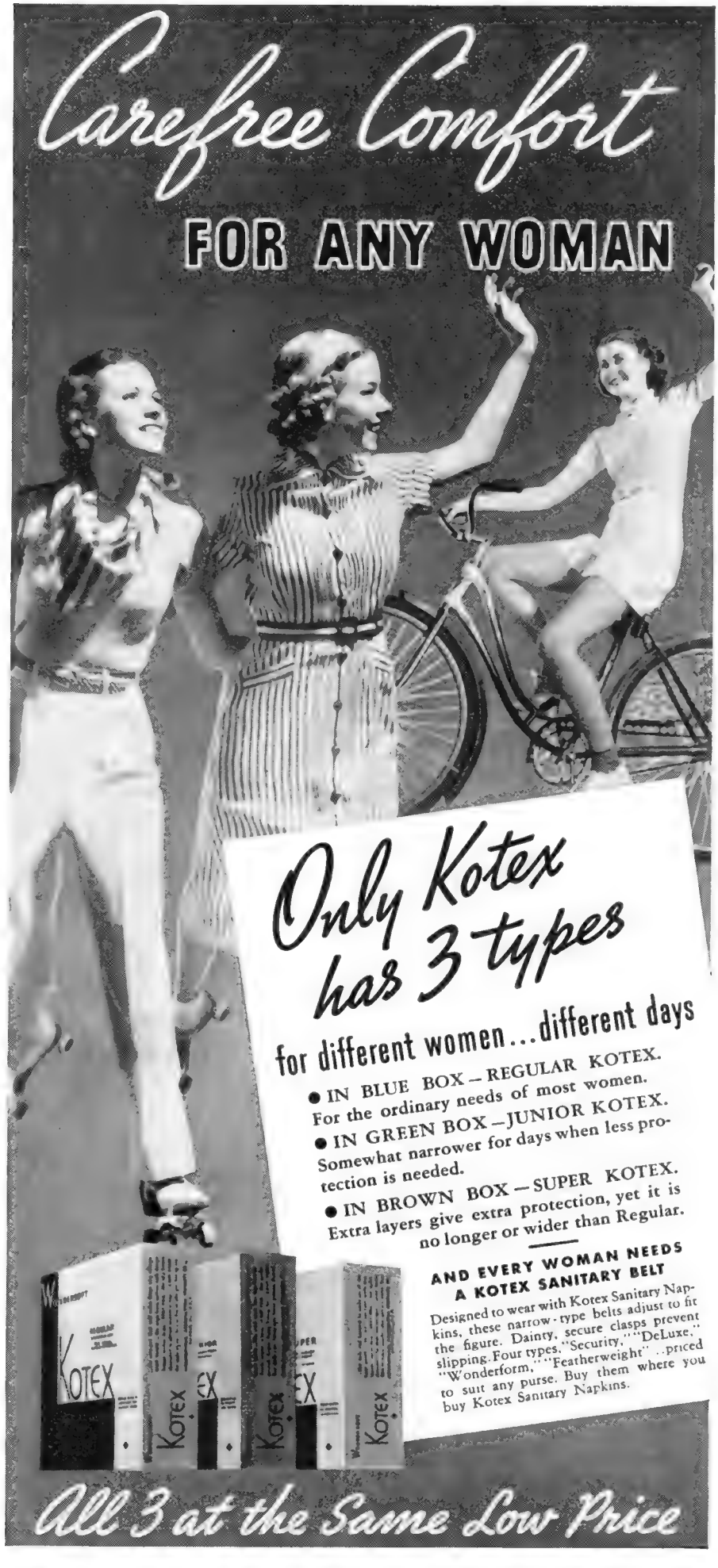
She flicked him with suddenly scornful eyes. "You think you're a wise guy, don't you, young fellow? Why, the very fact that you're kicking up this row shows how young and dumb you are. Do you really think your girl had anything to do with that chauffeur? Do you? Why did she get out of the car?" She looked straight at Stephan's white young face. "Sap, the time to worry is when your girl doesn't get out of cars."

She took my hand affectionately. "Irene's the best maid I ever had, and the prettiest. She's also the sweetest, cleanest and most naive kid I ever saw. If she makes up with you now, that proves she's a little fool."

"Go on," she continued, "tell him the advice I gave you about sailors, and tell him how you wouldn't double cross him, anyway."

Well, Stephan was ashamed then. Everything she said was so sensible, and it was so obvious to him that she wouldn't have cared to interfere unless she knew that he was making a terrible mistake.

He said, "Gosh, Irene, anybody would see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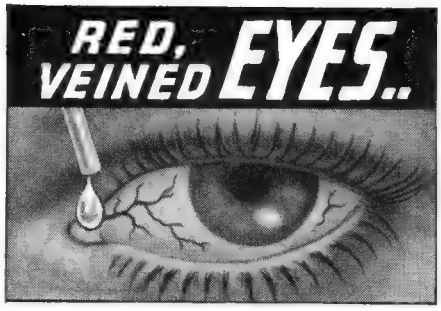

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red after reading that story in the paper."

I couldn't answer for a minute. Everything was happening too fast. He put his arm around me, begged me anxiously, "Don't you see how it was, Irene? Here I was dreaming all about how we'd meet again—how I'd go back to Steel City with the money I'd saved from the trip. And I got off the ship, and the first thing I saw was your picture on the newsstands! Can't you see what a shock it was to me?"

I threw my arms around his neck. "I understand, Stephan," I whispered.

AND so, after all the storms, Stephan and I slipped into a safe harbor at last. He wanted to be married in City Hall that same day, but I wanted to go back to Steel City and be married by the priest who had known us since we were both little children. I felt a sudden need for all the familiar things of home. I wanted my mother. I wanted to tell her what had happened to me, explain away the misunderstanding. And most of all, I wanted to help Lily, for I knew that she, too, would have to go home to Steel City in the end. If Stephan and I were there, life would be simpler for her.

Two weeks later the four of us left New York and set out for home. It was a sad trip. Peter was driving his car. Lily, pale and weak from her illness, would not talk much. Once in a while she'd moan, "They'll crucify me there, you'll see. I should have stayed in New York." She had changed so much! I could hardly believe that this thin girl with the enormous eyes was my flippant sister, who had defied my parents.

"I'd do anything if I didn't have to go home!" she kept moaning.

At last Peter said to her, "Would you do *anything?* Your sister Irene has rejected my love. Would you marry me?"

He was not young, Peter. Not American and not handsome. But he was so kind! I wanted to cry with gratefulness at the goodness of him to say this to Lily.

She felt the same way. She sort of laughed and cried. "You don't need second hand goods, Peter. You've got a fine store and—"

But he looked straight ahead through the windshield, and said, "You, too, have much to offer, Lily. You are young and beautiful. You—you remind me of Irene."

Oh, maybe it doesn't sound thrilling, or much like a romantic proposal, but I tell you, I felt like getting down on my knees to Peter. "Lily, if you did marry Peter," I said, "you'd be getting a saint!"

"I know it. But he'd be sorry."

"No, I wouldn't, Lily. I am no child, you see. I am thirty-five years old and I know my mind. We could build a permanent, worthwhile life together. People wouldn't dare to talk about my wife, either."

"I can't do that to you. I can't grab your protection and offer you nothing."

"Nothing, Lily? Your young self, your promise to be true—are these nothing?"

"You're not in love with me," she said.

"Yes, I am. You are her sister."

"Oh, Peter! You'll forget that!" I cried

"I shall try hard," he told me.

Well, it was a marriage dictated by generosity on his part, common sense and gratitude on hers. I hoped fervently that it would be the making of Lily, and bring happiness to Peter. They were married in Pittsburgh, and Stephan and I were their witnesses. So when we slipped into Steel City, I knew that Lily felt armored against the whispers of the neighbors. Of course, we all took it for granted that people would talk at first. But we knew too that now they'd probably say it had been Peter Smertka all the time.

Two weeks later, in the Slovak church, Stephan and I were married. I like to remember my wedding day.

My mother and father were beaming, proud and already forgetful of the bitter path I had traveled to get the man I loved. George was there, with his Mary holding his arm. Peter was there, with Lily, of whom he was pathetically proud, now that she was his. He seemed to have forgotten entirely that I was the one he wanted first. My younger brothers and sisters were there, all polished up and grinning happily. Stephan's mother was there, her eyes resting contentedly on her son.

And the priest's voice, reminding us of the beauty and sacredness of marriage, filled the little church. When Stephan put that ring on my finger, the whole past was cast out and there was nothing left but the glorious future, which we would share together.

I like to remember the way Stephan lifted me up, high in his arms, as we crossed the threshold of our new home. He kissed me tenderly. "Are you afraid of me now, Irene, as you were that night in New York?"

And I said, "No, Stephan. Not now."

The End

The March of Life

(*Continued from page 33*)

good, really I am, Mr. Hites. I made Cora run out of that car the other night before anything happened to us. Those fellows were wild, but I didn't care. I wouldn't have cared if they had guns. I just wanted to get away. I'll be more careful now. I won't take chances. I promise you I'll work hard, and if you really can help me find a job, it'll be wonderful. Will you?"

I reassured her. Just the prospect of being given another chance put the color into those pale cheeks and the sparkle into those dark blue eyes. I told her what we could do for her mother, even before she earned enough money to assume the burden herself. Her eyes glowed when I suggested the hospital and a convalescent home, later, for her little sister. I also mentioned the Family Service Association and the settlement, both of which would help the Masons with material things and to build up their self-respect. In that conversation with Annette Mason, I felt we were arresting all four public enemies, to a great extent. We were alleviating hunger, by the money we could give, soul-hunger also, by sympathy and understanding. We were preventing future crime, and incidentally, saving the community future expense in prosecuting and punishing crime.

I congratulated myself on my quick work in straightening out the miserable tangle which fate and the Masons had woven of their lives. But I congratulated myself too soon.

THE marionette show went off successfully. I made it a point to go, and after the performance Annette introduced me to Jack Carter. I had only had a brief glimpse of him the day he was arrested.

"This is Jack," she said. "Thank you for all you've done for us. Jack's going down to see about that job at the laundry tomorrow. I'm so happy, Mr. Hites! I'm quite sure everything will straighten itself out now!"

I looked at the tall lad at Annette's side, and I liked what I saw, but nevertheless I felt uneasy. Jack Carter was one of those gangling boys who grow too fast propor-

tionately in longitude for the good of their latitude. He was far too thin and though his grey eyes met mine squarely there was a hurt, pinched look in them. He looked like the kind of boy who might have yearned to be tucked in by his mother, yearned for it as a little boy. He looked as though he thought the world owed him a lot besides that mother to tuck him in.

"Thank you for telling Mr. McTague about me, sir," he said. "I've never worked on a truck before, but I know how to handle one, and I'll do my best."

That, I thought, is that. The lad looked capable and strong, with those broad shoulders and that ripple of muscle visible even beneath his coat. He would work himself up at the laundry. He and Annette would marry. They would help the mother and the younger children. But things are never as simple as all that. Community Chest, in all its manifold ramifications, was to be the final salvation of these two young souls and those who depended upon them, but not for a long while, and after life had given their story several cruel and unexpected twists.

I was so confident that Annette and her young man were so well on the upgrade that it was with a rude jolt that I heard the startling bit of news about them when I telephoned the worker at Southward House a week later.

"Annette's gone again," she said. "And the Mason household is more seriously disrupted than it was before we referred their plight to the Family Service worker. The father's home again!"

HERE, indeed, was a double dilemma. Where had Annette gone this time, and why had she fled? Immediately I called McTague at the laundry.

"The young man you sent left this morning without any explanation," he said. "He had words with our superintendent, took his hat and marched out. It's too bad. He was doing very well on the job."

Another flight! And what of the man returned from the confines of a prison cell? What was his connection with this pair of young love-birds startled into headlong flight? I decided to find out at once.

When I arrived at the Masons' door, in the musty tenement where so much human drama had recently been enacted, I rang with a sort of apprehensive wonder. I rather hoped that the father of the household might not answer the door. But I was disappointed. The moment I set eyes on the unnatural pallor of the lank, shifty-eyed individual who came to the door I knew that Annette had been right. This was undoubtedly the man Annette's mother had married, the lawbreaker who had twice gone to prison for his misdeeds. But there was no trace of the high-spirited, flame-haired girl in that mean, pallid face, in that bent, furtive form.

"What do you want around here?" The question was more like a snarl than a remark addressed by one man to another. "We don't want no one snoopin' around and interferin'. And when I lay my hands on that girl of mine . . ."

Before he closed the door in my face I got a glimpse of Mrs. Mason, white-faced and terrified, cringing behind the door. The social worker had told me that Mason had got time off for good behavior. No one would have believed it, to judge by the sullen ugliness of his present actions. I could see that this unexpected homecoming boded anything but good for the Mason family.

If only I had managed to see Mrs. Mason alone! I might have learned something about Annette's disappearance. I might have found a clue, might have heartened the poor woman. I knew that Eileen, the little eleven-year-old sister, was still in the Children's Hospital, and that her condition was far from reassuring. What a terrible burden

"What has happened to us, Dear?

"Why are we Drifting Apart?"

How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect — a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness — had made her almost repulsive to him?

IF UNHAPPY COUPLES would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband's love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

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for one woman to carry, especially with the added misery of a brutal husband newly home from eight years in prison!

I got back to my office and pondered the complex coils of the situation. There were several ways of setting about to find a clue as to the whereabouts of our runaway pair. I could get the Missing Persons Bureau on their trail, but I knew that Annette and Jack had so recently come up against the law that it might frighten and even injure them psychologically to get them through the police. Not that the Bureau doesn't exercise the kindest sort of tact and understanding. But simply the word "police" might act the wrong way with those two youngsers.

We might employ the radio to try and find them, but that would give publicity to the whole situation and might have serious consequences in the Mason household if the father got to hear of it. I have a healthy terror of the subnormal man, the criminal who has a streak of mental unbalance in his make-up. I knew as surely as I know my own name that Mason was one of those men. He might appear to be normal for years, but the twist was there, and would work its crooked way to the light some time. It had landed him in jail twice, that queer subversive streak. I was afraid of Mason. I didn't want him going berserk on that family of his.

I DECIDED that the Travelers Aid, whose good offices are, I believe, known to readers of MODERN ROMANCES, was my best bet. Those youngsters would have to take a train, or a bus, or thumb a ride to get anywhere. If they got to another city, most likely they would be spotted at the railway terminal by the T. A. worker. Once I knew where they were, I felt I could help them straighten out their difficulties. The Travelers Aid is one of the 65 Community Chest agencies.

I made the necessary inquiries and, while waiting nervously for developments, ran over to the hospital to see Eileen. Imagine my satisfaction when I found Mrs. Mason there, pale and tearful in her shabby winter coat. She was just leaving, but I asked her to wait for me in the reception room while I talked to Eileen.

I found the child still very frail and weak.

"She won't eat," the nurse told me. "She should have a quart of milk a day, but her stomach can't accommodate much food. She's been living on a starvation diet so long that it's as if her little stomach is shrunken."

"Now look at me, Eileen," I said, taking the wasted little hand, about as big altogether as the palm of my hand, and looking into the wide, pale blue eyes. "You have to get better so you can go back to school and learn a whole lot. Promise your Uncle Harry you'll try to drink your milk. And I'll tell you what! Three quarts three days in succession, and a certain young lady is going to get a big surprise!"

The wan little face lighted up in a way that touched me, and the small hand clung to mine a little less weakly.

"I'll try," she whispered.

Out in the reception room, I found Mrs. Mason a pitifully hopeful figure.

"Do you think she's getting better?" she asked. "You haven't heard anything about Annette, I know, or you would have told me. What are we going to do?"

"I think the little girl will be all right," I said, with a cheerfulness I was far from feeling. "And I expect we'll have news of Annette in a day or two." I told her what I had done to trace her older daughter and Jack Carter. "But you must promise me one thing, Mrs. Mason. When she does come back you mustn't scold or nag at her. Jack is a good boy. I see no harm in letting her go with him. It's because parents refuse to allow their children a little natural freedom, because they do not trust them, that trouble arises. Will you give me your word you won't interfere this time?"

She nodded dumbly. Then a look of fear came into her face.

"I know you're right," she said. "I might not have married Ferd if my mother had been sensible about my going out with him. But she warned me and threatened me, and I thought it was all so romantic, and I was stubborn and so we ran away and were married by the justice of the peace. I've never stopped regretting it! And I'm so afraid, Mr. Hites! I won't stand in Annette's way of happiness, but Ferd is a hard man. He can't bear to see anyone happy. He has it in for that young Carter now, and if Annette comes back—"

"Why did Annette go away this time?" I demanded.

Mrs. Mason lowered her eyes as if she was afraid to face me.

"One night when Annette came in late," she said, "her father confronted her like a raging bull. 'So you will go out with that Carter guy, eh?' he snarled, beating her mercilessly. Unable to bear her cries, I sprang at the beast and took him completely by surprise. Then in a flash he snatched up the bread knife and brandished it at me fiercely and told me to get out of the room. There was such a queer look in his eyes I was afraid to say anything. I was only too glad to escape alive. Then later Ferd went out and Annette dressed and said she was going. I couldn't have stopped her if I had wanted to. She could hardly get her blouse on, her back was so terrible from the beating. I helped her, and gave her two dollars, and told her to be careful. But she didn't say anything, just looked straight ahead and walked out without saying a word. When Ferd came back he was so drunk he fell asleep on the couch, and the next morning he had one of his silent fits on. I was thankful. I was afraid he would start in again when he found Annette was gone. But I'm so worried. I didn't sleep all last night, wondering about where she was."

"Does your husband intend to look for work?" I asked.

"He never was much of a worker," she answered, "and now he says that a—a jailbird hasn't a chance. So there's no use even looking. He says I can work, if I'm worried about getting food for the children."

"Have you worked?"

"Yes, I've had to. I've done fine laundry work."

I thought over the situation rapidly and decided on a plan of action. The thing to do would be to find Mrs. Mason a job, to place the children in a day nursery, and, if possible, to move them out of the father's jurisdiction. I could see that he was more of a menace than a help to his family. They had been better off when he was in prison. As gently as I could, I suggested the plan to Mrs. Mason. Her eyes shone with gratitude. I left her at the door with a promise to get in touch with her the next day.

WHEN I got back to my office, I had a telegram from the T. A. in Wilmington. They had located my two strays there, and were sending them back on the four o'clock train. I waited in my office for them.

Annette looked bitter and bedraggled. Jack brought her into the office with a protective air. His suit looked rumpled, his face pinched.

"Well, here we are, sir," he said somewhat defiantly. "What are you going to do?"

It took quite a little doing to set them a little at their ease. You can't undo a lifetime of misunderstanding and short rations, both physical and spiritual, by a few kind words. But sympathy helps a lot. After a while I got them to talking.

"Do you think I'd leave Annette to that brute who calls himself her father?" Jack's

eyes looked steely. "I didn't like to throw up that job, but we both felt we had to get away. Annette didn't like to leave her mother, either. But when her father half-killed her she saw red. She was so sick and sore she didn't care what happened. I sure was glad she thought of coming to me."

"What did you two think of doing? Why didn't you just stay on the job? Jobs are scarce, you know."

Annette raised her head. Her eyes were a startling violet against her pale face.

"The first thing we did," she said simply, "was get married."

Jack read the surmise in my face.

"No, sir," he said in denial, before I had a chance to speak, "not for any reason people might think. But now I'm responsible for Annette. Her dad can't touch her without hearing from me. I thought we could get settled in Wilmington, with all those factories. But nothing doing. That's why we were glad when they told us at the station that you wanted to see us. I thought maybe Mr. McTague would give me my job back. Do you think he would, sir?"

"How is my mother?" Annette seemed to cringe as she gave evidence that, despite her running away from the turmoil at home, it was still close to her thoughts.

"I'll speak to McTague," I said, answering them both at once, "and I'll see that your mother gets a message right away. I want you two to get freshened up and have a bit of supper. Here, this will take care of that. You can consider it a wedding present. Then meet me at Southward House at 8:00, and we'll talk over ways and means."

When they left, I did some intensive thinking. So Annette had followed her mother's footsteps and had run away to be married. Was it a wise step? I didn't know, but I was inclined to feel that in this particular case it might be. Given a headstrong girl, not over-intelligent, and a potential criminal, marrying for the thrill of it and out of defiance to the girl's parents, and it added up to the sordid life story of the Masons. But take a bright, loyal girl like Annette, give her half a chance with a straight, manly young fellow like Jack, and you had a different sum in addition. That is, of course, if circumstances were somewhat in their favor, instead of against them. Well, that was partly the job of the agencies supported by the Chest. We could, given usable human material, play the rôle of fate to a certain extent. So I began to set the wheels of Chest activity in motion. I'll not tell you about it myself. I'll let you get your own impressions from Annette's words when she came to my office three days later. She looked like a different girl, happy, sparkling, her young shoulders erect.

SHE said breathlessly, "Oh, Mr. Hites, I don't know where to begin! Jack is back at the laundry, and he spoke to Mr. McTague about Mother, as you suggested. They don't need anyone for the fine ironing just now, but next week they expect a lot of extra work on account of the Embassy dances. He'll take her on then, and if he's satisfied he may keep her. I'm back at the Y, and I'll be finished with my course in four weeks. I've switched to filing, because I think I can get a job in that more quickly. Then if I do, I can study typing at night."

"What about your father?" I asked. The change in that young face was appalling.

"I haven't seen my father," she said. "Jack and I have a room over on this side of town. But Ma has told me that he's worse than ever. Mr. Hites, we have to get her and the boys out of there right away! Only," she finished in a hopeless tone, "I don't see how we can manage it."

"We can manage," I assured her. "Does your father ever go out?"

"He's never home except to meals, and when he's—when he's sleeping off a night's drinking. Ma doesn't know where he gets the money. She manages to change the relief order for groceries the minute it comes. He—he nearly killed her for that last week."

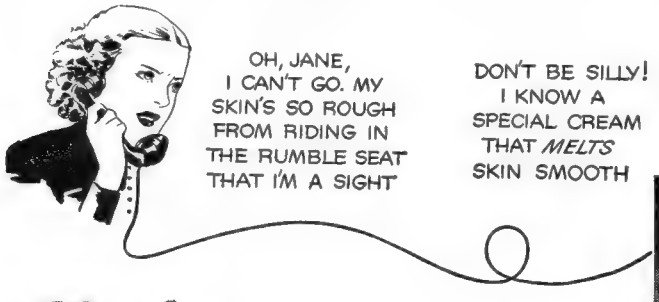
I could see that there was no time to be lost. We could get the law after this sodden brute, but I felt that it would be wiser to spirit the family away quietly and secretly. It would be better for Mrs. Mason, I felt, than to try to force her husband to behave and provide for his family decently. The kickback from the latter course, once Ferd Mason had served another term, would assuredly be dreadful for her.

"Annette," I said, "we're going to move your mother and the youngsters today—tonight. Miss Carnes told me of a light, clean two-room flat near the park. He isn't likely to find you there, so far from the old neighborhood. I'll get Tony, the ice-baron on the corner, to move you. Jack can sort of stand guard downstairs. It won't take long, and then our minds'll be at rest. It's time we did something."

She thanked me with a catch in her voice, and left for her course at the Y. Our date for spiriting Mrs. Mason and her two little fellows out of the dark scene of past miseries, was set for 8 o'clock, an hour after the time Ferd Mason set out on his nightly round of drinking and the devil knows what else.

Meanwhile, the other date I had made with a member of the Mason clan was just around the corner. I picked up a bundle my secretary had left on my desk on her return from lunch and sallied forth to the Children's Hospital. I hadn't told Eileen's big sister about this date because, selfishly, I wanted the pleasure of it all to myself.

I found our little patient looking the slightest shade rosier. Beside her bed on the wall was a big chart with a bottle of milk drawn on it. There were three gold stars in three of the many squares that divided the chart.


OH, JANE, I CAN'T GO. MY SKIN'S SO ROUGH FROM RIDING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT THAT I'M A SIGHT
DON'T BE SILLY! I KNOW A SPECIAL CREAM THAT *MELTS* SKIN SMOOTH

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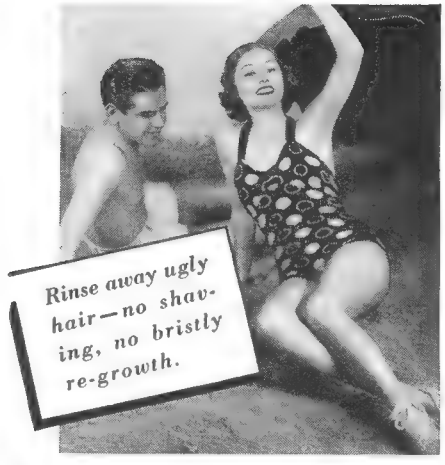

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3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

"Well," I said, "that chart looks as though you mean business, Eileen. It certainly is a big surprise to me, though I was pretty sure you could make it." I held the package behind my back.

"Turn around!" she said in her small, pretty voice.

I obeyed, and dropped the package on the counterpane in front of her.

The doll she unwrapped was no imported creation fussed up in lace and feathers, but from the look on that sick child's face you'd think it was something from the Duchess of Vere de Vere's gold-inlaid cabinet with the diamond doors. I knew that this was good medicine for Eileen. For the first time the load of doubt that weighed on me every time I looked at the child seemed lighter.

Everything seemed to be going swimmingly. After tonight's abduction of the Mason family, minus the deadweight of the father, my conscience in this case would take a little well-earned holiday, I thought.

At 8 o'clock I picked up our newlyweds at their modest room in one of the shabby-genteel streets on my side of town, and, having made sure that the genial Tony was all ready to help in the plot, we proceeded to the slum street where Annette had spent the last few years of her girlhood.

"If only Dad doesn't get back before we get finished!" she said, snuggling closer to her young husband, who looked as if he was about to gird his loins and go out and finish up a couple of dragons.

"Don't worry about that, honey." Jack's lips set in a tight line as he reassured her.

To relieve the tension, I told them about Eileen and the doll. Before I got through, the expression in Annette's face scared me. I was afraid she was going to kiss me!

We left the car around the corner and ran up the four flights to what only an optimist could call the Mason's home. Jack stayed below, and Annette went ahead, while I waited on the stair, just in case. I could tell by the tone of Mrs. Mason's voice when she opened the door that the coast was clear. She had seen Annette the evening before, when the girl had risked a brief visit, so the greetings and preliminaries weren't as long as they might have been. The boys and the tiny sister were all dressed, and, while I tied up a few of the cartons which served as trunks, Annette took the young children down to the car. She was back soon.

"I told them if they dared get out of the car, Dad would take them away," she said. "They sat as still as little images!"

A FEW minutes later Tony, his round face the best possible recommendation for his daily spaghetti and *vino,* arrived. He made quick work of the few sticks of furniture, the pitifully few boxes and bundles which represented the Mason household effects. He had come back for the children's rickety bedstead when the storm we had dreaded, but thought we were going to escape, broke upon us. Mrs. Mason was unscrewing the electric bulbs, Annette had just finished sweeping up the bare kitchen. Suddenly we heard a commotion on the stairs. There was a heavy thud, then silence.

Annette looked at me, her face whiter than the collar that framed it.

"Dad!" she said, in a choked voice. "Oh, Jack, Jack!"

I motioned to Tony to set down the bedstead. I put a steadying hand on Mrs. Mason's shoulder.

"You're not alone," I said. "Remember that."

Heavy, lumbering footsteps dragged up the stairs. Where was Jack? There seemed to be no following tread. Had that thud meant that Jack . . . ?

The footsteps came closer, then ceased. The ogre of the Mason household stood on the landing. There he was, blear-eyed, savage, the evil in his eyes burning like a torch of destruction. I'm pretty muscular, and my nerves aren't all shot by bad liquor, and so I felt no particular qualms when I saw Ferd Mason standing there. The only thing that worried me was what this fiend might have done to Jack. That is the only thing that did worry me, frankly, until I saw Mason's hand slide around to the back of his coat. That took the confidence out of me with lightning speed. Not only did we have a tough customer to deal with, I saw instantly, but that tough customer was armed with the best argument in the world, a gun.

Mrs. Mason screamed, and with an ungentle shove I pushed her into the kitchen with Annette and slammed the door. All this was done in the flash of an eye. Then, in the same instant, it seemed, Ferd Mason lumbered toward me and Tony, his weapon brandished openly in his drunkard's hand.

"Thought you'd put the bee on me, did ya?" he snarled. "Well, now you're goin' to get yours, you . . ." His string of expletives would have made a longshoreman's talk seem like baby prattle. "Tryin' to separate a man from his lawful family, are ya? I'll show ya, I will, just like I showed that louse downstairs."

I STOOD perfectly still, my Nordic blood almost reasoning for me. I could hear the Pearly Gates creaking on their hinges, as they opened to let me through. But I reckoned without Tony.

Yes, Tony's Latin blood wouldn't let him stand still in the face of danger. Or perhaps it was the *vino* he had for supper. Tony lunged forward, the leg of the iron bedstead still in his hand. He and the gun and Mason seemed to converge and explode all in one supercharged instant. I heard the gun go off, and Tony and I instinctively jumped aside. But not before Tony's blow had done its proper work. Mason, clutching his weapon, lurched backward, dizzied by the impact of the blow and also by the fiery cheer he had imbibed before coming home.

I'll never forget the sound of that chunky body as it thumped down those uncarpeted steps. The gun went off a second time as Mason struck the landing which cut the staircase in two. At the same moment we heard unsteady steps ascending the stairs. I ran down just in time to catch Jack and save him from falling across the prone body of Annette's father.

Tony and I took one glance at Mason, and decided that Jack was in greater need. We did not know then that Mason's earthly needs were done with. We helped the boy into the flat and laid him on the mattress on the floor. Tony handed me a flask. I don't know where he got it. Italians aren't addicted to strong liquor as a rule. Maybe it came from the back pocket which had sheltered Mason's gun.

It was a small flask, but it served its purpose. Jack opened his eyes. He looked as though a cyclone had sat down on him.

"He knocked me flat before I could warn you," he apologized in a weak voice. "Something hard. He cracked it down on my head."

I nodded. That would be the gun, most likely. I put my hand in my pocket and gave Tony a couple of nickels for 'phone calls. We needed a doctor, and we needed that best friend of people in trouble, a cop.

The kitchen door was still shut. I opened it. You never saw two such terrified women.

"Oh, you're all right!" Annette looked at me with shadowed eyes. Then she suddenly saw Jack on the floor, and I thought she was going to faint.

"He's all right, too, Annette," I said. "But look out, give your mother a hand. She looks pretty poorly."

There was one chair left, and we got Mrs. Mason settled in it. When she opened her lips to speak, I dreaded what she was going to ask. After all the man had been a cur and a brute, and had well de-

served what he had carved out for himself. But women are funny that way. And perhaps when a woman has borne a man four children she sort of overlooks the minus marks in the sum. But I got the surprise of my life. Mrs. Mason must have heard the shots. She had heard me give Tony my orders. That left only her husband as a possible victim, since I was all right, and Jack was beginning to sit up. But she didn't ask for Ferd Mason. What she said proved that in the combination, wife and mother, the latter is usually the heart of the formula.

"Someone go down to the children," she said. "They might be frightened, waiting out there all alone."

Can you beat that? But I didn't have much time to reflect on the ways of women or the justice fate metes out to some men, for Tony's phone calls were already producing results. The doctor and my friend O'Shea, from the green-lighted mansion a few blocks away, came up the stairs together. The policeman stopped on the landing a little longer than the doctor. Dr. Townsend saw that he had no patient in that inert figure crumpled up on the bottom step. He didn't have much of a case in Jack, either, but I was glad he came. You see some pretty nasty concussions when a drunken lout brandishes the heavy butt of a gun. I was relieved when the doctor said Jack would be O K. in a day or so.

They got all that remained of Ferd Mason out of the way before the Masons left their little hole of a habitation for good. We decided, with Tony's help, to move the family over at once. Jack wasn't much good, of course, with his head still dizzy, but he served to stay with the little ones while we picked up the last belongings and cleared Mrs. Mason out of the flat where she had known only misery and dread. She never said a word about her husband. It wasn't a very gay party, when we settled her and the kids in the little flat near the park. But Annette and Jack stayed with them for the night.

ANNETTE came in to see me the next day. "Ma wants me to thank you," she said. "Without your help I don't know what would have become of us."

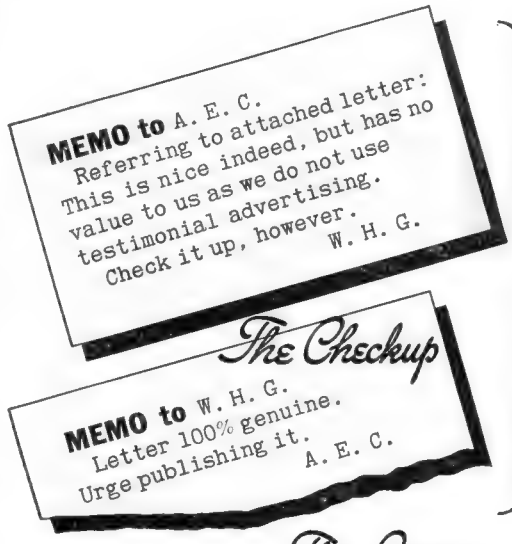
"Save your thanks for the folks who help us keep Community Chest going on all cylinders," I answered. "How is your mother taking—things?"

"She feels pretty bad today," said Annette. "But Jack came over at noon and says Mr. McTague wants her to start in tomorrow, half days. I can stay with the kids while she's gone, and when she gets home I can go over for my course. I had to switch to the afternoon class, but it's all right." Then Annette gave me a silent, searching look.

"Do you think I have a wicked heart, Mr. Hites?" she said intently. "I can't feel sorry that—that he's gone. I know that's a dreadful way for a daughter to feel about her own father. But I can't make myself feel sorry. It wouldn't be honest to pretend I am. Not after the way he treated Ma. I wouldn't have minded the way he acted toward me so much, but he made Ma miserable. Do you think I'm an unnatural daughter, Mr. Hites? I do so want to be like other people. I've never had a chance to be like other people!"

With compassion in my heart, I assured her that no one would ever call her a bad daughter. Her treatment of her mother was enough to prove that. When she left, with a lighter tread than her step on entering my office, her words seemed to haunt me. "I've never had a chance to be like other people!"

It is for people like the Masons that Community Chest was formed, and for them it functions 365 days a year. I thought of the little one in the Children's Hospital, asleep, as the nurse had told me, with her thin arm


MEMO to A. E. C.
Referring to attached letter:
This is nice indeed, but has no
value to us as we do not use
testimonial advertising.
Check it up, however.
W. H. G.
The Checkup
MEMO to W. H. G.
Letter 100% genuine.
Urge publishing it.
A. E. C.

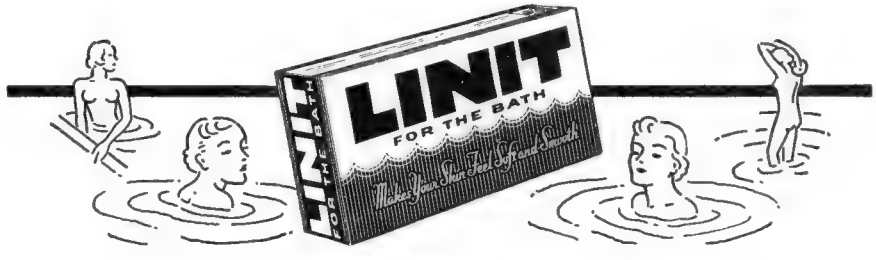
So a rule was changed to give this Good News to Certain People

The Letter

"I HAD A sister-in-law who was so nervous, in fact for years, she would say, I am so nervous my body itches all over and she at times would embarrass me as she was always either scratching her foot or her arm or her leg, and I said really you should see a doctor as you make me so nervous you don't sit still a minute.

She finally decided on seeing one of the best doctors in Chicago (I could give you his name at any time) and after he examined her he found nothing wrong. Just told her to rest more and take things calmly. He said, have you ever used Linit. She said, well, I don't do my own washing. He said, No, I mean for the Bath. She said, No. So he said, now I want you to buy it, and use ½ a box in your bath every morning and see what fine results you gain from it.

I can't tell you what a different person she is due to this product. In fact, her whole appearance is different to me. Her face looks 10 years younger, she seems so much more relaxful and can truthfully say, her body is free from that horrible itching, that she had, all due to this wonderful product."



FOR THE BATH

NEW! A HIGH-ENERGY FOOD FOR BABY
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• Build up baby's vitality with Heinz new Strained Beef and Liver Soup! Here's a delicious combination of carefully-selected lean beef, livers of chickens and young beef, and the choicest vegetables Heinz can buy! Heinz Strained Beef and Liver Soup is especially rich in vitamins A, B, C, and G. Like the other 11 tasty Heinz Strained Foods, it is packaged under a vacuum. The fresh flavor, the appetizing color, the valuable proteins are all *cooked in!* Yet Heinz Strained Foods cost no more than ordinary brands.
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57 HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS

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SENSATIONAL OFFER! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM, with brush; guaranteed waterproof! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO . . . send coupon TODAY!
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CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE
10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

flung lovingly across her doll, probably the first real doll she'd ever had. The hospital meals were probably the first satisfying food that baby had ever eaten. With more good food and care, little Eileen would win her fight, be restored to her anxious mother.

To be like other people, to enjoy the comforts, the recreation, the social fun of other human beings—that is part of Community Chest's gift to the underprivileged. The Settlement House, which had stretched out a helping hand to Annette in the first place and taken her from the "auto-rats" that infest our highways; the Family Service, which had helped with material necessities; the Juvenile Protective Association, which had taken those two youngsters out of the shadow of the prison cell and substituted generous understanding and sympathy; all these form an interlocking chain, like hands clasped in faith and service.

I saw Annette only yesterday. She looked trim in her new blue suit. I'm pretty sure it was blue. I *know* her eyes were blue and bright, and a tinge of pink disproved the theory that pink is unbecoming to redheads.

"I earned this," she said proudly, patting her coat. "I've been working part-time in the laundry office. As soon as I finish my course, Ma is going to retire. We've found a bigger flat, and we're moving Friday. You'll have to come to the house-warming!"

Someone else was present at that housewarming. It was Eileen, dismissed from the hospital. She stayed up pretty late for an ex-invalid, but I could see that it wasn't hurting her. A new spirit seemed to pervade that household. Nothing was missing, no one would even say that the head of the household wasn't there. For Jack filled that post admirably. He bossed the kids, made his mother-in-law sit down and rest, admired Annette's chocolate cake, and all in all filled my cracked old heart with something suspiciously like pride. Jack had grown up. He no longer needed to regret the mother who had never tucked him in.

It was a nice party, one of the nicest I was ever invited to. And as I sat there, looking at the "God Bless Our Home" which Mrs. Mason had miraculously found time to embroider on a doodad above the kitchen table, I pondered on Community Chest. I imagine Mrs. Mason finds time to bless that too, between laundering fine frills and lovingly scrubbing her young rascals' knees!

For a Son That Wasn't His

(*Continued from page 35*)

leaving and each morning I dreaded the words that would sound the knell to my happiness. There was a thorn in my joy. Why hadn't Philip mentioned marriage? I knew he loved me and we belonged to each other. Mating and birth held few secrets for me. It didn't seem strange that our love was going to be blessed with fruition.

But, after the first flush of rapture, something Dad had instilled into me began to assert itself. Dad was warm and human but he'd want his grandchild to be born without shame. Philip and I would have to go over to the little parish church on the other side of the lake, so that God's blessing might be given our union. I'd tried to tell him this, but his eyes frightened me.

The day I decided I finally must speak I was strangely low in my spirits. Thunder still rumbled, following a night of electric storms. All day the sky lowered with clouds.

I felt nervous and couldn't settle down to work. In the late afternoon I decided to go along the trail a bit. Maybe I could catch Philip alone. I put on a waterproof cape and a pair of thick high shoes. My feet sank into the sodden undergrowth and each step my heart grew heavier than my boots.

Dad had said they'd be up in the Wampasa Woods. After about half an hour I hit higher land. Then the trail dipped into a dense wooded slope, where men had been busy widening the road. It was very lonely with no sound but the rustle of a bird. Then, all of a sudden, I heard low voices and the noise of cracking wood. Were the men still felling trees, I wondered.

Suddenly a man sprang out of the bushes and threw up his arms. I was scared till I saw it was Jerry Grant. He'd lost his hat and his suede hunting jacket was ripped and scratched. "Yvonne, get back down the trail," he snapped.

My heart thumped like a wild creature. I dashed past him, ducked through the bushes into a clearing. Three men were working here, pulling at a giant tree that lay prone. The air was filled with their panting, rising above the patter of heavy rain on dead leaves.

My first startled glance told me I was living in a nightmare. There, pinned under the tree, were the crushed bodies of two men. Their grotesque posture, distorted outflung limbs, told me at once they were dead—spines broken!

One of the woodsmen saw me. He rushed forward and hid my face against his huge shoulders. But his kindly act came too late. I'd already seen those mangled forms and recognized—my dad *and my lover!*

Some events in life are too shocking for feeling. Afterwards I was to endure the pangs of hideous sorrow, wake night after night to my own terrified cries. Now I was numbed with horror. I must have fainted, because nothing was very clear until I came to, in my own cabin, with Jerry forcing a stinging liquid through my lips.

Philip, my love, was dead! Brave old Dad was dead, too! Dead! I couldn't take it in. Mechanically I listened to Jerry, telling me how many of the trees were loosened and uprooted by the storm. The "death tree" was one that had been left partly sawn through by woodcutters. Phil and Dad had died almost instantaneously, when the rising wind crashed the swaying giant across their path, crumpling them to the earth. Poor Jerry to see it all!

I lived in a trance. Only when I stood with the bareheaded group, watching Dad lowered to his last resting place in the hillside, did the truth strike home. I'd never see Dad again! I was alone in this northland that had suddenly become harsh and cruel.

JERRY tried to comfort me but soon saw it was better to let me sob alone. He had his own pitiful arrangements to make, for Philip was being taken back to his New Jersey home for burial. How I wished I might die.

"Little Yvonne, you've got to stop crying," Jerry said at last.

I looked at him—so big and strong and capable. "I'm scared, Jerry, I'll die of grief."

"Not you. You're a fighter, Yvonne. Besides, I'm coming back. This is no time to talk, but I love you. I'd spend my life trying to make you care—a little."

"Oh, Jerry!" I wanted to blurt out the truth about Philip and me. But at that moment something happened, gentle as the movement of a butterfly. None but a mother-to-be can experience that strange half-exultant, half-terrifying moment. I seemed to catch the voice of my coming

child whispering in my ear. I wanted to live now with a fierceness that choked me.

With dreadful cunning I played my part. Philip's baby must have a father, and that father need never know the truth!

"Jerry, don't wait. Let me go with you now," I begged. "I'm afraid. I—I'm fond of you, Jerry!"

The fire in his eyes told me I'd won.

Little Philip, born in one of those fine New Jersey houses his father had told me about, was so tiny it wasn't difficult to pass his birth off as premature. I laid my plans well and no one suspected. Phil wasn't dark like Jerry and me; he was blond and blue-eyed, the living image of his father.

The feel of his tiny clinging lips, his satin-smooth body filled me with an almost unholy joy. He was my lover come back. Old Mrs. Grant, too, seemed to glow with new life. This grandchild helped to ease a little the agonizing loss of her own boy. Between the two of us—well, I guess a saint would have been spoiled—and Phil was no saint.

Sometimes it seems strange that I wasn't tormented by my conscience. I was a cheat, acting a lie to my husband all those years. But I lived in a kind of dream world. My love and energy were poured into an unhealthy fantasy, in which Philip and I still lived for each other. My baby boy was the link between this and the outside world. Fantastic! Unbelievable! Yes, I preferred my dreams to the glorious reality of life.

And now Jerry *knew*! I was ready to beg forgiveness, throw myself on his kindly nature. But that night a new Jerry faced me—hard, determined, bitterly hurt.

"Yvonne, you can live here as my wife in the eyes of the world, but there can be nothing more between us."

"But—but, Phil!"

"Oh, I'll keep your secret." I'd never heard that sneer in Jerry's voice. "Only you're not my wife. You never will be—again!"

I hadn't realized what such a decision would mean to a woman of my emotional nature. Night after night I lay awake, quivering with a sense of injustice and deep hurt. Of course, I was to blame. Don't think I don't know it. I should have told my husband before I married him. Maybe, then his love would have been big enough to overlook my action. Now years of lies lay between us!

I felt starved. On one being alone could I pour out my stormy love—little Phil. On him I lavished all the devotion that should have been shared with a husband. Margaret was independent and self-contained, even as a baby. My boy was the center of my world. He had only to run and say, "I love you, Mother," for me to forgive anything! I was the buffer between him and Jerry, and I covered up his delinquencies.

HE was such a cute youngster; would always turn in the middle of some childish play to see if I was watching. He seemed to enjoy everything more if I was around. When I'd open the back door to call him in for a meal, his quick answering smile set my heart beating fast. "Gee, there's *my mom!*" He'd snatch a handful of flower heads on ridiculously short stalks, as he rushed along the path to hug me.

I'd try to draw Margaret into our games. She was very sweet and solemn as she followed Phil and me across the fields to find the Easter Bunny eggs or, around Christmas time, to search for magic reindeer tracks. But it was Phil whose steps danced with mine. Phil who understood and loved the stories and games I invented. We were alike in temperament, both given to quick laughter, or to sudden tears at the sight of pain.

During his adolescent years Phil developed a craze for girls and used to hang around the little schoolmates Margaret brought home. I didn't think much about it; just put it down to the "silly" stage all boys go through. I remember one day, when he was thirteen, Margaret ran into the kitchen. "Mother, you've got to stop Phil," she wept. "He's teasing Edith, keeps on trying to kiss her, and she hates it. He tried to kiss Margery, too, only she told her dad and he said he'd give Phil a beating."

"Margaret!" I took her firmly by the hand. "Don't be so stupid. You should be ashamed. Phil doesn't mean anything."

I ran into the yard. There was a red patch on Phil's face as if a hand had struck him. Little Edith Sterne faced him with stormy eyes and burning cheeks.

"Better leave the girls to play alone, son," I said, hurrying him off.

"I didn't mean any harm, Mother. She asked me to kiss her."

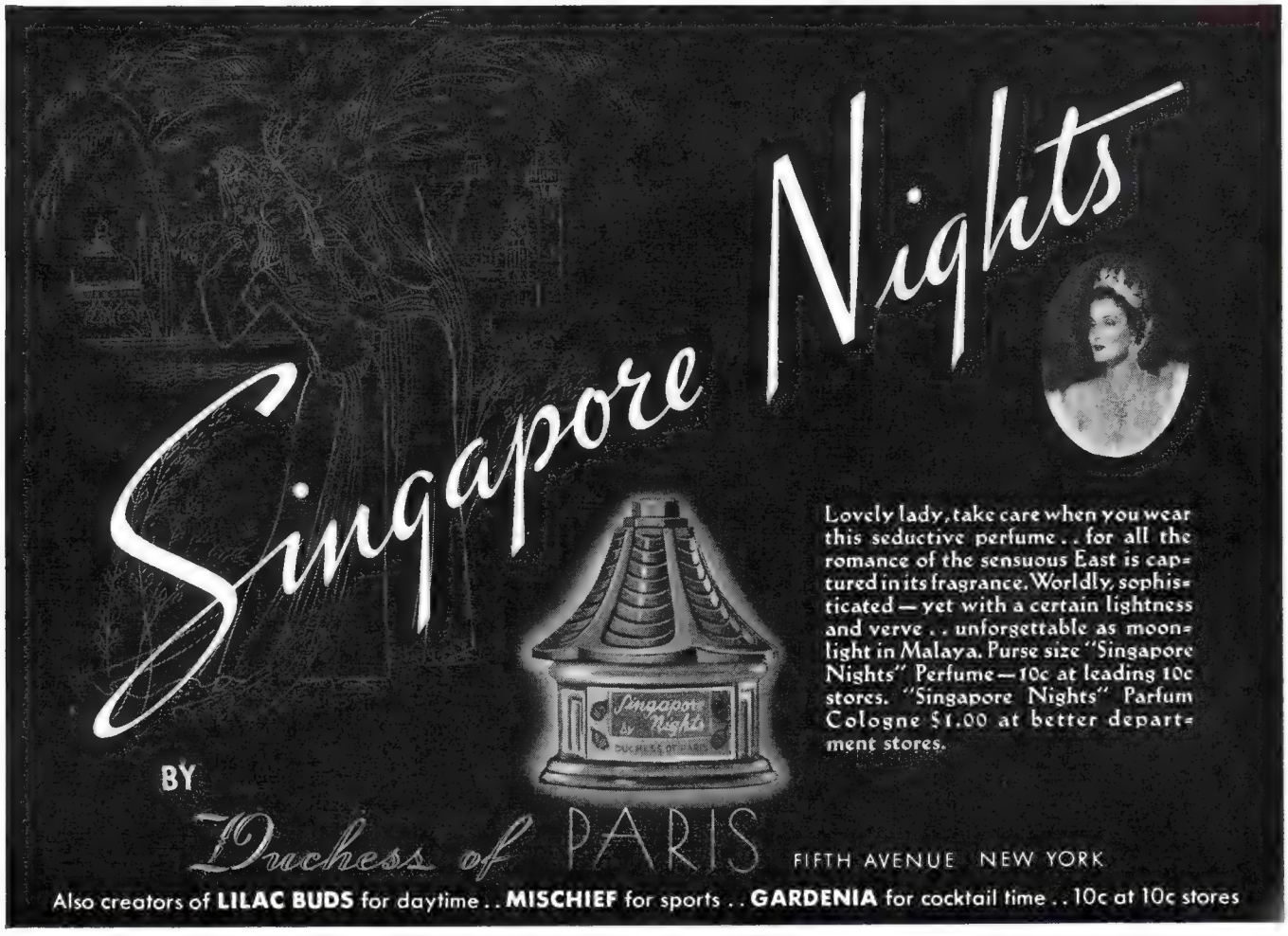
"We'll go downtown and choose one of those sailboats this afternoon," I promised.

He looked at me. Then he flung himself into my arms and kissed me. "Gosh, you're swell! The grandest pal in all the world!"

I was like putty in his hands. I should have tried to guide his mind and emotions while they were plastic but I shirked. He was so attentive and sweet when we shopped together that, as well as the sailboat his heart was set on, I arranged for the store to send up a bicycle. I'd pay it out of my allowance. Phil didn't make boy friends easily and I told myself he needed every encouragement. I wanted him to grow strong and well like Margaret.

I was horribly upset the afternoon Edith Sterne's mother came to see me. "It's time you should know about it, Mrs. Grant. Somebody ought to give your Philip a straight talk. He's always with that Albert Gregg's gang of young hooligans. They pass my house on the way down to the creek most afternoons. A horrid bunch, always up to some unpleasant mischief.

I was boiling with rage but something within whispered caution. I'd no idea Phil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was mixing with the low riffraff of town. He was clever enough to hide it from me. For the first time I was really angry with my boy. "Thank you, Mrs. Sterne," I said. "I'll talk to him myself."

Phil was staggered when he found he couldn't wheedle me. He listened sulkily. "So, you'd take sides against your own son! I bet Granny wouldn't. She'd like to know I was having some fun."

The arrow struck home. It was true his grandmother adored Phil. She was even more ready than I to give in to him.

I don't remember exactly what I said that day, but it did have some effect. Not long after Jerry got him into a Scout troop. How thankful I was, those next years, to watch him growing strong and handsome! He seemed a different boy, and I believed we'd weathered all the pitfalls of adolescense.

Yes, I could be proud of my children! Margaret bringing home her neatly bound prizes year after year. Phil, a lanky boy of fourteen, standing up at commencement to recite Longfellow's exquisite "Lost Youth." They chose Phil, I guess, because, unlike so many boys, he didn't declaim in a singsong monotone but put real feeling into his words. I can hear the echo yet:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

"What are you thinking about, Phil?" I asked him one day during vacation, as we sat side by side on the porch steps watching the sunset. It was one of those sacred moments between a mother and her boy.

He grinned. "Nothing. You know—nice to have you here! What a swell pie you baked for supper. Whether Dad'll get that motor boat. Oh, you always understand a fellow, Mom!" He gave my shoulder a sudden hard squeeze.

HOW precious his appreciation was! Certain occasions stand out like clear and shining landmarks. Phil and Margaret coming in with flowers in their hands to my room in the hospital, where I'd undergone a slight operation. Phil rushing back from the door to fall by my bed and whisper hoarsely, "Mom, you've got to get well. Home's rotten without you. You've got to get well, Mom. Please!"

It's true, looking back over those years, one figure predominates. Like the Scottish queen it seemed that, when I died, they must find a name engraved upon my heart. Phil! I loved him more than life itself. And I know, despite the events that follow, Phil loved me. In his heart, *he loved me!*

You'll think I haven't said much about Margaret. She was always a normal child, exceptionally bright at school. The affection she inspired in me was calm but deep, too, though she didn't respond as Phil did.

Margaret was ready to enter college the same time Phil was. She chose Merlyn and Phil went to Redbridge, the nearby men's college. They were close enough to make frequent week-end trips home.

For the first two years, the boys at Redbridge were under strict surveillance and, though Phil rebelled, he had to put up with it. In his third year he let loose a bit but I thought it was a mild spree after reins held too tightly. I didn't believe the few rumors of wildness that reached my ears. Phil's small allowance, I knew, wouldn't permit him to go very far in that direction.

The year Phil was twenty-one Jerry's stepmother died. Her husband's money went to Jerry but her own comfortable income she left, almost in its entirety, to Phil, who was still her favorite. So, during his last year at Redbridge Phil was no longer curtailed by a small allowance. That, I believe now, was the worst thing that could have happened, for Phil had no sense of responsibility where money was concerned. He threw it away.

It was at this point that I made a great mistake. Redbridge was a young, growing college and the dormitories were constantly overcrowded. As a consequence, some of the third- and fourth-year students, who had their parents' permission, lived in the small town of Cranston itself. Phil, after considerable teasing, and many promises, succeeded in getting a letter from me. His smiling gratitude was my reward.

It wasn't difficult for an impetuous boy, with plenty of money to throw about, to find ways and means of evading even mild supervision. Perhaps you wonder why Jerry didn't interfere. Jerry and I were almost like polite strangers these days. Never, by word or look, did he try to break down the wall of reserve that was growing higher between us year by year. Instead of seeking Jerry's coöperation in guiding my boy, I was on the defensive every time Phil's name was mentioned. It often seemed to me, with the children gone, that the house echoed like an empty tomb.

You mustn't think we were always unhappy. There were glorious week-end reunions. Margaret grew very chummy, during her third year, with Helen Field, daughter of Professor Field, head of the mathematics department at Redbridge. Helen had spent her first two years in a Southern college and come North to finish.

I liked her the minute Margaret introduced her—a charming girl, blond, tall, and athletic. Something in my heart seemed to sing a paean of joy, when I realized she and Phil were mutually attracted.

Margaret never grew tired of speaking of Helen's accomplishments. She was captain of the college hockey team and excelled in swimming and all sports. I felt she'd be a splendid influence in Phil's life. So far Phil hadn't shown any decided talents, but this would come later. Unfortunately, mathematics had always been Phil's bugbear. I did hope this wouldn't stand in the way of his getting Helen.

That year, watching the growth of a happy friendship between the three young people, I grew easier in my mind. My boy's future would be safe in the hands of a splendid girl like Helen.

During the Easter vacation our little Margaret sprung a surprise on us. She went visiting in Washington and there met young Dr. Harold Bright. After that, school held no charms for our daughter and early summer saw her a happy, glowing bride.

Jerry missed her, I know, even more than I did but he liked Harold and we were both glad to have her settled with a man of whom everyone spoke well.

How I longed to have Phil tell me that he and Helen were engaged. But instead of this happiness ugly rumors began to drift our way again, leaving me to toss feverishly nights and worry incessantly by day.

UP to this time I'd never known Phil to touch liquor! Of course, I realized some of the talk must have been exaggerated, as it always is in small places. But I began to live in constant dread of open scandal. Who was there to cover up his tracks now?

Jerry could have helped me, if I hadn't always resented any suggestions on his part. One night all my fears were to come to a head. Phil came home in the middle of the week—an almost unheard of thing! Not only that—he arrived intoxicated! There were a couple of boys with him in the roadster and some flashy looking girls. I could see at once they were much the worse for liquor. In fact, one of the girls was roaring drunk, and kept on singing some vulgar song at the top of her voice.

How had Phil ever met the like of these? The two boys looked older than Phil. They'd probably brought the girls along—my boy was so impressionable and too easily led

Soon two more autos swung round the corner and parked in our drive. A regular party, evidently! Jerry followed me out onto the porch. He was furious. But the wild young crowd only laughed in his face and flung a couple of empty bottles against the steps. That didn't stop Jerry, however. He shook his clenched fists and his voice was like thunder. "Clear out—the lot of you!"

In a minute Phil's roadster was empty, the crazy young folks bundling into the other two. "Bye-bye, Mammy's little golden-haired darlin'," one of the girls screamed out to Phil, as they backed down the drive and turned the corner on two wheels.

"Oh, Phil, I'm so ashamed!" I cried as I helped him inside and made him drink some black coffee, left over from supper.

"STOW it, Mum! Gee, you give me a headache! Can't a fellow have some fun?"

"But, Phil darling, this is just before examinations. How did you ever get mixed up with that tawdry bunch of girls?"

"Nish girls, my friends. I like 'em!" He swayed drunkenly. I shuddered. In this moment of revelation I realized how weak his mouth was, noticed the puffiness that was growing habitual about his young eyes.

"Son, those girls aren't really your friends!"

I thought my heart would burst with shame when he winked slyly. His whisky-laden breath sickened me. "I like wimmin, Mum. Hot stuff! Vi'let's swell—ol' friender mine. Why shouldn't I be a good sport?"

"But, son!" He was in no state to be reasoned with but the tumult in my heart wouldn't let me rest. "You never drank before. This liquor's poison. If you carry on like this, how can you expect a nice girl—a girl like Helen Field—to look at you?"

For a moment his expression changed. "Don't see Helen any more," he muttered.

"Phil, if it's the liquor that's turned her against you— People don't like drunkards."

"Oh, to heck with them all! No one's going to dictate to me. If Helen Field, or any like her, don't think I'm good enough, well just let 'em try to highhat me some more! I'll punish them, I say, every little Sunday school miss among them! They'd better watch out!" Then he broke into a sob. "She had no call to treat me like I was mud," he whimpered. "Why isn't she more like you?"

Then he lolled sideways across the bed. With an aching heart I pulled off his shoes and got him undressed. My poor Phil! Helen would never stand for drunkenness.

Jerry was so furious it took me hours of argument to get him to agree to my plan. But in the end my tenacity won. I rang up the dean. I explained that Phil had broken rules. He'd come home without leave, but it was because he was ill. His own doctor was attending him and he'd return next day. The dean courteously accepted my explanation.

With a sigh of relief I turned from the phone, thankful that my boy was saved from the consequences of his folly.

The next day, Phil promised he'd drop Violet and all girls like her. Yes, he gave me his word easily enough and I believed he meant it. I disregarded Jerry's suggestion that we enlist the dean's help and have Phil put under strict supervision.

"That's where you're wrong, Jerry. It's no good expecting you to be fair to Phil. You don't understand him. He can't stand bullying. He's not bad."

"No, he's weak, Yvonne. I often think that's worse. You can't fool me. Do you think I didn't have to pull his father out of scrapes time and again—scrapes with women! Now, his son's the same." His voice softened. "I want to help Philip's boy. Perhaps you don't believe that, Yvonne. There should be some way of tying up the money. It's ruining him. I'll see my lawyer this morning."

I turned away, sick at heart. What could I say? Jerry was doing his best. Yet I couldn't rid myself of the idea he really hated Phil. Did this mean he was jealous? Was there still some glimmering of his old love for me?

I grew sick with worry in the days that followed. I longed to guide my boy aright. Surely a mother should possess the tact and understanding to do that. But how could I expect Phil now to take my words of caution seriously? Too long I'd given in.

Threads of grey began to show in my dark hair. I could no longer enjoy a decent meal or get a good night's sleep.

"Nervous debility," the doctor announced, looking at me shrewdly and advising a long rest with no worry.

I compromised with a tonic that didn't seem to do much good. I was in no state, either physically or mentally, to meet the blow that fell with deadly sureness one spring morning.

When he'd finished reading Dean Carter's letter, Jerry tossed it to me across the sunny breakfast table without comment, save the disgust in his twisted mouth and angry eyes.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Grant," the dean had written, "In all my years at Redbridge I have seldom been called upon to perform a duty so distasteful to me as the writing of this letter."

I LOOKED blankly at Jerry. "What does it mean? There must be some horrible mistake."

"Go on," Jerry muttered.

"I am compelled to ask that you withdraw your son from Redbridge immediately," the letter went on. "I trust you will not give yourselves the unnecessary pain of questioning the decision of the board.

"For some time past Philip's behavior has

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been most unsatisfactory. He has been warned, reasoned with, but he is evidently one of those self-willed youths whom suffering alone can teach.

"It pains me to go into details concerning constant drinking parties, association with undesirable women of the town—all of which is, of course, absolutely contrary to college regulations and traditions. The young man seems rather to glory in his actions, and this attitude, I feel, is even more dangerous than the actual misdemeanor. On this point, I believe, his parents alone can be of real help.

"I now come to the hardest part of my letter—an ugly story which involves an unsavory trail of disclosures. Last week, after the midterm seniors' dance at Merlyn, Professor Field came to me. With him was his daughter Helen, one of the most respected and loved students in her college. I have known Helen personally for several years and am proud to be ranked among her friends. She is a young modern—clean-cut, honest and fearless—a girl whose word can be trusted.

"Philip attended the dance at Merlyn in an intoxicated condition. This is the only glimmer of an excuse for his disgraceful conduct. At the dance he insulted Helen, and several of her friends, in the one way that cannot be overlooked. Helen regretfully confessed it was not the first time Philip had so far forgotten his manhood as to make himself objectionable to her.

"To protect the good name of the college we love and serve, your son's name must be removed from the students' roster at once—"

I COULDN'T read any more. Under my seething anger burned something deeper—a fury against life itself. Even after the interview with the dean, after Helen had spoken to me herself in her fearless manner, I still believed somehow my boy had been the victim. They'd blackened his character, read impossible meanings into innocent situations!

Phil was surly and bitter. "I'm sick of the lot of them. Old Field never forgave me for flunking math—that's about the sum and substance of it. He's always been down on me. Can I help it if I'm not bright at figures?"

"But, Phil," I remonstrated, "you've forgotten what Helen said. Why did you insult her?"

"Insult! Huh, that's what you think. The whole college is rotten. They're all jealous because I've got money. I'm just the sucker scapegoat, see? I wish Grandma were here. She'd believe in me."

"I believe in you!" I snatched at his paltry explanations, accepted the scapegoat idea thankfully. "Phil darling," I wept, "there are probably other boys far worse in Redbridge!"

"*Probably!* I like that—from my own mother! Well, I'm clearing out. See! I won't stay to be nagged and bullied. Dad's so sour he can't speak a civil word. I'll go live in New York. I've got dough enough."

I was horrified, weak, desperately unhappy. I saw Phil again as my little boy. No matter if the whole world scorned him, he was still mine to love and protect. He must never feel that I was against him.

Jerry was horribly sore and I was in a constant state of ragged nerves, terrified lest any outbreak on Jerry's part would drive Phil to pick up and leave. This way I could, at least, keep an eye on him.

I was grateful for one thing. There'd been no public scandal. Secretly, I hoped by fall we could get him into another, smaller college. He'd learned his lesson. There'd be no more scrapes.

I guess all three of us were nearly at breaking point by the time June came along. I was thankful when Jerry announced he'd rented a cabin at Camp Warnek for two months. The crisp mountain air and close association with nature's own healing sentinels—those rugged northern pines—would put new life into us.

I planned to get near my boy on this vacation. I'd try to instill into him an appreciation of good, clean living. Most of all, I wanted to change his attitude toward women. I'd been negligent, but it wasn't too late. There'd be time for long, helpful talks. This summer would be the turning point in his whole life. He'd grow into the man I wanted him to be. There was good stuff there and his love for me would help.

"Sorry, Mum. You can count me out. I'm figuring on going off on my own," Phil said when I told him what I was hoping.

But he didn't! He came with us, and I heaved a sigh of real joy that quiet June evening when we settled into our cozy log cabin.

The camp was situated in the woods above Lake Warnek and there were many nice families enjoying the glorious freedom and superb natural beauty. It made me feel good to see the tense look leave Jerry's face. He was keen on swimming and soon attracted a kind of mild popularity along the lakeside. For the first time in years he and Phil seemed drawn together. They swam and boated and there was usually a laughing crowd of boys and girls along. Of course, I was glad to see this ripening friendship, but it didn't leave much time for me to be with my boy. Still, Phil's happiness was everything!

Soon I got to know their favorites in the little community. Chief was Sheila Young, a pretty dark-haired girl around twenty-five. She was a grand swimmer and, despite the fact that she was older than Phil, my hopes began to build about her. I liked her devotion to her invalid mother, who had a bungalow up the hill from ours. I'd never seen Mr. Young. He was quite elderly, I'd heard, and was pretty much of a recluse.

"Yes, your Sheila's certainly a lovely girl," I said to Phil one afternoon, when he threw himself down by my camp chair. I was sitting in my favorite spot, at the bend of the steep gully which ran past our cabin down to the lake. I liked to listen to the water gurgling across the jagged rocks below.

"*My* Sheila," Phil laughed. "Dad thinks she's swell, too."

MY heart nearly stopped beating. It was easy to pick out Sheila's cardinal red suit down there by the lake. Jerry stood just behind her on the diving board.

I pretended not to notice Phil's remark. "Who's the blond fellow who always tags along?"

"Oh, Sheila's boy friend, Dick Evans. Dad's got quite a case on Shee, Mum. Sore?" He gave me a sidelong look.

I shook my head. Had any of the other campers noticed it? Sheila, at the perfection of her young womanhood, was a temptation to any love-hungry man. Loneliness swept over me. I couldn't blame Jerry if he found the girl attractive. There hadn't been much happiness in his life.

I seemed to be the only member of our household cursed with discontent these summer days. Why should I grow morbid? I was glad Margaret would soon be coming up with her baby girl. I knew her sensible outlook would help me. We'd go driving together.

We had two autos up at camp, Jerry's comfortable sedan and Phil's bright red roadster with the dazzling array of gadgets. I'd often watch Phil tear down the hill and along the lakeside like a shining, blood-red streak. Most of my bad dreams of late

years have started with that glittering roadster, a sort of trademark of my boy's reckless life. Only, that night it wasn't the roadster—but I'm ahead of my story.

It was the night I stayed with little Gloria and Sonny Roberts, while their parents went to a dance at the central club. I hadn't seen Phil all afternoon but supposed he'd be at the dance, too. Jerry was off somewhere on his own. He liked visiting among the bungalows. It was midnight when I tramped home. I reached the little bridge that crossed the gully and looked up through the dark trees. Not a light in the cabin! Below me the sheer drop into the gorge seemed suddenly terrifying. The water was low now and the ugly boulders loomed jagged and menacing.

I remember it was awfully hot. The cabin nearly stifled me. I threw open one of the screens in the living room and poked my head out. How still it seemed, just as if I were the only creature stirring!

ALL at once the telephone shrilled, like the piercing signal of some onrushing danger. My heart pounded. Phil! With trembling fingers I lifted the receiver. "What is it?" I choked.

"It's me—Phil. Been trying to get you for ages. Something terrible's happened. I've got to clear out—right away."

"Oh, what's the matter? Where are you, son?" I sobbed.

"Up here in a cabin near Barton's Kloof." His teeth chattered.

"Barton's Kloof! That's miles off, Phil."

"Mum, listen! I'm clearing out, only I need some money. You'll know all about it soon enough. How much can you lay your hands on?"

"Wait, son. I'll go and look."

My panicky fingers searched desks and pulled out drawers. I flew into Jerry's room, in my terror tossing things right and left. Phil in danger! Phil in danger! It was like a hammer in my brain.

"Ninety-six dollars," I sobbed.

"Thanks, Mum. You've always stood by me when I needed you. Dad in?"

"No. Oh, Phil, tell me what it all means."

"Can't wait. Watch for me outside your window. I'll bum a ride home, Mum. Tie the money in something white. I'll call. I can't come in, mustn't be seen."

Can you imagine how I felt, knowing nothing, sitting there with only the night wind for company? I undressed, knelt by my bed and tried to pray, but no words would come. Imps of terror tortured me. I saw Phil in danger—fleeing the police—trapped! I must find some way to help!

I screamed aloud when a hard knocking sounded on the front door. I threw a coat over my long old-fashioned night dress. My hair swung in a plait down my back. My limbs were trembling, my heart pumping with great uneven beats. Neither Jerry nor Phil would knock that way, shaking me almost out of my senses.

When I opened the door a man burst in. There was something familiar about the dead-white face and piercing black eyes that gleamed with an almost maniacal stare. I caught my breath, looking closer. There was no mistaking the likeness. This must be Sheila's father, John Young.

"Where is he? Let me get at him," he spat. "I'll squeeze every breath out of his body, the good-for-nothing rat!"

"Who? Who?" I breathed.

"You can try to hide him, but I'll—" He towered above me, his fingers crooked into sharp claws. Was he going to kill *me?* There was murder in his eyes.

My knees bent. I sank onto a bench. "Please—what's happened?"

His roving eyes met mine as he collapsed into a chair. "You're a mother. Maybe, you'll understand. Sheila's the sweetest daughter a man ever had—least she was till

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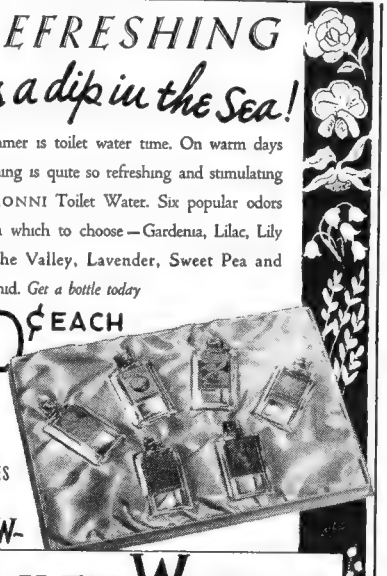

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that devil got a hold of her. He'll pay with his life! I'm here to kill!"

An insane demon seemed to stare out of his eyes, shifting and darting about the room. I locked my hands on my bosom to keep from shrieking aloud.

"Oh, Sheila, Sheila!" His voice broke, his lips trembled. He turned to me. "They found her, thrown from a car, in a ditch near Martha's Folly."

I'd heard of Martha's Folly. It was one of those ill-famed little roadhouses that grow up, mushroom-like, and rake in a lot of money before the police catch them.

"My Sheila's a good girl. It's that devil's whelp! Nice lonely spot, he chose, up there on Barton's Kloof road!"

I SHRANK before his burning gaze. Phil! The phone call from Barton's Kloof! So that was the answer!

The room rang with ghoulish laughter, as he saw my terrified start—laughter so hideous, the nerves began to creep along my spine.

"I'll tell you why I've come," he roared between sinister mocking peals. "The Grant sedan was overturned in that ditch. They'd run into a tree—the fiend thought she was dead—" He sprang toward the wide staircase.

A poisonous idea flashed through my brain. I remembered a scene: a tall, dark-eyed girl, poised above the water—and next to her, head bent to catch her words, Jerry!

I must gain time. Phil would soon be here. I must outwit this raging lunatic or my son would be killed before my very eyes. Another Philip, my dead lover, seemed to face me, pleading in his blue eyes. "Our boy, Yvonne. Save our boy!"

Phil was too sensitive to face the judgment of a world that could not understand. If only I could keep the pack off till he got away! Phil was too young to die! My little laughing son, who'd always turned to me!

Jerry had paid attention to Sheila, been seen with her often enough. A hideous thought insinuated itself into my mind. I was caught on a wheel of torture. I couldn't think straight, couldn't see beyond my burning desire to save Phil—and my boy would be here any moment!

I flung myself on John Young, twisted him about to face me. "You're wrong!" I screamed. "You said the car was a sedan. That grey sedan is my husband's. Phil drives a scarlet roadster. Oh, it's not my boy you're after. It's my husband. He's the culprit."

In one breath I lied to save my son and condemn my husband! Will my soul ever be free of this horrible blot? You, who are mothers—can you pity me, understand the torment of my position? I loved Phil with every passionate heartbeat. He was weak, helpless, and he needed my protection.

"Yes, yes. Jerry's the guilty one." My voice rose to a screech. Then I saw the door was open. How long had Jerry been there? Margaret was with him, her baby in her arms, and behind her Harold with a couple of suitcases and a roll of blankets.

In the deathly silence John Young sprang forward, a revolver gleaming whitely. "She's told me it's you who left my girl to die, outside the most notorious roadhouse in the county. You—you scum!" He brandished the revolver in Jerry's face, then pointed it full at his heart. "Confess, before I blow you to perdition, where you belong."

Again the room rang with horrible laughter. "Stop him! Stop him!" I screamed. Margaret and I stood paralyzed. I hadn't noticed Harold creeping stealthily behind me. John Young's face was fixed in a hideous grin. I watched his fingers crook on the gun. Perspiration poured from my shivering limbs.

There was a gasping breath behind me. Harold sprang, pantherlike, onto Young's

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back, pinioning his arms, forcing the gun to fall with a clatter on the bare boards.

I gave an agonized sigh of relief. Jerry was saved! His eyes blazed a question into mine. My very life blood seemed to spill away, as I faced this man I'd always cheated. "It's Sheila," I faltered, "she was found thrown from—*your* car."

"But I was meeting Margaret. I took Phil's car. Mine was gone!"

My eyes dropped before his steady gaze. I couldn't bring myself to repeat again that I'd condemned him, laid the blame—perhaps Sheila's death—at his door.

"Where—" Jerry began.

"Harold—look! The gun! He's got it." Margaret, still holding her baby in one arm, pointed wildly into the shadows.

For a moment Harold had relaxed his hold on the gaunt figure. In that second, John Young had sprung loose, swooped forward, and grabbed the gun which he was now aiming. Harold's clenched fist jerked his elbow, and the bullet missed Jerry's heart. My heart gave a lurch of thankfulness. Then I saw Jerry bend forward. A groan came through his lips. His left hand clutched his right shoulder. In a second he'd recovered himself. His face was set in grim lines.

I ran forward at the sight of the oozing blood but Jerry waved me aside. "I can wait," he said.

"Where's the hospital? I'll run you up," Harold cried.

"I know. . Sheila's in that hospital—up there—dying." The broken cry came from the corner. Somehow we'd all forgotten the poor wretch shivering there.

Harold took the gun from the nerveless fingers and slipped it in his pocket. I saw drops of sweat pouring down Jerry's forehead but I dared not touch him. Silently Harold bundled poor muttering John Young into the red roadster. Jerry got in and Harold slipped under the wheel. As they drove away, I turned and wept hysterically in Margaret's arms.

"Mother, don't take on so. What does it all mean?" Margaret asked.

"Phil," I sobbed. Mechanically I pulled the bills out of my pocket and tied them into my handkerchief. "He'll be here for the money in a minute."

"Oh, Mother!" wailed Margaret, a puzzled frown on her pale face.

My bitter laugh broke. The muffled sound of feet, tramping somewhere near the gully! Margaret ran and switched on the powerful porch lamps. In that path of light the pine avenue and gorge took on an unnatural brilliance like an illuminated stage setting.

PHIL would be furious at those revealing lights. I ran to turn them off but stopped halfway, caught in amazement as I looked through the open door. There, on the other side of the gully, were two figures —Phil—and yes, that other tall slim man was Dick Evans, Sheila's sweetheart!

They were sparring. With a quick movement Dick drew back and crouched in the darkness, ready to spring. But Phil was too quick for him. A sudden leap and he pounced upon Dick.

Their fighting blood was up. They rolled on the ground over and over until they hung on the very edge of the precipice. A blood-curdling shriek tore from my lips, and Margaret stumbled down the steps, running along the near side of the gully toward the bridge. Did she think she could stop those men who tore furiously at each other's throats? With heaving breast I floundered after her, my eyes still on the fight.

They rolled back and I cried out with relief. On their feet again in a cloud of dust and pine needles! Stinging blows fell in rapid succession. What fighters they were! Oh, my boy, my boy! Dick was gaining, forcing Phil back, back to that deep death trap, where the earth yawned.

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I groaned aloud in my agony. But Phil was turning the tables now. Dick reeled and stumbled backward until he hung, a swaying shadow, half over the abyss.

Suddenly he kicked Phil in the stomach, his fist cracking on my boy's jaw. I saw Phil slither backward, staggering weakly toward the little bridge. His hand clutched the frail wooden railing.

At the other end of the bridge stood Margaret. Panting, I caught up with her. The men, locked together, paid no attention to our wild screaming.

"Fiend!" shrieked Dick, his cruel fists bashing Phil's face, blinding him.

Phil lurched sideways, the rail cracking under his weight. Merciful heaven, he was gone! But no, he clung to life with mad fury, forcing Dick back. By a miracle he had regained his footing.

I rushed forward, trying to push my way between them. Dick had not seen me. His fist landed in my face so that I fell backward. There was a crash beneath me. My nightdress caught on a jagged spar of wood and Margaret's arms reached out to save me. But, just at my side, hurtling out into cold space, was Phil—my boy.

We three stood in silent terror staring down at that broken body.

* * *

I went through feverish, agonized weeks of nightmare dreams. My boy was dead! Why couldn't I die, too?

Don't you see? Phil wasn't bad! It was I, his mother, who ruined him—I, who would rather win his smile of the moment than earn his everlasting gratitude, expressed in a clean, good life. I could have made Phil a fine man. Instead, my love turned him into a weakling pitifully unprepared to meet the consequences of my indulgence.

Need I go on? This is where my story should really end. But life doesn't always run that way. Perhaps a power which we can't sense wills it otherwise.

Sheila lived, pulled through a long trying illness. Dick Evans, her sweetheart, gave himself up and was tried for the murder of my boy. He was freed after a very short term. Everyone realized he wasn't really to blame. Sheila's love is helping him rebuild his life.

I can't say much about the agony of loneliness I went through. It was torture, having Phil's weaknesses bandied from mouth to mouth. Oh yes, they raked up the old college episode and many more I had no inkling of. Through it all I saw—as if some mighty hand had underscored in glaring red—the story of my failure. I was the greatest factor in my boy's downfall.

I'd failed, too, as a wife. Failed all the way along the line. One look at Jerry's set white face told me what I dreaded to know. I no longer had any place in his life.

Jerry went South with Margaret and I moved to another city, large enough to hide me from inquisitive eyes. How I longed to get news of Jerry! The nerve in his arm had been shattered by the shot and the arm was almost useless. Eagerly I scanned Margaret's letters.

I am grateful for the routine work I have found. It doesn't bring me in any money. For living expenses I have to depend on the income Jerry allows me. But I'd like to tell you about the work, for I am beginning to love it. Each day I help cook and serve a hot lunch to a hundred undernourished school children.

In my spare time I've studied massage. You can guess why. My hope was some day to be allowed to help restore the life to Jerry's arm.

Not long ago I had a letter from Margaret. Jerry added a line at the bottom. Tears blinded me as I pressed my lips to his signature. Jerry needs me. Next month I'm going down to visit him. God grant that I make this second chance worthwhile.

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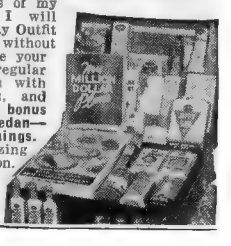

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True Letters

(*Continued from page 62*)

had known Mrs. Nugent's mother. It took several weeks, but one night she said Mrs. Nugent had agreed to play at her house.

I said to Edith, "There will be some younger folks tonight, won't you come?"

She was nervous, because, as I guessed, Maxwell was free tonight since his wife was going out to play bridge. But I insisted gently, and, I think rather than have me become suspicious, she gave in.

I watched her carefully as the ladies were introduced to her. She wasn't paying much attention. But I didn't mind. We sat down at the table, as had been arranged, with Mrs. Nugent.

After a few hands, Mrs. Nugent said apologetically, "Pardon my yawning. It's not that I'm not interested in the game—I'm simply used to going to bed so early since I—since I've been expecting the baby."

Edith smiled, "Are you expecting a baby? Why, you look fine!" Then she laughed, "Here I am, twenty-five and not even married!"

"I was twenty-six when I married Maxwell," said Mrs. Nugent.

Edith's eyes opened wide, then she asked, guardedly, "Is that your husband's first name?"

"Yes. Maxwell Nugent, he's a lawyer."

"Oh, yes," said Edith. I couldn't help admiring her coolness. But my heart hurt as I noticed through the next several hands how inattentive she had become. Little lines were showing around her eyes. At last she laid down her cards. "I have a headache. Won't you excuse me?"

I went into the bathroom after her. She didn't want to let me in but I said firmly, "Open the door, Edith. I must talk to you."

THEN I said, "I did it on purpose. I wanted you to see his wife. No matter how much you love him, unless you know her side of the story you can't possibly be fair."

She put her head on my breast. "He never told me she—she was having a baby."

I patted her gently. "Many men become bored with their wives at a time like this. But just wait until the baby's born, he'll be so proud and flattered. And unless I'm greatly mistaken, he'll take the attitude that he always told you he was married and that you two had a nice time dancing around, but now—"

I don't want to give you the impression that my daughter washed her hands of Maxwell Nugent right then and there, because that wouldn't be true. She had cared too much, and been too involved, to end it so suddenly. But she had it out with him, and she told me she could see he was evading and even lying. Each time she saw him she seemed more discouraged. Once she said to me, "I can't forget his wife! She's so sure he loves her! So proud of him!"

I tried to tell her that she was taking the whole thing far too seriously—that Maxwell had only been playing. She gave me an odd look that frightened me. "It was a funny way to play," she said.

She doesn't see him any more. She's met another young man, also a lawyer who comes to Judge Crone's office. He's not as handsome as Maxwell, but he's not married, and when he came to our apartment, I thought him very nice. We can't any of us be too sure of things in this world, but I do think I handled the affair adroitly, and I believe Edith has been cured of her foolish love for Maxwell. She's seeing John Bankard rather often, and I am hoping that some day soon she will tell me she has accepted him.

MRS. J. M., Illinois

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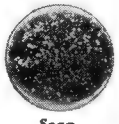

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That Bad Woman

(*Continued from page 42*)

I wouldn't relish very much. And did I want a murderess for the mother of my children? It was a terrible heritage for a child. Was Mary Clarke worth all the sacrifices that I would have to make?

The thought that she might not be a murderess dogged me with implacable, ominous resolution. Perhaps, after all, she was what my mother represented her to be, a bad woman. Doubt, fear, indecision racked me. I always came back to that question, was she worth the sacrifice?

I had to consider my parents, too. And there were Constance and my brother, Tom. Folks would point the finger of ridicule at them. I could visualize headlines:

PRISON SUPERINTENDENT'S SON MARRIES MURDERESS

A Romance of The Death House

I was not so sure of my love for Mary Clarke after I had looked at both sides of the picture. I had too much at stake. She was not the woman for me. I made up my mind that I would forget her.

During the following four or five weeks I gave the death house a wide berth although it was no easy task for me to keep away. Dad and Mother made every effort to show me that they were pleased, but I ignored all their gestures. They were still a terrible disappointment to me. I had not yet forgotten their cold-blooded attitude toward Mary Clarke. Constance, however, always a rebel, had been visiting Miss Clarke daily during those four or five weeks and had grown so fond of her that every time she discussed her, tears crept into her eyes. There was always a message for me from the prisoner in the death house. Why had I discontinued my visits? Had she offended me in some way? If she had, she was very sorry. The poor soul had become more friendly, more talkative, as the date of her execution drew near.

During the long weeks that I had kept away I had been fighting against loving her with all the fervor of my being. She was not the woman for me, I kept telling myself. She was not worth the sacrifice.

I finally realized, a week or ten days before she was to be executed, that I had been butting my cowardly head against a stone wall. I had, as a woman might say, been living a lie for two long, unhappy months. I had loved her all along and I was ashamed to acknowledge it simply because she was a murderess. I felt like crawling into a hole when I thought of what she would have done if our positions had been reversed. Who ever heard of a woman deserting a man that she loved? There in Stony Point I had seen hundreds of them, young and old, standing by their husbands and sweethearts when all the world was against them. They didn't care what the world thought of them or their men. There's something magnificently heroic in a woman's devotion! But I was ashamed to let the world know that I loved Mary Clarke. And I was supposed to be a man!

I resolved then and there that I'd be one. It wasn't too late! I told Constance first. She was shocked and, sisterlike, she tried to talk me out of "the insane idea." But I had decided, and I was determined to stand fast regardless of what anybody said.

The scene with my parents is beyond description. I cannot quote what they said to me. They were through.

Naturally, I was concerned about their attitude and again I fell to wondering whether or not I was doing the right thing. I had to talk with somebody who would understand and so I went to the prison chaplain, old Father McCarthy, who was Mary's spiritual advisor. Father was that rare combination of saint and man. Everyone, officers and convict alike, loved and trusted him.

So on the morning after the turbulent night with the family I sought out Father McCarthy. Somebody had told me that he was saying mass in the death house for Mary Clarke and there I went looking for him. We met in the long, narrow corridor which connected the death house with the main prison yard.

He was on his way to my office, he told me, to discuss "a sacred matter." As we walked across the yard toward the cell house I started to tell him my story.

"Not now, Bill," he interrupted me gently. "I have something which I want you to read before we talk about her."

In my office, he handed me what looked like a manuscript.

"Bill," he said, "before you read that story of Mary Clarke's case I must extract a promise from you that it's not to go any further without her permission."

I agreed and plunged into the manuscript with a racing heart. This was what I read:

She had been born and raised in a New England town. Her father was a respected physician and she was the youngest of a family of seven children, four boys and three girls. While in her junior year at a New England college, where she was preparing for a business career, she met George Wilson, the man she was alleged to have killed. A banker whom her family had known for many years had introduced Wilson to her as "a business associate from the West." The meeting had occurred in the banker's home. It was at one of those cocktail parties so common during the Prohibition era when criminals who had turned to bootlegging had access to homes and clubs.

Mary liked Wilson. He had traveled extensively and was apparently a man of culture. He was handsome, debonair, a ladies' man with a soft and persuasive tongue. It has been said that logic flies from the woman who has been made to feel. He made Mary Clarke feel and after she had been guilty of an indiscretion or two and found herself in a precarious condition she eloped with him to Boston to be married. Once there, he confessed that he had a wife in Chicago from whom he was expecting to be divorced any day. When he got the decree he would marry her immediately. She couldn't return to her family. She had to remain with Wilson. That was her first mistake.

SOME months later she learned that the "Western business man" was a bootlegger. An underworld moll whom he had deserted for Mary, supplied the information. The banker back in her home town had been the money man of the bootlegging ring, financing the purchase of shiploads of whisky and motor boats which transported it from the "twelve-mile run" to the Long Island hideaway.

After the death of her baby she was despondent and ill.

When Wilson tried to make her a jewel thief and a blackmailer, she revolted and left him. He dogged her from pillar to post, threatening to kill her if she didn't return to him. She fought him off time and again before the Wilmington meeting, when, with a gun in his hand, he delivered his ultimatum —resume relations with him and go back to the underworld or—die!

Mary hurled herself upon him, trying to get the gun away from him before he could shoot her. In the scuffle the gun was discharged. Wilson dropped to the floor, life-

less. Under arrest for murder, realizing what a terrible mess she had made of her life, and believing that she would be better off in the grave, Mary refused to offer any defense at her trial. Not until Father McCarthy had gained her confidence and convinced her that she could blot out the mistakes of the past and perhaps find happiness in the future years did she decide to tell her story. Even then it was a conditional surrender. If there was any possibility of her story reaching the newspapers she preferred to die. She was thinking of her parents. Father McCarthy and I agreed that publicity was inevitable if she was to escape the chair. Her story broke my heart. She had suffered! Father would not commit himself on the matter of my love for her. I had to make my own decision, contemplate the consequences, and decide for myself whether or not she was worth them. I was ready to go through for her. I loved her.

IN due course the story got out and when presently a piece appeared in several papers, Father advised me to deny it. I disagreed with him. I would fight everybody who pointed the finger of ridicule at me.

Shortly, it seemed that everybody was determined, as my mother had said many times, to save me from myself. Everybody was sorry for me. They all had my interests at heart. I was too nice a fellow to be ruined by a mad infatuation for "that bad woman." But when I defied them all Dad kicked me out of the home and out of the job at the penitentiary. The family was dry-eyed when I left. I was, too. We Buchanans could be as hard as nails when we felt like it.

Being kicked out of my home and my job made a great story for the newspapers, but I gave them a greater one when they called on me at the Stony Point Hotel. I told them that I was fighting for Mary Clarke's life simply because I knew that she was as innocent of murder as I was. I did not say anything about her confession to Father McCarthy. That was my ace in the hole which I intended to play when Father McCarthy and I went before Governor Ben Millman to plead for a commutation.

That plea was made forty-eight hours before Mary was to walk to the chair. I shall never forget that day. The governor was a hard man. He read Mary's story of her case hurriedly.

"You're Sam Buchanan's son, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered, looking him in the eyes.

"I understand you're in love with this woman?" he snapped, his eyes hardening.

"Very much, Your Excellency," I said. "But that's not my only reason for pleading for her life. I believe that she's innocent of murder."

"I understand," he went on, "that your father has disowned you and dismissed you."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Dad doesn't approve of what I'm doing."

"Nor your mother?" he glared at me.

I nodded, believing that he was prejudiced.

"Governor," I said, losing control of myself for the moment, "I would marry Mary Clarke tomorrow if you liberated her."

"Don't worry," he snapped, "I'm not going to liberate her tomorrow. Moreover, if I were you I would give some consideration to the views of my parents in this matter."

"Well, sir," I went on, "I should like to ask you if you would let an innocent and defenseless woman go to the electric chair?"

"Innocent?" he barked. "I see nothing in this document which proves her innocence. The fact that she denies killing him doesn't prove she didn't."

"Suppose everything in that document could be corroborated?" I kept after him.

"There can be no doubt, Your Excellency," Father McCarthy intervened, "that this girl

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SCREEN ROMANCES

is not a thoroughly bad girl. She's been unfortunate, but she's not a bad woman."

"Well, Father," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, since *you* think she's not bad. I'll grant her a seventy-two-hour respite and if you can convince me that everything in her statement is true, I may consider an application for a commutation of her death sentence to life imprisonment."

We thanked him and he added:

"Understand, now. I'm not promising you anything. I say that I *may* consider commuting her sentence if you can prove that everything in her statement is true. A murderer is a murderer to me, man or woman."

He was a hard man! It would have been better, I thought, if I had not appeared before him to plead Mary's case. His remarks indicated that he didn't like me even a little bit. Indeed, I was convinced that he considered me something of an upstart for daring to disregard my parent's wishes. I was not at all certain that he would do anything for Mary.

WELL, I wouldn't give up. I flew to that New England town for a chat with Mary's parents. If they could corroborate her statement, Governor Millman might do something for her. I shall not try to describe that meeting—telling those grief-stricken people that the daughter whom they hadn't seen in three years was awaiting execution in a Southern Penitentiary. . . .

Naturally, they were ready to fly to her side immediately. The inevitable newspaper scandal meant not a thing to them. The banker, unfortunately, who had introduced Mary to Wilson, was dead but his wife, a lovely woman, recalled the incident and volunteered to tell the story to Governor Millman. So, armed with letters from the Governor of their state and the mayor of their town, Mary's parents and the banker's wife came to Stony Point with me, arriving there the day before the respite expired.

The audience with Governor Millman was an ordeal which beggars description. It was a public hearing attended by reporters and photographers and a mob of curiosity seekers, much like a circus crowd. One would think that human beings would be sympathetic at a hearing in which life and death hang in the balance, but that assembly had come to be entertained and the situation *was* a circus for them.

How the grief-stricken father and mother ever endured that trial, I don't know. They pleaded with indescribable intensity for their unfortunate daughter's life. The banker's wife told of her husband introducing the criminal Wilson to Mary Clarke in their home. Her husband, however, knew nothing of Wilson's history. Wilson had come with a letter of introduction from an old friend of his.

The governor was impressed, but he was a politician. An election was near and he wasn't going to do anything which would jeopardize his chance of winning another two-year term. He would, however, grant another sixty-day respite, and in the interim he would consult with the Wake County authorities. And before he would entertain another application for executive clemency he wanted to talk with that Mary—and he did.

Some weeks later, after the newspapers had unanimously declared that "the Clarke Case" was one worthy of executive clemency, he commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment; and five months after he had been re-elected he issued a full pardon.

That was a memorable day for me! I received a telephone call from Father McCarthy around noon, asking me to join him at the prison at once.

Dad was at the gate when I arrived. "Son," he greeted me, laying an affectionate hand on my shoulder, "your mother and I have had several talks with the Clarkes and we think they're mighty fine folks. They're having lunch with us before they leave and we thought you ought to be with us now that the case is settled. Ma and I and the rest of the family think we have been kind of hasty and unfair about everything. If you'll let bygones be bygones, son, and pick up where we left off, we think things will work out pretty slick."

Dad's words just about tore the heart out of me. I threw my arm around his shoulders, unable to choke out a single word. He was the best dad in the world, I told myself. He had a heart, a big heart! I was happy. Mother, too, was fine, the best mother that ever lived. I had done them both a great injustice. The resentment that I had once harbored was gone. I loved them both!

On my way across the prison yard to the administration building all my thoughts turned to Mary Clarke. How should I greet her, I wondered? What should I say?

I found her in the living room of our apartment surrounded by her parents, my mother, and Constance. I hesitated on the threshold for a second. She arose and came forward to meet me, her face flushed and looking at me half shyly with love's confession in the wet eyes that hardly dared to meet mine. A faint, sad smile played around the corners of her lovely mouth. I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her. Instead I held out my hands.

"I'm awfully glad, Mary," I sputtered, struggling to keep back the tears.

Her lips were trembling. She was trying to talk, but no words came from her lips. I thought she'd break, but she didn't.

"I'm happy, too," she finally murmured. "You've been wonderful to me. You've b—been—" Again her lips trembled. She squeezed my hands and turned away as her parents came closer. They were all gratitude. Everybody was smiling through wet eyes and uttering spasmodic, hysterical chuckles.

I was a little disappointed over our first meeting. I was expecting her to be more demonstrative. It would have been wonderful, I thought, if she had embraced me or had told me that she loved me. Or if she had only called me Bill. I had not yet learned that it is the silences of love which are sonorous, overwhelming!

I saw another side of Mary Clarke that day. Before the luncheon was over she had impressed me as a definite, strong personality; so strong and masterful that I found it difficult to understand her stumbling over a man like George Wilson. Not until I realized that she was but nineteen when she met him did it occur to me that it was simply a mistake of youth, immature youth.

ALONE, after lunch, we had our first heart-to-heart chat. I told her what I believed she already knew—that I loved her and wanted to marry her. She had known that, I was confident, long before Father McCarthy had told her. She must have read it in my face during all those death house conversations when I was trying to get her history. I was in a fever of suspense as I waited for her reply to my confession. I was thrilled when she began with, "Bill, dear." It was the first time she had ever addressed me that way. A moment later she plunged me into the deeps of despair.

"Bill," she looked me in the eyes, "I can't marry you, now. No," she shook her head, "marriage is not for me until I have redeemed myself, atoned in some way for the terrible mistakes that I have made. I—"

"Now, listen, dear," I interrupted.

"Please, Bill!" She laid an affectionate hand on my knee. "You have given me proof of your love. You stood by me when everybody was against me and I would have been in my grave today, a convicted murderess, if you hadn't made me want to live. I shall not tell you how much I love you. You must know that, but I couldn't marry you now. It wouldn't be right. Before marrying you, I must become somebody, do something to prove that I'm not the woman the world thinks I am."

I believed that she was still suffering intensely from shame and an undeserved, an unjustifiable, self-degradation. I was confident that I could bring her around to my way of thinking. She interrupted me when I told her that she was magnifying the mistakes of her past.

"Crimes, would be a better word," she said.

"Thousands of good women have been guilty of similar mistakes," I continued, "and lived them down."

"Oh, I'll live down my mistakes," she cried with sudden illumination, her eyes wide and bright. "Yes," she added, "I'll triumph. And when I do, I'll be waiting for you—if you still want me."

I couldn't change her. She was determined to carry on for her own sake, for the sake of her parents and for mine.

"I know what's best for all of us," she said, "and time will prove that I'm right, Bill."

She was going back to the Borton Memorial Hospital in Wilmington to finish the course which had been interrupted by her arrest. The medical director had asked her to return. It was, she said, a prelude to a career in social work. I thought she should settle in some community where her history was unknown.

"No," she said. "I'm not crawling into any holes. There would be no triumph for me if I began the fight in a strange community."

And so she left me that day, going to Virginia Beach with her parents to rest for a few weeks before returning to Wilmington. I was terribly depressed.

I CANNOT describe the alternations of hope and fear which I experienced as the days and weeks rolled into months. I hoped with all my heart that Mary would succeed, but I was afraid that she wouldn't. I had seen so many men and women leave Stony Point Penitentiary to fight for social recognition and come back crushed and broken.

A year passed, then two and three, during which I heard from her on an average of once a week. I made the trip to Wilmington, two hundred miles away, twice a month for three years. She had encountered discouragement after discouragement during those three years, but she never gave up. She had gone far and had high hopes of going farther. She had won her degree at the hospital and had entered the employ of a cotton mill corporation to organize an employees' social welfare department. Shortly after she took over that position, somebody informed her employer about her history. She expected to be dismissed. I thought that was the end of her career and her ambitions, but, fortunately, we were wrong. She had won the position in a sort of civil service examination in which a hundred or more young women had competed, and she had proved herself so competent that they ignored the past, and from there on she made phenomenal progress.

After five long years of hard work, she believed that she had triumphed and that she could marry me without any fear of being a burden around my neck—if I still wanted her. Needless to say, I wanted her more than ever and so on the sixth anniversary of her release from the Stony Point death house we were married in Father McCarthy's church, "Our Lady of Sorrows." Since that memorable day, two years ago, I have been the happiest of men!

I now believe with all my heart and soul that through loving Mary Clarke, and being loved by her, I have come to a richer, fuller life than I ever could have known without her! I frequently think of what I would have missed if I had let my friends and my family talk me into giving up "that bad woman." I would have missed heaven!

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